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Cover Design for this Issue Painted by W. T. Benda

Published Monthly by the INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY, at 119 W. 40th Street, New York, U. S. A., William Randolph Hearst, President; C. H. Hathaway, Vice-President; Ray Long, Vice-President; Joseph A. Moore, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary. Copyright, 1923, by International Magazine Co. Trade-Mark registered. Single copies 35 cents; subscription price, United States \$3.00 a year; Canada \$3.50; Foreign \$4.00. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second class matter May 23, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered on July 1, 1918, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Ga., Boston, Mass., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal.; entered April 15, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Permission to reprint material which has appeared in HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL may usually be obtained.

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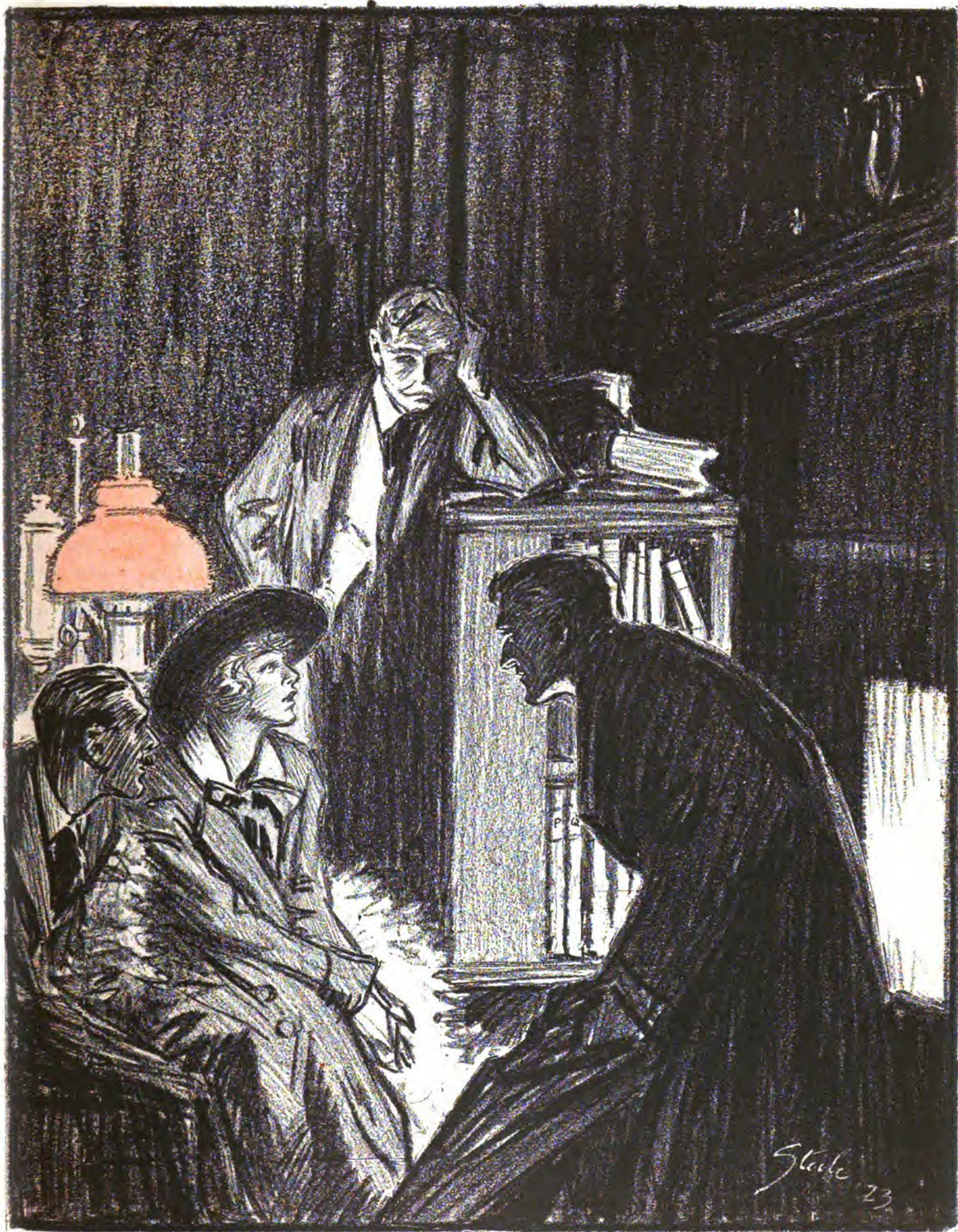
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MARCH, 1923



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HAPGOOD On Drift Abroad

Already FROM inside sources we learn that parts of Alsace-Lorraine are now restive under French rule, and that the desire to be a neutral state is acutely on the increase. Moreover, some of the leaders in the neutralization movement are those who in war-time were leaders for annexation. The writer of these lines is not surprised. French peasants forecast this very outcome to him in 1917. "If we reannex the territories by force," they said, "it will be the same thing to go over again." Louis XIV takes the provinces from Germany. Germany takes them from France. France takes them from Germany. To the ruling mind it is a grand and patriotic game. To the more intelligent peasants it is the image of death.

Watch the elections in France next November. The party that is quietly growing in strength is what by a misnomer is called the Radical party, actually a mild Liberal party, including many of the big industrialists and financiers. It is likely to make heavy gains, as it represents the spirit of conciliation with Germany.

In the last British election the Labor party about doubled its representation in Parliament. It had seventy-six members in the last Parliament. Now it has one hundred forty-two. There are forty-five miners, and the miners also have two members among the Liberals. There are about a dozen metal workers, three king's councillors, two doctors, two clergymen, three professors, and a half-dozen other teachers. It then chose as its leader Ramsay MacDonald, who went into disgrace for opposing the war. And not only MacDonald came back, and into leadership, but other notable opponents of the war, including Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Snowden, and Morel, were returned to Parliament. The psychology of war is already fading before the rising psychology of peace.

Two Kinds of Women STUPIDITY takes many forms, none more harrowing than the stupidity of trying to think by formula. The only thing that annoys us more than mosquitoes is the Woman's party.

Women belong in politics. They have a deep sense of reality. They are interested less in rows than in human happiness. But the few dozen women, largely childless, who form the so-called Woman's party, have no talent except pugnacity and no principle except mathematical equality. After the imbecility of their equality-amendment to the constitution, they are on record now as opposing all protective legislation for women as such. It is the worship of a word.

The next improvement in the Woman's party record is not visible yet, but we can guess it. It will render unconstitutional seats for saleswomen unless salesmen have theirs also. It will be a new amendment by which as many sailors shall be women as men, as many coal miners, firemen, scavengers, stokers, locomotive engineers. No industry shall allow time off with pay for women when a baby is born, unless the privilege is extended also to fathers.

If the reactionary employees were as strong as twenty years ago, the assistance of this little group of energetic, un-female, and ignorant women would be dangerous. Our gains, however, are so slow that the outbreak is merely annoying, like a flea.

Reality IF THE PUGNACIOUS but shallow little band of similarity-maniacs could have their way, the gains that would be lost would include:

1—The laws in several states under which the runaway father of children under fourteen years of age is guilty of a felony, is brought back, and compelled to turn over his earnings to his wife. About two million dollars are thus rescued in one year for deserted wives in the City of New York alone.

2—The Sheppard-Towner law has aroused the special fury of the similarity-specialists. Under that law, beginning last July, forty-two states have received money from the Federal Government for the welfare of Maternity and Infancy. Nothing for the poor fathers!

3—Over three million dollars a year are spent in New York City alone in mothers' pensions to enable women to remain home with the children. No pensions to let fathers stay home!

4—Twelve states have minimum wage laws for women. Of course all penalties for rape, and for the seduction of minors, will be wiped out.

Turkey's Side NATIONAL traits are not fixed. One quality or another comes on top as circumstances change. Many things said against the Turks are true, as are many things said against the British, Americans, French, Japanese, Italians, Germans, Russians, and Jugo-Slavs. Also the opposites in each case are true.

According to how the Great Powers act, the Turk will be a savage or a democrat. His stock is good. His religion, now that he has felt the wave of business, science, and invention, is likely to affect his conduct as little as religion affects our diplomacy and our trade. He had been making trouble because several of the Great Powers have been grafting on him and plotting against one another for favored position in the Turkish trough. The movement away from mediaevalism, toward a restricted and peaceful nationalism, is rapid. No country except Russia—not even Japan—has changed as fast since 1918 as Turkey. For a chance to develop socially and intellectually, without foreign interference, she would make any concessions on which the Great Powers could agree. All propaganda against any one nation is stupid. None of it is more stupid than the propaganda against Turkey.

Who Spoke? GUESS the author of this: "My own feeling is that it would be better both for the wealthy classes and the country to have this levy of capital and reduce the national debt." It was said in 1917. We do not support its correctness. The Swiss voted down a partly similar plan. All we ask is a guess. Eugene Debs? No. It was not said in the land of the free. Lenin? It was not Bolshevik. Andrew Bonar Law is leader of the Conservative party in Great Britain. He said it. Conservatives in England are astonishing. Imagine any revolutionary idea emanating from the dome of Secretary Weeks, or from the ranging intellect of Nicholas Murray Butler.

Science and Religion

On the Jaw

WHILE we are getting ready some important articles on modern religion, we notice that a famous quotation is applied by Francis Greenleaf Peabody to William Jennings Bryan and others who are attacking science in the name of religion. Bishop Wilberforce had been talking for half an hour at a meeting of the Royal Society. As he closed he turned toward Huxley and asked him whether it was on his mother's or his father's side that he claimed descent from the monkeys. Huxley was no fool debater. He arose slowly, stated quietly that it was no disgrace to be descended from an ape, and then delivered this:

"If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a man—a man of restless and versatile intellect—who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them with an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilful appeals to religious prejudice."

Huxley fought in the days when the question was open. Today it is a mere fitful oddity. People who can think today know that science can tell us nothing about the essentials of religious truth, and that on the other hand the churches can tell us nothing about science.

Drink in Canada

EUROPE talks much about prohibition in the United States, and little about prohibition in Canada. Prince Edward Island has had prohibition for twenty-two years. The spread of the idea came in the Great War. First there was prohibition to save grain. After the war Canada went by local opinion. Of the nine provinces, seven are dry. Quebec and British Columbia, the two wet provinces, have some government regulations. Newfoundland is a separate dominion: it also is dry. The Prime Minister of Ontario writes the foreword to a recent volume, "Six Years Dry," celebrating success in Ontario. Dr. Salesby tells us that according to the official crime statistics of Canada there were, in 1921, 1,153 drug convictions in the two wet provinces, and 711 in the seven dry provinces. This means twelve per hundred thousand in the dry, and forty in the wet. Think it over.

Hail to the Tsar

DOES our State Department sleep, that it has not greeted Nicholas Romanov Tsar of all the Russias, including Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania? It is easy to see why the Soviet Government has not been recognized. How can you recognize a government when nearly every week for over four years you have been predicting its immediate collapse?

But several months ago the "real Russians" acted. They got together in solemn assembly in the capital of France and selected the late Tsar's military uncle to succeed him. Is nothing good enough for the State Department? Nicholas helped our side in the war, he is a gentleman, all his friends are gentlemen, he hangs onto all the former parts of United Russia, perhaps going us two better, like many of the Tsarists, and including

Poland and Finland. We could keep Bakhmetev with us but a scant four years after his government fell. We cannot shake the bloody hand of Lenin, even de facto. Nicholas is not de facto, but could anybody be more de jure? Why not call him that, and thus give our State Department a nice, refined, clean, policy?

Europe and the Jews

THE FASCISTI movement in Hungary has anti-Semitism as its strongest plank, and it is frankly for the return of the Hapsburgs. The murder of the last Polish premier was indirectly inspired by the views of the party that is most active against the Jews. The Fascisti movement in southern Germany is specifically anti-Semitic. The Hungarians express it thus: "Fight for a bigger Hungary."

Racial and religious integrity (the usual formula for persecution).

Education of the Youth of the country in the spirit of Attila."

The Ku Kluxites of Europe are thus in soul like our own Klan.

In this country, it must be confessed, the Klan is nothing in importance compared to its prototypes abroad.

The college question is in reality more serious than the Klan question. Mr. Gleason in this issue gives faithfully the best statement that can be given of the scare position. Next month he gives the answer. It is the answer, not the scare, that will triumph in our democracy. The centuries of religious wars were in Europe and Asia, not in North America.

JOHN MASEFIELD, the famous English poet, wrote a little book on Shakespeare, full of insight and the power to say what greatness is. During the present theater season, Masefield put some of his profound perception into action by producing *Macbeth*, in a country village, with improvised theater and stage, and with amateur actors. Apparently the result was superb. What stood out was the poetry, and, above all, the poetry of *Macbeth's* own mind. Extraordinary, is it not, that people insist on acting Shakespeare when they love neither him nor other poetic tragedy? "Rotten part. Rotten play. I never found Shakespeare interesting before, until he was played by Snooks." How often have we met such thought, in critics by profession?

Think of the man who can speak these words:

"Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

Why is it that in all history no actor has left a name in this part, the most poetic perhaps, not excepting *Hamlet* or *Lear*, in our literature? Perhaps it is because a combination of the physical requirements to embody a great fighter, with the imaginative requirements of a great poet who became a great criminal, is too much for human talent. History calls Mrs. Siddons victorious beyond question in *Lady Macbeth*, enough to test the genius of any actress; but history says nothing of the part, with even more sweep and depth, of the wretched *Thane of Cawdor*.



The CREEPING MAN

A New Story of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. Conan Doyle

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES was always of opinion that I should publish the singular facts connected with Professor Presbury, if only to dispel once for all the ugly rumors which some twenty years ago agitated the University and were echoed in the learned societies of London. There were however certain obstacles in the way, and the true history of this curious case remained entombed in the tin box which contains so many records of my friend's adventures.

Now we have at last obtained permission to ventilate the facts which formed one of the very last cases handled by Holmes before his retirement from practice. Even now a certain reticence and discretion have to be observed in laying the matter before the public.

It was one Sunday evening early in September of the year 1902 that I received one of Holmes's laconic messages, "Come at once if convenient—if inconvenient come all the same. S. H." The relations between us in those latter days were peculiar. He was a man of habits—narrow and concentrated habits—and I had become one of them. As an institution I was like the violin, the shag tobacco, the old black pipe, the index books, and others perhaps less excusable.

When it was a case of active work and a comrade was needed upon whose nerve he could place some reliance, my rôle was obvious. But apart from this I had uses. I was a whetstone for his mind. I stimulated him. He liked to think aloud in my presence. His remarks could hardly be said to be made to me—many of them would have been as appropriately addressed to

his bedstead—but none the less, having formed the habit it had become in some way helpful that I should register and interject.

If I irritated him by a certain methodical slowness in my mentality, that irritation served only to make his own flame-like intuitions and impressions flash up the more vividly and swiftly. Such was my humble rôle in our alliance.

WHEN I ARRIVED at Baker Street I found him huddled up in his armchair with updrawn knees, his pipe in his mouth and his brow furrowed with thought. It was clear that he was in the throes of some vexatious problem. With a wave of his hand he indicated my old armchair, but otherwise for half an hour he gave no sign that he was aware of my presence. Then with a start he seemed to come from his reverie, and with his usual whimsical smile, he greeted me back to what had once been my home.

"You will excuse a certain abstraction of mind, my dear Watson," said he. "Some curious facts have been submitted to me within the last twenty-four hours, and they in turn have given rise to some speculations of a more general character. I have serious thoughts of writing a small monograph upon the uses of dogs in the work of the detective."

"But surely, Holmes, this has been explored," said I. "Blood-hounds—sleuth hounds——"

"No, no, Watson, that side of the matter is of course obvious. But there is another which is far more subtle. You may recollect

that in the case which you, in your sensational way, coupled with the Copper Beeches, I was able by watching the mind of the child to form a deduction as to the criminal habits of the very smug and respectable father."

"Yes, I remember it well."

"MY LINE of thoughts about dogs is analogous. A dog reflects the family life. Who ever saw a frisky dog in a gloomy family, or a sad dog in a happy one? Snarling people have snarling dogs, dangerous people have dangerous ones. And their passing moods may reflect the passing moods of others."

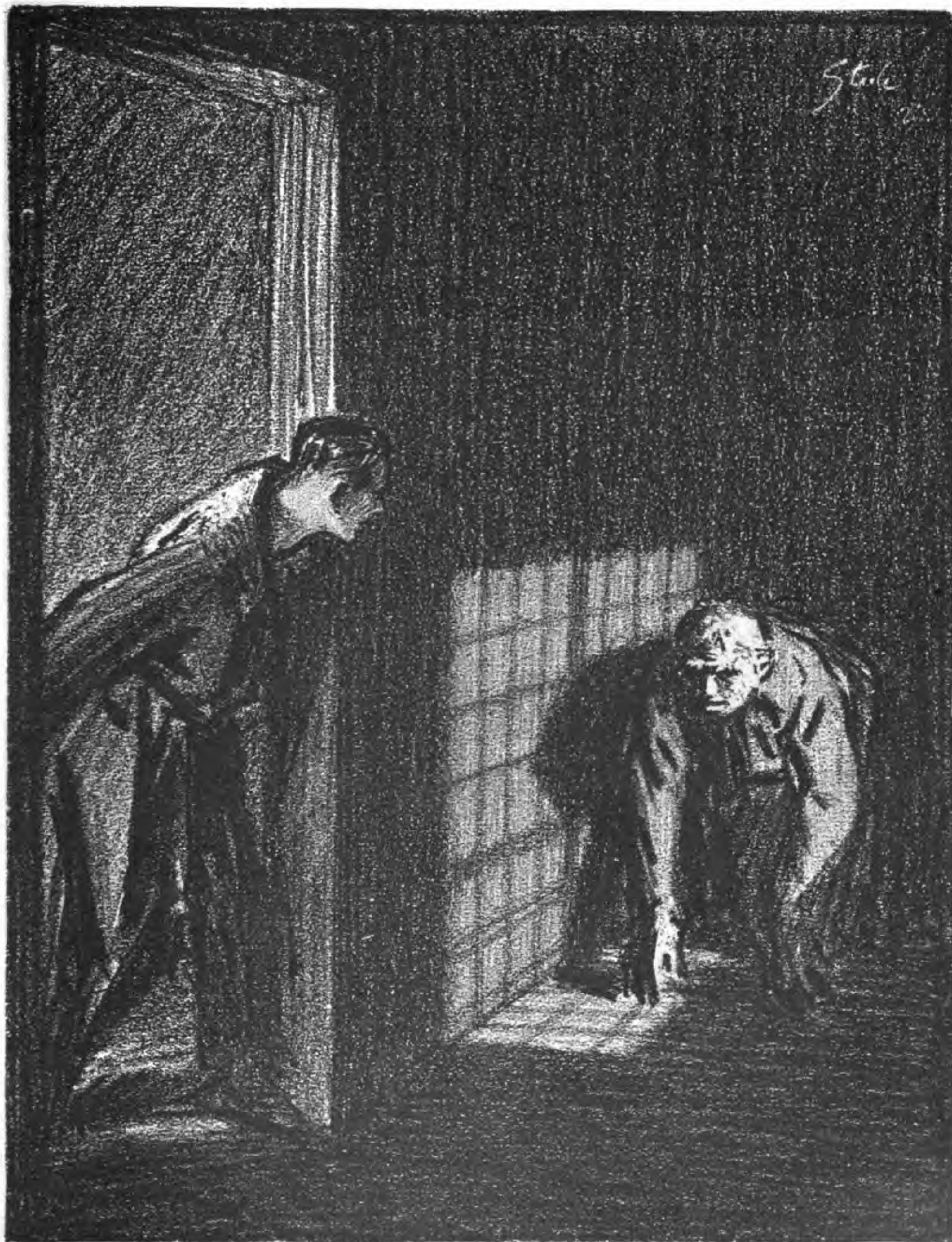
I shook my head. "Surely, Holmes, this is a little far-fetched."

He had refilled his pipe and resumed his seat, taking no notice of my comment.

"The practical application of what I have said is very close to the problem which I am investigating. It is a tangled skein, you understand, and I am looking for a loose end. One possible loose end lies in the question why does Professor Presbury's faithful wolf-hound, Roy, endeavor to bite him?"

I sank back in my chair in some disappointment. Was it for so trivial a question as this that I had been summoned.

"The same old Watson," said he. "You never learn that the gravest issues may depend upon the smallest things. But is it not on the face of it strange that a staid elderly philosopher—you've heard of Presbury, of course, the famous Camford



Q "Something was moving along the passage, something dark and crouching; then suddenly it emerged into the light and I saw that it was he."

Physiologist?—that such a man whose friend has been his devoted wolf-hound, should now have been twice attacked by his own dog. What do you make of it?"

"The dog is ill."

"Well, that has to be considered. But he attacks no one else, nor does he apparently molest his master, save on very special occasions. Curious, Watson, very curious. But young Mr. Bennett is before his time if that is his ring. I had hoped to have a longer chat with you before he came."

THERE WAS a quick step on the stairs, a sharp tap at the door, and a moment later the new client presented himself. He was a tall, handsome youth about thirty, well-dressed and elegant, but with something in his bearing which suggested the shyness of the student rather than the self-possession of the man of the world. He shook hands with Holmes, and then looked with some surprise at me.

"This matter is very delicate, Mr. Holmes," he said. "Consider the relation in which I stand to Professor Presbury, both privately and publicly. I really can hardly justify myself if I speak before any third person."

"Have no fear, Mr. Bennett. Dr. Watson is the very soul of discretion and I can assure you that this is a matter in which I am very likely to need an assistant."

"As you like, Mr. Holmes. You will, I am sure, understand my having some reserves in the matter."

"You will appreciate it, Watson, when I tell you that this gentleman, Mr. Trevor Bennett, is professional assistant to the

great scientist, lives under his roof, and is engaged to his only daughter. Certainly we must agree that the Professor has every claim upon his loyalty and devotion. But it may best be shown by taking the necessary steps to clear up this strange mystery."

"I hope so, Mr. Holmes. That is my one object. Does Dr. Watson know the situation?"

"I have not had time to explain it."

"Then perhaps I had better go over the ground again before explaining some fresh developments."

"I will do so myself," said Holmes, "in order to show that I have the events in their due order. The Professor, Watson, is a man of European reputation. His life has been academic. There has never been a breath of scandal. He is a widower with one daughter, Edith. He is, I gather, a man of very virile and positive, one might almost say combative, character. So the matter stood until a very few months ago.

"Then the current of his life was broken. He is sixty-one years of age, but he became engaged to the daughter of Professor Morphy, his colleague in the chair of Comparative Anatomy. It was not, as I understand, the reasoned courting of an elderly man, but rather the passionate frenzy of youth, for no one could have shown himself a more devoted lover. The lady, Alice Morphy, was a very perfect girl both in mind and body, so that there was every excuse for the Professor's infatuation. None the less it did not meet with full approval in his own family."

"We thought it rather excessive," said our visitor.

"Exactly. Excessive and a little violent and unnatural. But Professor Presbury was rich and there was no objection upon the part of the father. The daughter however had other views, and



"I dare say it was twenty seconds or so that I lay paralyzed and watched its face. Then it vanished and I lay cold and shivering till morning."

there were already several candidates for her hand who, if they were less eligible from a worldly point of view, were at least more of an age. The girl seemed to like the Professor in spite of his eccentricities. It was only age which stood in the way.

"About this time a little mystery suddenly clouded the normal routine of the Professor's life. He did what he had never done before. He left home and gave no indication where he was going. He was away a fortnight, and returned looking rather travel-worn. He made no allusion to where he had been, although he was usually the frankest of men.

"It chanced however, that our client here, Mr. Bennett, received a letter from a fellow student in Prague, who said that he was glad to have seen Professor Presbury there, although he had not been able to talk to him. Only in this way did his own household learn where he had been.

"**N**OW COMES the point. From that time onward a curious change came over the Professor. He became furtive and sly. Those around him had always the feeling that he was not the man that they had known but that he was under some shadow which had darkened his higher qualities. His intellect was not affected. His lectures were as brilliant as ever. But always there was something new, something sinister and unexpected. His daughter who was devoted to him tried again and again to resume the old relations and to penetrate this mask which her father seemed to have put on—you, sir, as I understand, did the same—but all was in vain. And now, Mr. Bennett, tell in your own words the incident of the letters."

"You must understand, Dr. Watson, that the Professor had no secrets from me. If I were his son or his younger brother, I could not have more completely enjoyed his confidence. As his secretary I handled every paper which came to him, and I opened and subdivided his letters.

"Shortly after his return all this was changed. He told me that certain letters might come to him from London which would be marked by a cross under the stamp. These were to be set aside for his own eyes only. I may say that several of these did pass through my hands, but they had the E. C. mark, and were in an illiterate handwriting. If he answered them at all the answers did not pass through my hands nor into the letter basket in which our correspondence was collected."

"And the box," said Holmes.

"Ah yes, the box. The Professor brought back a little wooden box from his travels. It was the one thing which suggested a continental tour, for it was one of those quaint carved things which one associates with Germany. This he placed in his instrument cupboard. One day in looking for a canula I took up the box.

"To my surprise he was very angry and reproved me, in words which were quite savage, for my curiosity. It was the first time such a thing had happened and I was deeply hurt. I endeavored to explain that it was a mere accident that I had touched the box, but all evening I was conscious that he looked at me harshly and that the incident was rankling in his mind." Mr. Bennett drew a little diary book from his pocket. "That was on the 2nd of July," said he.

"**Y**OU ARE CERTAINLY an admirable witness," said Holmes. "I may need some of these dates which you have noted."

"I learned method among other things from my great teacher. From the time that I observed abnormality in his behavior I felt that it was my duty to study his case. Thus I have it here that it was on that very day, July 2nd, that Roy attacked the Professor, as he came from his study into the Hall. Again on July 11th there was a scene of the same sort, and then I have a note of yet another upon July 20th. After that we had to banish Roy to the stables. He was a dear affectionate animal, but I fear I weary you."

Mr. Bennett spoke in a tone of reproach for it was very clear that Holmes was not listening. His face was rigid and his eyes gazed abstractedly at the ceiling. With an effort he recovered himself.

"Singular! Most singular!" he murmured. "These details were new to me, Mr. Bennett. I think we have now fairly gone over the old ground, have we not? But you spoke of some fresh development."

The pleasant open face of our visitor clouded over, shadowed by some grim remembrance. "What I speak of occurred the night before last," said he. "I was lying awake about two in the morning when I was aware of a dull muffled sound coming



C. "Hardly enough, Mr. Holmes!" the old man cried in a high screaming voice.

from the passage. I opened my door and peeped out. I should explain that the Professor sleeps at the end of the passage——"

"The date being—?" asked Holmes.

Our visitor was clearly annoyed at so irrelevant an interruption.

"I have said, sir, that it was the night before last, that is September 4th."

Holmes nodded and smiled.

"Pray continue!" said he.

"He sleeps at the end of the passage and would have to pass my door in order to reach the staircase. It was a really terrifying experience, Mr. Holmes. I think that I am as strong-nerved as my neighbors, but I was shaken by what I saw. The passage was dark save that one window half-way along it threw a patch of light. I could see that something was coming along the passage, something dark and crouching. Then suddenly it emerged into the light and I saw that it was he. He was crawling, Mr. Holmes—crawling! He was not quite on his hands and knees. I should rather say on his hands and feet with his face sunk beneath his hands. Yet he seemed to move with ease.

"I was so paralyzed by the sight that it was not until he had reached my door that I was able to step forward and ask if I could assist him. His answer was extraordinary. He sprang up, spat out some atrocious word at me, and hurried on past me and down the staircase. I waited about for an hour but he did not come back. It must have been daylight before he returned.

"**W**ELL, WATSON? What make you of that?" asked Holmes.

"Lumbago possibly. I have known a severe attack make a man walk in just such a way, and nothing would be more trying to the temper."

"Good, Watson! You always keep us flat-footed on the ground. But we can hardly accept lumbago since he was able to stand erect in a moment."

"He was never better in health," said Bennett. "In fact he is stronger than I have known him for years. But there are the facts, Mr. Holmes. It is not a case in which we can consult the police, and yet we are utterly at our wits' end as to what to do, and we feel in some strange way that we are drifting



C. The hall door slowly opened and against the lamp-lit background Holmes and Watson saw the tall figure of Professor Presbury. As he stood outlined in the doorway he was erect but leaned forward with dangling arms.

toward disaster. Edith—Miss Presbury—feels as I do that we cannot wait passively any longer.”

“It is certainly a very curious, suggestive case. What do you think, Watson?”

“Speaking as a medical man,” said I, “it appears to be a case for an alienist. The old gentleman’s cerebral processes were disturbed by the love-affair. He made a journey abroad in the hope of breaking himself of the passion. His letters and the box may be connected with some other private transaction—a loan perhaps or share certificates, which are in the box.”

“And the wolf-hound no doubt disapproved of the financial bargain. No, no, Watson, there is more in it than this. Now I can only suggest——”

What Sherlock Holmes was about to suggest will never be known for at this moment the door was opened and a young lady shown into the room. As she appeared Mr. Bennett sprang up with a cry and ran forward with his hands out to meet those which she had herself outstretched.

“Edith, dear! Nothing the matter, I hope?”

“I felt I must follow you. Oh, Jack, I have been so dreadfully frightened! It is awful to be there alone.”

“Mr. Holmes, this is the young lady I spoke of. This is my fiancée.”

“We were gradually coming to that conclusion, were we not, Watson?” Holmes answered with a smile. “I take it, Miss Presbury, that there was some fresh development in the case, and that you thought we should know.”

OUR NEW VISITOR, a bright handsome girl, of a conventional English type, smiled back at Holmes as she seated herself beside Mr. Bennett.

“When I found Mr. Bennett had left his hotel I thought I should probably find him here. Of course he had told me that he would consult you. But oh, Mr. Holmes, can you do nothing for my poor father?”

“I have hopes, Miss Presbury, but the case is still obscure. Perhaps what you have to say may throw some fresh light upon it.”

“It was last night, Mr. Holmes. He had been very strange all day. I am sure that there are times when he has no recollection of what he does. He lives as in a strange dream.

Yesterday was such a day. It was not my father with whom I lived. His outward shell was there but it was not really he.”

“Tell me what happened.”

“I was awakened in the night by the dog barking most furiously. Poor Roy, he is chained now near the stable. I may say that I always sleep with my door locked, for as Jack—as Mr. Bennett—will tell you we all have a feeling of impending danger. My room is on the second floor. It happened that the blind was up in my window, and there was bright moonlight outside. As I lay with my eyes fixed upon the square of light, listening to the frenzied barkings of the dog, I was amazed to see my father’s face looking in at me. Mr. Holmes, I nearly died of surprise and horror. There it was pressed against the window pane and one hand seemed to be raised as if to push up the window. If that window had opened I think I should have gone mad. It was no delusion, Mr. Holmes. Don’t deceive yourself by thinking so. I daresay it was twenty seconds or so that I lay paralyzed and watched the face.”

THEN IT vanished, but I could not—I could not spring out of bed and look out after it. I lay cold and shivering till morning. At breakfast he was sharp and fierce in manner and made no allusion to the adventure of the night. Neither did I, but I gave an excuse for coming to town—and here I am.”

Holmes looked thoroughly surprised at Miss Presbury’s narrative.

“My dear young lady, you say that your room is on the second floor. Is there a long ladder in the garden?”

“No, Mr. Holmes, that is the amazing part of it. There is no possible way of reaching the window—and yet he was there.”

“The date being September 4th,” said Holmes. “That certainly complicates matters.”

It was the young lady’s turn to look surprised. “This is the second time that you have alluded to the date, Mr. Holmes,” said Bennett. “Is it possible that it has any bearing upon the case?”

“It is possible—very possible—and yet I have not my full material at present.”

“Possibly you are thinking of the connection between insanity and phases of the moon?”

“No, I assure you. It was quite a different line of thought. Possibly you can leave your notebook with me and I will check the dates. Now I think, Watson, that our line of action is perfectly clear. This young lady has informed us—and I have the greatest confidence in her intuition—that her father remembers little or nothing that occurs upon certain dates. We will therefore call upon him as if he had given us an appointment upon such a date. He will put it down to his own lack of memory. Thus we will open our campaign by having a good close view of him.”

"That is excellent," said Mr. Bennett. "I warn you however that the Professor is irascible and violent at times."

Holmes smiled. "There are reasons why we should come at once, very cogent reasons if my theories hold good. Tomorrow, Mr. Bennett, will certainly see us in Camford. There is, if I remember right, an inn called the Chequers where the port used to be above mediocrity, and the linen was above reproach. I think, Watson, that our lot for the next few days might lie in less pleasant places."

MONDAY morning found us on our way to the famous university town—an easy effort on the part of Holmes who had no roots to pull up, but one which involved frantic planning and hurrying on my part, as my practice was by this time not inconsiderable. Holmes made no allusion to the case until after we had deposited our suitcases at the ancient hostel of which he had spoken.

"I think, Watson, that we can catch the Professor just before lunch. He lectures at eleven, and should have an interval at home."

"What possible excuse have we for calling?"

Holmes glanced at his notebook.

"There was a period of excitement upon August 26th. We will assume that he is a little hazy as to what he does at such times. If we insist that we are there by appointment I think he will hardly venture to contradict us. Have you the effrontery necessary to put it through?"

"We can but try."

"Excellent Watson! Compound of the busy bee and excelsior. We can but try—the motto of the firm. A friendly native will surely guide us."

Such a one on the back of a smart hansom swept us past a row of ancient colleges, and finally turning into a tree-lined drive pulled up at the door of a charming house, girt round with lawns and covered with purple wisteria. Professor Presbury was certainly surrounded with every sign not only of comfort but of luxury. Even as we pulled up a grizzled head appeared at the front window, and we were aware of a pair of keen eyes from under shaggy brows which surveyed us through large horn glasses.

A moment later we were actually in his sanctum, and the mysterious scientist, whose vagaries had brought us from London, was standing before us. There was certainly no sign of eccentricity either in his manner or appearance, for he was a portly, large-featured man, grave, tall and frock-coated, with the dignity of bearing which a lecturer needs. His eyes were his most remarkable feature, keen, observant and clever to the verge of cunning.

He looked at our cards. "Pray sit down, gentlemen. What can I do for you?"

Mr. Holmes smiled amiably

"It was the question which I was about to put to you, Professor."

"To me, sir!"

"Possibly there is some mistake. I heard through a second person that Professor Presbury of Camford had need of my services."

"Oh, indeed!" It seemed to me that there was a malicious sparkle in the intense gray eyes. "You heard that, did you? May I ask the name of your informant?"

"I am sorry, Professor, but the matter was rather confidential. If I have made a mistake there is no harm done. I can only express my regret."

"Not at all. I should wish to go further into this matter. It interests me. Have you any scrap of writing, any letter or telegram to bear out your assertion?"

"No, I have not."

"I presume that you do not go so far as to assert that I summoned you?"

"I would rather answer no questions," said Holmes.

"No, I dare say not," said the Professor with asperity.

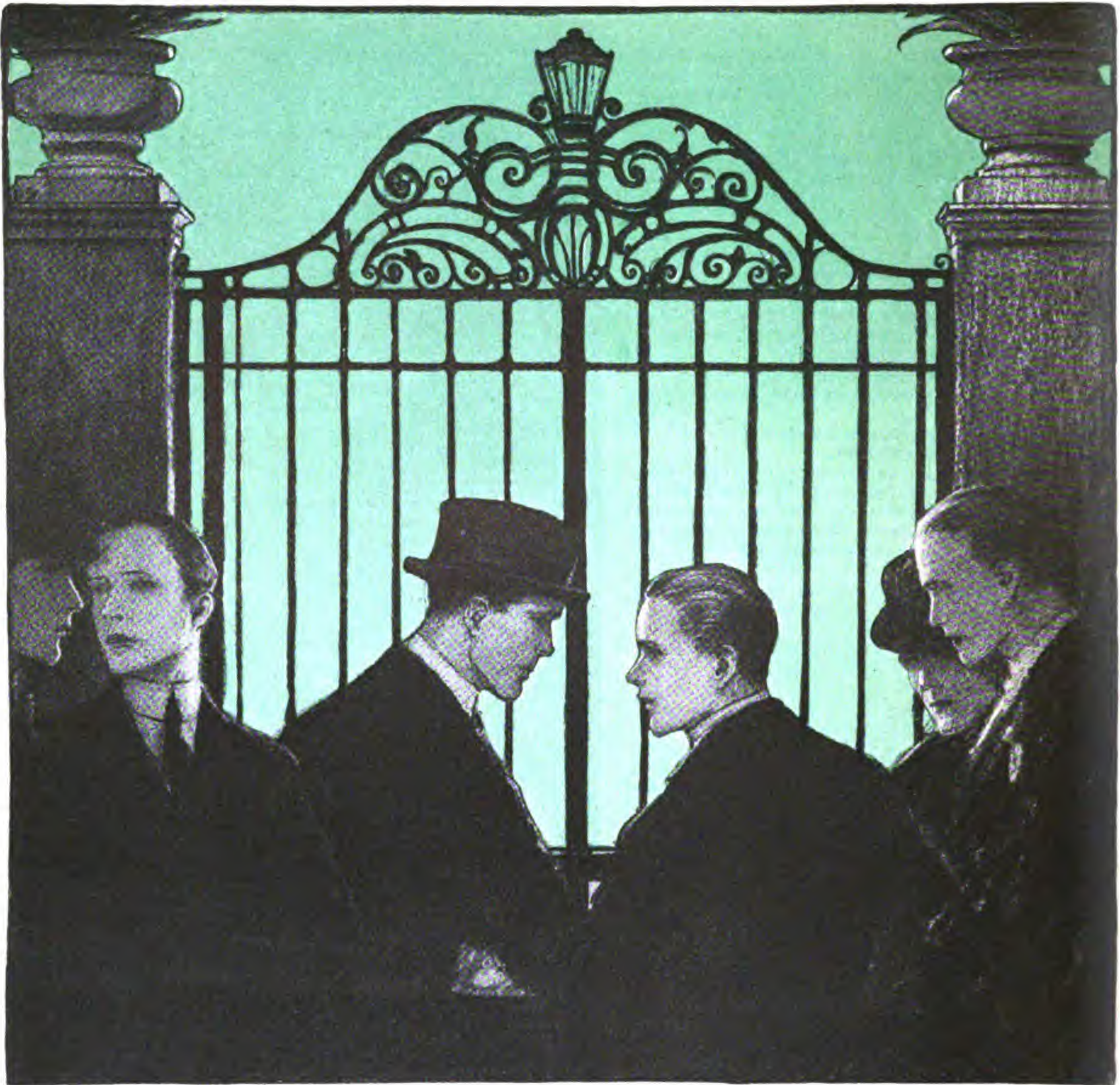
"However that particular one can be answered very easily without your aid."

He walked across the room to the bell. Our London friend, Mr. Bennett, answered the call.

"Come in, Mr. Bennett. These two gentlemen have come from London under the impression that they have been summoned. You handle all my correspondence. Have you a note of anything going to a person named Holmes?" His eyes were snapping. [Continued on page 116]



With his dressing-gown flapping on each side of him he looked like some huge bat glued against . . . the moonlit wall.



This question of a minority group hammering at the Harvard Gate is a good old-time biological struggle dramatized just now in a cultural form.

JEWS AND EDUCATION

THIS row about the Jews in our colleges—what relation has it to our college ideals? Our college system before long is likely to see revision. It is clear that tens of thousands of mediocre young people ought not to be kept in institutions up to 22 years of age merely to go to football games, join clubs, and indulge in the over-rated pastime of making acquaintances. They are often less fit for productive life at 22 than they were at 18. They ought not to be carried along so far unless they seek something worth having.

Mr. Gleason's treatment of the row over the number of Jews in our colleges carries the discussion to a broader basis. Fifty years ago it was another class of our new citizens against whom mob psychology was in action. In so far as the present Jew-mania has caused us to study the whole make-up of our college population it may turn out to be a step ahead. The light has already killed any chance of exclusion on racial grounds. In a democracy the individual is to be judged by himself, not as a member of any race or any religion. When this whole series has been printed this subject will be clearer.

*Q. What is the best that can be said FOR limiting Jews in colleges?
Here is the answer. Next month the best AGAINST limiting*

JEWS in American Colleges

Q. The CASE FOR RESTRICTION

By Arthur Gleason

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

ON KEITH'S VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT, the monologist says, "If your nose turns up, you're aristocratic. If your nose turns down, you can't get into Harvard College."

Gossip of the Harvard Yard is of no importance except when it fits into a larger story. In this instance it fits into the oldest unfinished story in the world—the story of the Wandering Jews, seeking a home and finding none. "In every place we are the strangers," said a Jewess to me.

When Harvard discussed limiting the number of Jews, the news echoed through the East. In Courland and Lithuania, papers and people talked of it. In Palestine, a high official said to a distinguished American: "What is this I hear of Harvard proposing to limit the number of Jewish students?"

It is international news, because it sets trembling nerves of ancient suffering in the Jew, and because the Harvard incident is part of a process of world-wide interest. That process is the making of America.

Harvard has done a useful thing in forcing this discussion of the nature of the American job and the function of the college. The policy of silent and drastic limitation of the number of Jews had been practiced in recent years at several colleges. This policy has tightened. Some of the Harvard faculty say they have been feeling the full effects for the last two years. So Harvard called the hand.

What happened at Harvard is simple enough, and yet it takes a few weeks to find out what it was, because it lies buried under a mass of feeling and opinion. The university has taken no final action on the admission of Jews. Jews are as free to come as ever they were, and that is free. Harvard talked of doing with the Jew, by limiting the number of the group, what a few colleges have done.

MEMBERS of the Harvard faculty had been growing worried by what they were told was an increase of Jews in recent years from six or seven percent to between fifteen and twenty percent. Exact figures were not in existence. Among the reasons for this increase were: the increased Jewish population now sending the second generation to college; the eagerness of the Jew for learning; the prestige of Harvard.

The whole question has been precipitated by one more of the great historic Jewish migrations, stimulated by persecutions, extending from the Eighteen Eighties into the early years of the present century. The children of these immigrants are now coming to college. The massacre of Kishineff enlarged the Harvard freshmen class.

A few members of the faculty, in describing their worry at this increase of numbers, made statements about the Jews, in which their racial generalizations were wild. They used club statistics. Club statistics are dream figures which have a deadly exactitude but no accuracy. Ex-President Eliot described these professors as "prematurely excited." But back of this troubled and eager rationalization was something real in their feelings. This real thing was loyalty to a living institution, a profound fear that the Harvard its alumni loved would be changed beyond recovery. Their feeling gathered in volume till they spoke of an emergency, an existing emergency.

This alleged emergency was made the reason for a faculty vote authorizing the Committee on Admission to take into consideration racial proportions among those seeking admission. This vote was rescinded. The faculty also voted that a College Committee should be appointed to consider the question. This

vote also was superseded by the appointment, not of a College committee, but of a University Committee by the President of the University, pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Overseers, to report to the Governing Boards on principles and methods for more effective sifting of candidates for admission to the University.

PRESIDENT LOWELL dealt with the problem in a letter to Alfred A. Benesch, a Jew and a Harvard graduate:

"There is, most unfortunately, a rapidly growing anti-Semitic feeling in this country, causing—and no doubt in part caused by—a strong race feeling on the part of the Jews themselves. . . . The question did not originate here, but has been brought over from Europe—especially from those countries where it has existed for centuries.

"The question for those of us who deplore such a state of things is how it can be combated, and especially for those of us who are connected with colleges, how it can be combated there—how we can

cause the Jews to feel and be regarded as an integral part of the student body.

"The anti-Semitic feeling among the students is increasing, and it grows in proportion to the increase in the number of Jews. If their number should become forty percent of the student body, the race feeling would become intense.

"When, on the other hand, the number of Jews was small, the race antagonism was small also. Any such race feeling among the students tends to prevent the personal intimacies on which we must rely to soften anti-Semitic feeling.

These figures, covering 106 educational institutions in or near the large centers of Jewish population, are for the college year 1917-18, and are the only reliable statistical information on Jewish enrolment.

Total student enrolment in these 106 institutions	153,085
Jewish students in these 106 institutions	14,837
Jewish percentage of total enrolment in these 106 institutions	9.7
Jewish percentage in general population	3.22
Total college enrolment in U. S.	375,359
Estimate of total Jewish enrolment in colleges of U. S.	20,000
Jewish percentage of total enrolment	5.
Total enrolment in New York colleges and professional schools	18,552
Jewish enrolment in these New York institutions	7,148
Percentage of Jews in total New York enrolment	38.5
Percentage of Jews in the general population of New York	25.

If every college in the country would take a limited proportion of Jews, I suspect we should go a long way toward eliminating race feeling among the students, and, as these students passed out into the world, eliminating it in the community. . . . Some colleges appear to have met the question by indirect methods, which we do not want to adopt. . . . The first thing to recognize is that there is a problem—a new problem, which we have never had to face before, but which has come over with the immigration from the Old World."

It will be seen that the whole discussion turns on the Jews as a group, and the relation of that group to the college community.

Group psychology is as yet a branch of Modern Romance, where there are few facts, many writers, no scientific method, no laws, but a rich assortment of opinions. For a committee to make a report on the applications of group psychology to a college community is as difficult as to be final on Relativity. To make a report inside of several years, that can stand outdoor weather on the facts and that can underpin policy in a modern democracy, is impossible. In whatever form of words it comes, the report of the committee will be inconclusive. Of a formulated case there is little on either side of the controversy.

By far the clearest statement in favor of limitation was made to me by Dr. Richard C. Cabot, head of the Department of Social Ethics. He said in conversation:

"The old idea for this country was that of the melting pot, where all racial variations, all differing cultures, were to be melted down, and then the molten mass was to crystallize into a smooth, hard, unitary substance. The same idea of standardization was in the popular use of the word Americanization. To this idea I am opposed.

"WHAT WE want in this country are the many qualities of the many racial stocks. What Jane Addams has done at Hull House in eliciting the folk cultures of her groups has shown us what ought to be done with our immigrations. What we want is the harmony of an orchestra, not the unison of one note. Where strongly marked psychological groups exist, they must be related to each other as a harmonious whole. There must be a balancing of types. Unrestricted dominance of any type is an evil.

"There was a time before the Civil War when Harvard was dominated by the 'unreconstructible Southerner'—as pure an American type as we have ever had. But it was a sharply differentiated group, and it needed limitation. The Irish Roman Catholic is another strongly marked group. Most of them go to their own colleges. I hope some at least will always continue to come to Harvard. If a college had forty percent of Irish Roman Catholics, or unreconstructed Southerners, or Japanese student type—forty percent belonging to a single salient group, it would not be an American college in the sense of an harmonious whole. One instrument would be outshouting all the others.

"As the clearly marked psychological type of the Jews faces the other college groups, I think what is felt as different in the Jews are three characteristics:

1. A logical mindedness.
2. A lack of interest in physical contest.
3. An unusual interest in money.

"And what is the average young careless collegian of, say, the old Massachusetts group? He loves a fight. He is illogical, irrational, whimsical. He is bored by the necessity of money-making.

"Some selection, some limitation, must be made, I think, of all strongly marked psychological groups. Or if not, the alternative is chance. I don't worship chance. If music were left to chance, there would be no harmony.

"But in creating an orchestra of the American college, the job has thus far been left to chance. I think we should limit every group which presents a clearly marked psychological type. Each individual differs. And yet though everyone differs in his own way, there are qualities in common of such a group as the Jews—qualities of weakness, qualities of strength. There are Jews who have none of these qualities. There are Gentiles who have all of them.

"The Jews belong to every race, to every nation. And yet, with all the exceptions granted, they make a clear psychological type.

"If I were asked to say which racial or national group (in this sense of a psychological type) I thought best, I should name the Swiss first, the English second, the Jews third, and, after these, I should place our own mixed up American type. But I should limit each such group, as it entered a college. I hope that our committee's report will make this point clear, that the limitation

should deal with *every* clearly marked group as it breaks the harmony.

"Too many are going to college. The college must limit its numbers as a whole, but also it must relate its groups to the general harmony. I hope further that the committee's report will mention not only the Jews, but various other groups, and yet will make it clear that just now the only persons we are thinking of are the Jews. Tomorrow it may be the Japanese.

"If there were a rush of Americans to Oxford, Oxford would be right in saying they must limit the number of Americans, because of wishing many different elements in their community.

THE JEWS do not wish a purely Jewish university. They do not wish a university dominated by Jews. They wish to be a group in an all-American university. Hence what I have suggested is I believe in the interest of the Jews. That is why I advocate group limitation.

"This statement will result in my being called an anti-Semite. I do not wish to be called an anti-Semite, nor do I think it just. I was the first to insist on bringing a Jewish physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and a splendid citizen and scientist he was. Then I helped in getting another, and another, and another, till we had four Jewish physicians. And that in a hospital which had gone for 101 years without a single Jewish doctor.

"I regard the Jewish group as superior to my own group. For all that, they are too strong for harmony when their numbers swarm."

For an extension of the case in favor of limitation, I shall gather up into a summary other matter not mentioned or fully discussed by Dr. Cabot.

The older Jews were the descendants of Spanish, Portuguese and German Jews. There has now arrived a new Russian or Polish Jew. These Jews are alleged to be objectionable and inferior. This inferiority is the result of the ghetto environment of the parents.

At Harvard, a senior ghetto has been created. Whereas the freshmen are of mixed groups in the dormitories, the senior Jews are largely segregated in one dormitory, and the class leaders in another dormitory. With the increase in numbers, this herding together follows, and with it a separation.

The rise of Jewish organizations and fraternities is an instance. There used to be none in Harvard, and now there are half a dozen or more. This is the fact the Jews refuse to face—that, if present in large numbers, they form a separate group. They ask to be treated as individuals, but they form a group.

There is a culture in a place like Harvard, a tradition, a spiritual growth, which can be invaded and destroyed by alien numbers. There is a point of saturation. For the public good the privately endowed colleges must preserve their own individualities.

AN INDIVIDUALITY is a delicate and precious thing, easily invaded. Down the ages, the Jews themselves have used tests to protect their group identity. By the test of Shibboleth the men of Gilead winnowed out 42,000 Ephraimites at the passages of Jordan. This was the first Oral Test in history. Ezra had had the children of Israel separate themselves from their strange wives.

These are ancient matters, but the right to exclude what is a danger to one's own individuality is so familiar that it can be illustrated as well in the beginning of things as today. That distinguished Jew and eminent American, Samuel Gompers, is president of the American Federation of Labor, whose executive council has not been the least of those who have effectually advocated restriction of immigration. No people today react with more vigor against mere numbers, drift and chance than the Jews.

Heaven pity the poor immigrant Jew in the clothing trade at time of strike who does not subscribe to the theory and practice of industrial unionism. Jewish trade unionists protect themselves with high success against any alien invasion that claims the "right to work," or that appeals to any general principles of "freedom of economic opportunity."

Solidarity of organization means more to them than democratic phrases. If one is consistent in advocating the open door at all times, then he will advocate it not only for the college but for the forces of labor. Ex-President Eliot is consistent. He is against any academic limitation, and he is the man who defended the rights of the non-union man.

Closely allied to this matter of tradition is the wish to preserve the college as the home of that Damned Charm, giving success in the world of manners. It is concerned with tone and accent and comradely conduct. Under this head come a number of minor objections to those Jews only shortly removed from sordid poverty, persecution, and an ingrowing ghetto life, resulting in the stigmata of suffering and a distinct psychic type.

By "The Jews" and "they" in what immediately follows is not meant the whole group, but a tiny minority. And this argument is not given as basic or widely used, but as heard occasionally. Certain Jews are shy, lonely, carrying a sense of inferiority. Sometimes they are physically disagreeable to the eye of the well-born. One or two of them are said to have swiped apparatus at Boylston Hall in the Chemistry Department. One or two are said to have swiped books in Widener Library. They are Kikes. They go for marks as for money. They are over-intense. They "get the best of you." They are Shylocks. They have a swiftness of emotional response distasteful to the Northern peoples. They over-express their friendliness and shout out intimacies. They lack sensitiveness.

They insist after refusal. They nag, and do not know when they are not wanted. Let a few of them in, and the whole tribe follows. By the Gresham law, they drive out people of gentle breeding. They are clannish. They complain of examinations falling on Jewish holy days. They want kosher food. They are day students (commuters).

THEY CARRY a Limberger cheese sandwich in the pocket for luncheon. They smell of Gefüllte Fisch. They have a trampling ego, an assertiveness that dominates another individual, and that in group transforms a locality into a Jewish club.

In a general university club they park their books and spread themselves and their possessions till genial loafing and lounging are made impossible. It is the same trait which has converted lower Fifth Avenue from the favorite show place and sight-seeing promenade of New York into a Hebrew club of the clothing trades.

They push their way into conveyances. They hog the road. This little minority have some of the worst manners in Christendom. Domination by their sharply-edged vitality is remembered and resented.

When a Yale Junior, failing to get tapped for "Bones," faints at the fence, he affirms his faith in the college as a social club. For certain of the fortunate, this is the whole problem of Jews in the colleges.

They are not socially correct. They rank with others of

foreign name and obscure ancestry who lack ultimate civility. They do not know the art of waistcoats, collars and forks. In this sense, the problem is not one of Jews alone, but of newcomers. To a sister at the dance it is not pleasant to present a man with a funny foreign name.

Just the right Jews in small doses the college leaders can tolerate. Jews of fine old Southern family are among the élite of the University of Virginia. A Jew who is rich, charming and athletic will win social recognition in an American college.

In a few great cities the Jews of America are massed. In or near these cities are several of the large privately-endowed colleges. A confusion of thought has demanded that Harvard, Columbia and a half-dozen other colleges, because they are inside this zone of Jewish pressure, shall rush to the rescue.

BUT THEY are not public schools or settlements. They are not local public institutions. They are national public institutions. They have obligations to a wider geography than Houston Street.

It is the job of another kind of college, a municipal and state institution, to relieve this abnormal and emergency pressure. Such a local public institution stands at the foot of the gangplank as the immigrants step off the ship. Usefully and properly it becomes, if necessary, a Hebrew day school.

The Jew is historically the man without roots. He was robbed of his fatherland, and he was divorced from the soil. Exiled from these sources of natural life, he found compensation in religion and in furious activity in business and intellectual life. In American air, even a little of his religion evaporated, and only the life of action was left him.

The effect of this tragic historical process has been to give a salience to his mental life which distinguishes it from the lazy-mindedness of other groups.

The indolent nonchalant Yankee can stand just so much of it, and then there is a sheering away. When enough of the Hebrew intelligence is massed together, the air is too electric for the easy-going Anglo-American group and it moves on.

Until psychology has had another century to turn guesses into fact, anyone writing on group traits is recording his own feelings. What is felt by some Anglo-Americans confronted by the Jewish group is a deracinated mentality—a tight surface with disorganized layers underneath.

It is therefore a mind restless, ironic and analytical. Its disintegrating analysis "nibbles at thought" and picks an opposing case to pieces. For its own case, it is doctrinaire, logical, intellectualistic, and delights in shaping closed systems of thought. It is steeped in a profound [Continued on page 144]



Q. "The notion of liberty on which the Republic was founded, the spirit of America that animated Emerson and Whitman, is vividly alive today only in the unassimilated foreigner, in that pathetic pilgrim to a forgotten shrine."



A *The Marquis was dozing in a canvas chair; Elena sat near him her head in her hands. Elena found it difficult to conceal her distress as she looked at the rough wooden walls, scanty furniture and saddles, engineering instruments and sacks of provisions.*

The TEMPTRESS

Illustrations by
Walt Louderback

By Blasco Ibañez

Ⓒ A New Novel
By the Author
of *The
Four Horsemen*

Ⓒ Synopsis
of the first
Instalment

BEAUTIFUL and fascinating her luxurious background was the very breath of life to Elena, wife of the Marquis de Torre Bianca. The last of an aristocratic but impoverished Italian family the Marquis was at his wit's end to keep her whom he adored supplied with money. As if to help him in his dilemma Robledo, friend of his youth in Italy, unexpectedly arrived in Paris from Argentine where he had been engaged in a big colonizing project which he expected would bring him millions in a few years.

The Marquis in relating his financial difficulties to Robledo told him of Fontenoy, a rich banker—friend of his wife's family—who had made him a director of some foreign development projects of which the Marquis knew nothing—he had always had a poor head for business, he reminded Robledo. All that was required of him was his signature from time to time in exchange for which he received a very generous salary.

When Robledo met Elena he acknowledged her fascination. But, despite the fact that the Marquis had boundless faith in his wife, Robledo sensed a mystery about her. He was told she had been the wife of a high Russian official in the Tsar's court, but he never met a Russian at her house. Then she had told him she was never in America; later that she was in San Francisco when a child.

One night after theater Elena suggested that the Marquis and Robledo take her to the new Montmartre cabaret. Fontenoy found them there as if by chance but Robledo wondered if Elena had planned for this. She danced with a professional "tango-god" and Robledo watching the Marquis and Fontenoy wondered which one looked more like the jealous husband.

The next day they were all shocked at the news of Fontenoy's suicide. He had been facing grave charges, the newspapers said, for swindle, and now those connected with him in business, were to be dragged into the affair.

Robledo, determined to save the Marquis even in spite of himself, tried to get him off to Argentine without the parasitic Elena. But the Marquis would not leave his wife behind so the three started immediately for Argentine, Elena taking the whole adventure as a sort of lark.

A Ⓒ The story goes on:

AS THE Torre Bianca party arrived in the little South American settlement a group of children playing on the "main street," so-called, burst into shouts of astonishment as they caught sight of the coach which three times a week made the trip from the dam to Fuerte Sarmiente, for it presented an extraordinary appearance.

These little ragamuffins, busy with their games in the ruts and

holes of the highway, presented all the racial diversities characteristic of the settlement's population. There were white children shuffling about in their elders' cast-off shoes, their small forms lost in the baggy folds of their father's trousers; and there were half-breed children whose dress had been simplified to a mere shirt.

As the travelers who arrived at the dam had rarely been known to bring anything with them in the way of baggage save a canvas sack in which was heaped whatever clothing they possessed, the young inhabitants were very naturally excited and astonished at sight of the trunks and boxes heaped on the top of the mail coach as, drawn by four lean and clay-spattered nags, it rattled up the road. So high was the pile of luggage roped on to the coach roof that, as the stage lurched into and out of the ruts of the clay road, the whole structure tipped over at such an angle that it seemed about to upset.

The coach stopped finally in front of the frame house occupied by Watson, who came out in front of his door, his servants peering out from the doorway behind him.

As soon as they saw that the passenger stepping down from the coach was Robledo, men and women rushed forward to greet him. But everyone promptly forgot him at sight of the other passengers.

First came the Marquis de Torre Bianca, who turned around to help his wife to alight from the clumsy steps.

The Marquise, dressed in a luxurious traveling suit which contrasted with her surroundings, wore the hard expression which disfigured her beauty in her bad moments. With scarcely restrained astonishment and ill-humor, she looked about her, and her eyes betrayed the despair with which she was saying to herself, "Is this what I have come to?"

"Well, here we are," said Robledo cheerfully. "Two days and two nights from Buenos Aires, and a couple of hours driving through a dust storm, that isn't so bad!

The ends of the earth are quite a way off from here!"

Several of the workmen who had welcomed Robledo began, of their own accord, to unload the baggage. These were Elena's things sent on to her at Barcelona by her maid, and she cherished them—the chests and boxes saved from her shipwreck!

Meanwhile a group of children and ragged women had gathered around Elena, gazing at her with amazement and

admiration, as though she had fallen into their midst from another planet.

By this time the news of Robledo's arrival had reached Canterac, Pirovani, and Moreno, and the engineer was presenting them to his friends.

Watson, seeing that the multitude of bags and boxes were being carried into the house he occupied with Robledo, said to his partner:

"You don't expect the lady to share our rough quarters?"

"The lady," Robledo replied, "is the wife of an old college friend of mine. He is going to take pot luck with us, and so is she."

But Elena found it difficult to conceal her distress as she looked about at the rooms that she was henceforth to live in; rough wooden walls, scanty and awkward furniture, and scattered about on every side, saddles, engineering instruments, and sacks of provisions; and everything in this house, occupied by two busy men who had no thought for anything except their work, was in disorder.

Torre Bianca was never under any circumstances surprised. As Robledo took him through the house, putting in a word of apology now and then for its appearance, the Marquis smiled gently at his friend.

"And here are the servants," said Robledo, introducing to Elena a fat half-breed who acted as housekeeper, two little barefooted mestizas, who served as errand-girls, and the Spanish peasant who took care of the horses. All of this ragged crew expressed with incessant smiles the admiration they felt for the beautiful lady.

After supper Robledo took his partner aside to discuss the progress of the work with him.

As Watson showed him the plans and documents, he also mentioned what Canterac had said to him that afternoon.

"He says that in six months we shall be irrigating."

Robledo looked immensely pleased.

"Then we'll see this hard-baked soil that bears nothing but matorrales now, turn into the kind of earth they must have had in the Garden of Eden. Thousands of people will lead happier and better lives here than they could ever do in the old world, and with all that, you and I, Watson, are going to get rich. We'll get rich because we'll be helping other people to get rich. That's the way it goes. If you want progress, you've got to make it profitable to somebody."

The two friends sat silent looking into the air before them.

IT WAS Watson who came out of his day-dream first. He nodded toward the adjoining room in which they had left the new arrivals. The Marquis was dozing in a canvas chair; Elena sat at a little distance from him, her head in her hands.

Robledo answered the question he read in his partner's eyes.

"My friend is going to help us. He's an engineer. But don't worry about him. I am going to give him a share in our business, out of my half, of course."

Then he told Watson the few facts he thought his partner should know about the Marquis.

"As long as your friend is going to help us," said the young American, "you had better take his share out of my half as well as yours. He seems a nice fellow, and I feel sorry for his wife."

Robledo took the boy's hand in his, in quick response to his generosity, and they dropped the subject.

On the very next morning, Elena, who showed a certain easy adaptability to the diverse circumstances of her life, set out to win the admiration of her hosts by her domestic talents, just as, a few weeks earlier, she had sought distinction in Paris drawing-rooms through quite other attainments. Dressed in a tailored suit which she had cast aside in Paris, but which caused a great sensation among the engineers' servants, she started out, with carefully gloved hands, to set the house in order.

The half-breed and her two little helpers submissively followed the Señora around, until the moment came when Elena rashly ventured to add example to precept, whereupon her ignorance of housework became immediately apparent. It was only too clear that she did not at all know how to do the things she had ordered to be done.

One evening, while the half-breed was serving the first course, Elena threw off from about her shoulders an old evening-wrap which, as it was somewhat the worse for its previous services, she now used as a dressing-gown. As she emerged from this covering it was revealed that she was in evening dress. Her gown was a little worn, but still a brilliant relic of happier days.

Watson looked at her with astonishment, Robledo made a gesture which indicated that he thought she had gone crazy,

but the Marquis remained impassive, as though nothing that Elena did could cause him any surprise.

"I've always dressed for dinner," observed Elena, "and I don't see any reason for changing my habits here. It would make me so uncomfortable!"

Little by little it became the custom of the most important personages of the settlement to call at the engineers' house after supper. First to appear was Canterac, in a suit of military cut, and still more carefully brushed and polished than before the arrival of the Torre Blancas. Then came Moreno, betraying a certain nervous agitation at greeting his hostess, uttering a few stammerings instead of words. And last came Pirovani, displaying a new suit every other night, and always bringing his hostess a present.

One evening he appeared in a startling suit just arrived from Bahia Blanca, bearing a bouquet of enormous roses.

"These were brought down to me today from Buenos Aires, señora, and I hasten to lay them at your feet!"

Canterac glared at the Italian with mock indignation, and murmured in a loud aside to Robledo:

"That's a lie! These roses came by telegraph! Moreno, who knows everything, told me so."

THE HOUSEKEEPER and the two little half-breeds cleared the table, and the living-room, in spite of its rough wooden partitions, began to look suggestive of festivity, as the three callers grouped about Elena.

Elena soon discovered a preference for Canterac which she made no attempt to conceal. After all, he was of her world, although his circle in Paris had not been the same as hers. Yet it had been adjacent, and though they had never met, they discovered that they had mutual friends.

While the Frenchman and Elena talked, Moreno smoked resignedly, exchanging a few words with Watson, or listening to Pirovani's discussions with Robledo and the Marquis. But he had little attention for anyone save the Marquis and Canterac, whom he watched with anxious eyes. However the tertulia underwent a transformation after the arrival of Pirovani with his roses.

The next evening Elena and the men of her household were sitting at table. She was wearing one of her most startling evening dresses, one which, even in Paris, would have been described as daring. But the three engineers, still in their work clothes, appeared to be exhausted by the day's labors. Robledo yawned several times though he was making valiant efforts to keep awake. The Marquis was quietly nodding in his chair; and Elena meanwhile was looking at Watson as though she had for the first time become aware of him, which caused the young American considerable discomfort.

Suddenly Pirovani appeared at the door, carrying a large package, and arrayed in a new suit of wide-checked material whose colors resembled the mottled patterns of a python's skin.

"Señora Marquesa," he began solemnly, "a friend of mine in Buenos Aires has just sent me this box of caramels. Allow me to present them to you!"

Elena, amused by the contractor's new clothes, smilingly acknowledged his present, rewarding him for his attentions with several glances full of coquetry.

AT THIS point, Moreno arrived, recklessly got up in patent leather boots, a wide-skirted cutaway, and a high silk hat.

Robledo, rousing a little at these arrivals, observed ironically:

"What elegance, Moreno!"

"I was afraid," explained the latter, "that these things would get moth-eaten in the trunk, so I put them on to give them an airing."

Timidly he approached Elena. "Good evening, Señora Marquesa!" Imitating the personages of elegant life and manners whom he had so often admired in novels and on the stage, he bent over her hand. Then unwilling to leave her side after this successful performance, he did his utmost to keep up a conversation with her, to Pirovani's intense indignation. Finally the Italian got up, as a protest against this intrusion, and could be heard inquiring of Robledo in his corner:

"Did you ever see anything like the get-up of that jackass?"

But the surprises of the evening were not yet over.

The door opened once more, and Canterac appeared on the threshold, where he paused a moment, giving all his spectators the opportunity to get a good look at him.

He wore a dinner coat, and a fine and exquisitely ironed dress



Q With scarcely restrained astonishment and ill-humor, Elena looked about her, saying to herself, "Is this what I have come to?"

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C When Elena appeared in her Paris dinner dress Robledo made a gesture as if he thought she had gone crazy.

shirt, and when finally he stepped into the room, he did so with a certain languid grace as though he were presenting himself in a Paris drawing-room. After a slight bow to the men, he bent over Elena and kissed her hand.

"I too felt like dressing for dinner, this evening, Marquise, as in the good old times."

Elena, pleased by this homage, turned her back upon Moreno, and made the new arrival sit down beside her. For the rest of the evening she devoted most of her attentions to the Frenchman, while Pirovani sulked in a corner.

For several evenings after this the contractor failed to appear. Moreno, curious about the reason for his absence, called at the Italian's and came back with some news.

"Pirovani's gone to Bahia Blanca without telling anyone what for. He must have some important business on."

So the tertulias continued. Canterac in his dinner coat still enjoyed Elena's preference, and Moreno got into his swallow-tail every evening for no other purpose apparently than to carry on his desultory conversations with Torre Bianca. Even the Marquis appeared one evening in a dinner coat, and when Robledo made a gesture of astonishment, he gave a shrug and a nod toward his wife.

On the fifth evening Moreno came rushing in to announce that Pirovani had returned. "He may get here at any moment now!"

And since Pirovani had provided them all with a subject for speculation, everyone had the sense of waiting for him to put in an appearance.

Then the door opened; and pausing on the threshold as Canterac had done, in order to allow the on-lookers to get the full

effect of his attire, Pirovani appeared, in an evening coat that was resplendent with lapels of a heavily ribbed silk, the fibers of which were as thick as those of wood, a white waistcoat richly embroidered, a white camelia in his buttonhole.

Making manful efforts to preserve his calm and conceal his emotions, he nodded with masculine indifference to the men, and bowed low before the Marquise whose hand he raised to his lips.

Elena's eyes gleamed. Everything about Pirovani always seemed to her humorous. But, perceiving that this transformation had been accomplished in her honor, she welcomed him affectionately, and made him sit down beside her. Canterac, visibly offended by his rival's triumph, abruptly left the group, while Moreno, with a scandalized expression, made a gesture toward Pirovani and muttered to Robledo:

"So that's the important business he took a trip to Bahia Blanca for!"

"From dinner coats to swallow-tails," growled Robledo. "We'll be holding carnival out on the desert soon, and this woman will be driving us all crazy before we get through!"

He glanced with relief at the young American, who, like himself, still wore his simple work clothes.

"What a commotion that sort of woman stirs up in a frontier settlement, where men live alone, and have no other distraction from their work!" he thought. "And she's only just begun. . . . Who knows what she'll try next? Perhaps this is Helen of Troy in our midst. . . ."

With a cynical shrug, Robledo turned his back on the group around Elena. He had done his best to leave her in Paris.

"Another little glass of maté, comisario?" The police



Elena soon discovered a preference for Canterac which she made no attempt to conceal.

commissioner of the camp sat opposite Don Carlos Rojas in the latter's living-room. A half-breed girl, standing very straight, was looking at the two men with her slanting eyes, waiting for the master's orders.

In front of them on the table were two little calabash shells full of a decoction made from the maté herb, and they were sipping the liquid through the silver *straw* that is known in these regions as a *bombilla*. No sooner did the servant hear the gurgling of the liquid in the straws, which indicated that the contents of the cup was getting low, than she ran to the stove and brought the *peacock* or *pava* as the kettle is called, from the curved neck of

which she poured boiling water on the soaking leaves at the bottom of the calabashes, and filled them to the brim.

Rojas and his guest were talking slowly, stopping for frequent sips at their tea. It was evident from the rancher's expression that something had gone wrong with him. As a matter of fact he had lost another steer, and he angrily attributed this loss to Manos Duras who, of late, had sold altogether too many pieces of beef to the camp at the Dam.

He had sent in hot haste for the commissioner, and together, after Don Rojas had told his suspicions, they had counted his cattle. It was certain that one was lacking. [Continued on page 138]

C In this, the second instalment, Mr. Howard tells of the war between the Federal authorities and the drug rings of the Underworld

The Inside Story of DOPE in This Country

By Sidney Howard

THE UNDERWORLD is a kind of supercity which includes all cities, a superslum of each, living always without the law and according to its own convention of life by the wits. Vice is its single recreation. Dope is the core of its vice.

Crime is the bedrock of the Underworld and dope is the core of crime. The Underworld is the incubator of the dope traffic. The dope pedler is ex officio a member of the Underworld.

Last month I pledged these articles to fixing the boundaries between the criminal and medical phases of drug addiction. I suggested that drug addicts might be separated into two groups: the one composed of vicious degenerates and the other of innocent victims.

But there can be no two ways about the dope pedler or about his twin, the doctor, who addicted the Kentucky village I told you of and maintained the disreputable sanitarium in Portland. Such men are surely among the most wicked of criminals, to be punished as ruthlessly as the law permits.

This month we shall go with the law upon certain excursions in and about the Underworld. We shall accomplish two things. We shall see the victims of dope, both the degenerate and the innocent, and learn to what unutterable degradation dope can bring them. And we shall study the characteristics of those birds of prey who feed upon their misery.

I remember a particular addict who gave his name as Bogart. I met him one freezing night last November in the back room of a Brooklyn police station while a Police Commissioner examined him. He was a little chap, dark, not so much in complexion as from a complete lack of any light within himself. He had that physical combination of small features and heavy hands which gives so many men an atmosphere of pathos. He worked in some Brooklyn iron foundry, and he had been addicted to the use of heroin for eleven years—since the age of fifteen. He had taken four obligatory cures. He was only four months out of Elmira penitentiary.

"You didn't get drugs at Elmira," the Commissioner said. "Why did you go back to them?"

Bogart twisted his cap and drove stolidly through his story with only a shifting flicker of white eyeball, now and then, as he glanced up at us from under the thick fall of hair over his brow.

"When I got out of the pen," he told us, "I was off the junk, I got two kids and my wife's in a family way again. We were going to start up housekeeping in some rooms like before I went away. But I couldn't get a job. Then two of the guys I used to buy from came along coaxing me. I guess I was pretty low. I gave in."



C Ralph Oyler and his Federal agents arrested this dope pedler in the act of selling dope. The scene is Times Square, N. Y., where the prisoner habitually did business. The time was eleven-thirty A. M. Hearst's International heard that the arrest probably would take place and had photographers ready to snap it. This picture is probably the only one of the actual commitment of a crime.

MONETA WE GOT TO
 WE ITALIANS ARE
 MAD WATCH
 FALSE ALARMS
 REAL FIRES
 ITALIANS ARE STRONG
 CAN FIGHT LIKE HELL
 SOME OF OUR
 GANG WILL BE AT
 HEARING IF HELD
 WEDNESDAY
 DOPE WE MAKE
 DOPE WE HAVE
 WE GOT
 BARKLES DOPE
 FOR SALE

C. A defiant note - from the dope pedlers of Philadelphia.

terrible that he collapsed under it. Dope allowed him less than four hours of liberty.

There was a man of sixty, a roustabout of a Bowery hotel in New York, who did his daily work for dope and broke his skin with a nail which he had filed to sharpness. I have seen addicts whose bodies were pitted with such festering wounds. Their hides looked less like human skin than like airplane photographs of the shell cratered battlefields of France.

I asked Bogart how he took his first dose, whether with a needle or by sniffing. He told me that he sniffed at first. So the thing progresses in the Underworld, through overdoses, to unemployment, and from petty larceny to satisfy insatiable craving on to broken will and real crime and the horseshoe nail and suicide at last.

And this same Luigi, Italian pedler of Hell's Kitchen, could be proud that he did not look like the addicts from whom, by his deplorable trade, he earned his daily bread.

THE TWO narcotic chiefs of New York City, Simon, the Police Commissioner, and Federal Agent Oyler illustrate fairly two distinct methods of policing the dope problem. The Federal agent says that if the customs will prevent smuggling he will arrest the sellers of such dope as escapes customs notice. Simon's idea is to destroy the dope market by arresting all addicts.

Dr. Simon has built up the most impressive filing system of useless information that I have ever seen. He has thousands of photographs of criminals more or less related to the using or selling of dope. He has finger-prints without number. His cards list addresses of suspects the world over. He can turn any kind of a narcotic trick for your edification at a moment's notice, particularly if you happen to be a

GUDG DE RH
 YOU ARE GONE
 B KILLED SUNDY
 NIGTE. NO FOLIN
 LIKE DRUG RING
 SO WACHT UR
 BELF. I AM A
 MASTER HAND
 L. R. SIN DRUG
 V.S. YOU CAN

C. Another specimen of Black Hand literature—a friendly warning to Judge Monaghan.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the records of public charities. I found that the public charities of New York possess practically no records of any value to me in the investigation of the dope problem.

Drugs destroy the sex energy of the man or woman who becomes addicted to them. When you have combined this age average with the flat statement made by charities that they are seldom if ever called upon to care for the dependents of an addict, you realize what thorough work dope does. You realize that it reduces its victims to demoralization and sterility before they are old enough to marry and beget children.

IF you would learn how complete this demoralization inevitably becomes, go through the larger hospitals of our big cities to the wards where the flotsam of vice is finally beached. There you will find the bottom rung of the dope ladder and the gold hypodermics of morphin mythology have little to do with it. There you will find the addicts who have come to the end of addiction, wasted bodies, fish eyes, nerves so numb that the injection of the needle (even when the addict can still afford to own one) no longer produces any reaction. At the end of addiction, dope plays a dreadful trick upon its victims. With the despair of craving it couples a horrid instinct for self-inflicted violence. Everything else is gone, and the anaesthetic condition of degeneracy has got the degenerate beyond the single consolation of his hypodermic. Pin pricks give him nothing. He must have real wounds through which to administer his dose. You will find plenty of men in your hospital who, before they can allay the insatiable craving for dope must deliberately stab their arms and torsos with pen knives and safety pins. With eye droppers and syringes they force the narcotic into bleeding wounds.

Yesterday in the District Attorney's office, in New York, I tried to talk with such a human wreck. He was an addict of fourteen years slavery, under arrest for selling dope on the streets, awaiting sentence. Four hours had elapsed since his last shot. Only four hours, and his agony was already so

Dear John -
 I don't ~~know~~ know
 whether you could
 make out my last
 letter or not - but
 the point is - I'm
 out of stuff - & when
 these kids down here
 see anyone out of
 stuff - they immediately
 put her down for a "dope"
 & I have to have the money
 but such a thing as
 coming through the
 mail, especially this to be

ignored - they think
 they come through
 packages - I sent you
 \$5 and ought to get
 a reply tomorrow but
 in the meantime if
 you have ~~heard~~ ~~heard~~
 \$5 I'll ~~hear~~ ~~hear~~
 from ~~you~~ ~~you~~
 or not

Q. Completely broken by craving for dope, Mrs. Gascoigne was writing this last frenzied appeal to her disreputable master when the federal officials came to her rescue.

reporter. His instinct for publicity would shame a movie star. But I have never been quite sure of what he actually accomplishes. He shows me how hard he works and how, by arresting all the addicts of New York, he will eventually and certainly destroy the dope pedler's market. His technique is excellent and I can't deny his point. None the less, he reminds me of that mythical Shah of Persia who sent his armies out to kill mosquitoes. The Shah had the excuse that science had not yet discovered the process of pouring petroleum on stagnant water.

Dr. Simon's eagerness to destroy addiction by confining the addicts accomplishes practically nothing at very great expense. To begin with, as he himself admits, he has no proper facilities for curing them of their addiction. They go to Blackwell's Island, in the East River. They suffer the tortures of withdrawal for a hundred days there, at the city's expense.

In the course of events these persistent fellows are subject to rearrest and a reiteration of cure and confinement. The New York League for Narcotic Drug Control has investigated and reported on cases in which this process has been repeated no less than fifteen times. But Doctor Simon registers none of the more familiar symptoms of discouragement. He is like Bernard Shaw's British jury and his convictions are not to be shaken by mere evidence.

He boasts that he has reduced the number of drug addicts in New York City from forty thousand to ten thousand, and in the act of making the estimate discovers that drugs are quite easily sent into Blackwell's Island itself. What enforced cure means and how drugs gain admission to penal and correctional institutions will be subjects for later articles. But one point here is that practically none of the three thousand odd drug addicts arrested by Dr. Simon this year are any better off for being arrested. The other point is that, in order to make their total of addicts arrested the considerable one he demands, some of his men actually go to the extreme of protecting pedlers in order to arrest their customers more easily. Dr. Simon has many followers among police officials, but I cannot see the value of wasting energy and money on drug addicts when the medical profession has not yet found any reliable treatment for them.

The federal system, far less showy, comes much nearer effectiveness. Fifteen men comprise the complete force allotted by the Federal Government to the drug problem in the state of New York. The New York police allot more than fifty to the

city limits of New York City, the dope selling center of the country. And yet the Federal office, in 1922, made half again as many arrests for selling as the police did. Of the two biggest cases made in New York, the raid on the Longacre Hotel was a Federal operation and that on the Douglas Hotel, a police operation. Each seizure netted over a thousand ounces of narcotics illegally in the hands of their possessors. The federals sent their entire crew of prisoners to the Atlanta penitentiary. The police cases were thrown out of court and the police only just avoided a very public and painful scandal.

I am very certain that it is more efficacious to arrest the seller than to persecute his customers. As for Dr. Simon's boast that he is destroying the New York drug market, dope is still cheap and addicts are still plentiful.

John W. Crim, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, in charge of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice, finds that the Underworld drug addict presents "a new problem in penology."

23 Bowers
 Fisher
 Box 15
 Sam Schorager
 72274

Q. Reproduced from Sam Sonnenberg's memorandum book. Put into plain English it means that if the address of Fisher is furnished he will be bumped off.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The crimes committed by the narcotic addict—" I quote a statement prepared by Mr. Crim for Hearst's INTERNATIONAL—"are frequently without any tangible motive . . . may be prompted by things wholly imaginary . . . may be grounded in a deep mental obsession, complex and cunning, suggestive of genius . . . He is driven by the cravings of an appetite, frequently by excruciating pain (if he has been denied his narcotic for a considerable period of time) into criminal associations. Once started on this downward path, he is ultimately apprehended and prosecuted as a criminal. . . . Once in prison, with the brand of a felon upon him, in association with other addicts (*thirty percent of the prisoners now incarcerated in the United States are drug addicts*) any degree of correction, reformation or cure is a remote possibility. On serving his sentence he is invariably a greater liability than before.

"WITH the criminal addict, I have this suggestion in so far as the United States Government is concerned, that Congress immediately enact into law the bill submitted by the Department of Justice for the taking over of a part of the Government reservation at Camp Grant and creating there an industrial reformatory, where first offenders between the ages of seventeen and thirty (not guilty of the more heinous crimes of treason, murder, rape, or arson) may be sent and taught the rudiments of a grammar-school curriculum and a useful trade, under sanitary conditions. This will relieve the congestion with which we are now confronted in the federal prisons and which I wish to assert with all of the emphasis I can command, is rapidly resulting in conditions so immoral as to be a stain on, and a disgrace to American government.

"The United States prisons at Atlanta, Leavenworth, and McNeil Island are now so congested that it is utterly impossible to properly segregate the prisoners, a large percentage of whom are young men, in their twenties, and many of whom have fought under the American flag. With changing conditions, the type of the Federal prisoner has changed. Fifteen years ago, the Federal prisoner was a national bank robber, counterfeiter, moonshiner, smuggler, or post-office robber, of middle age. The expansion of the jurisdiction of the Federal government, with the incidental creation of new offenses, has given us a prisoner much younger in years and whose offense frequently does not involve moral turpitude. By removing from the present prisons this type, those in charge of the prisons will have an opportunity to segregate the prisoners in a way that will make it much more difficult to introduce narcotics into the prisons and to increase the chances of recovering many from a life of crime."

Arresting either addict or seller seems at best a futile business. I told last month how, after a six weeks' drug crusade in Philadelphia, the New York Federal agents were able to arrest eighteen peddlers in a single evening. From a similar crusade now under way in Montreal, comes this police statement: "The outstanding feature is that the number of arrests does not seem to diminish."



C. Ben Barbalett, alias Charles White, dope pedler in the Bowery, before—



C. —And after his argument with Ralph Oylor over the duration of Oylor's life.

Phone Walnut 7327

Happy, Steve & Moch

Hains Hotel
211 N. 10th St.

Philadelphia

C. In Philadelphia they had the audacity to print business cards.

As soon as one drug pedler is put out of business his successor takes over his stand and his clientele together. These men are so greedy that it is next to impossible even to scare them.

The dope market is continuous. Dope selling must be continued, too. The thing requires persistence, sustained caution, instinctive astuteness, the courage to stick by business as usual whatever the momentary danger.

Salvatore Alvaro, Italian, twenty-eight, carried on in Harlem, and was known to the Underworld as "Bullets" because his body still carries the actual lead of former gang battles. The Federal agents pursued him for two years. Again and again he just missed arrest. He never left his corner. Once, when he had recognized a customer as a government informer, he smilingly suggested that they go to the East River together to complete their deal. His capture, on the third of December last, was a spectacular affair.

The Federal agents found him as usual at his stand, nine lookouts on duty; his negro lieutenant making deliveries. It was five in the afternoon when they arrested "Bullets" and the negro, together. "Bullets" escaped, breaking through apartments, jumping fire escapes, vanishing over the roofs. At eight o'clock that night, slightly the worse for wear as a result of his flight, "Bullets" was again selling dope on the same corner as much on the job as ever. This time he did not escape.

There can be no doubt that "Bullets'" clients have only to wander about the vicinity of "Bullets'" stand to buy their dope from "Bullets'" successor. *It is very evident that we must strike higher and deeper than arrest and imprisonment if we are to come anywhere near a solution of our dope problem.*

DOPE is brought to the American Underworld through many channels, but it is sold thence chiefly by Italians, and the dealers who direct the selling are almost without exception Jews. Dope is virtually a Jewish-Italian monopoly.

The Forsythe Baths on Forsythe Street in New York is the favorite resort of the principal dope pedlers of the city and one of the chief centers of the American Underworld. Without proper introduction and the O. K. of an habitu , you are not admitted. There, if you get in, you can see criminal America, garrulously off its guard, parading nude from process to process of its Turkish ablutions. The drink there is not whisky but tea with lemon in it and the etiquette places the circumcised above suspicion.

The Yellow Race comes in for its share in supplying the market for smoking opium. But it runs a poor third in the distributing and pedling of manufactured narcotics.

It has been said that the Chinese brought drugs to America. They did not. They are responsible only for the opium pipe.

The Forsythe Baths of New York must rank as one of the most extraordinary Underworld resorts anywhere on earth. Thither, sooner or later, they all flock—fugitives from the police, seeking concealment, convicts just released from

penitentiaries eager to reestablish their old connections, safe and loft men to find repose after the night's work and to plan what the next night may offer, gunmen, pimps and counterfeiters, bootleggers and pedlers and smugglers of dope.

Many of them live there; keep their clothes in the lockers of the establishment; drop in nightly; adjust their affairs over a glass of tea; swathe their bodies in the white sheet that is the costume of Turkish baths the whole world over; swagger like fake Catalines through a parody Forum; give their physical beings up to the rubbers and take their night's rest in the spacious dormitories above stairs.

We go there for the talk we hear between the dope merchants.

"I've got a customer in Philadelphia who wants a hundred ounces. I'm short. Let me have thirty."

"How much?"

And they drive their bargain.

Whether for Philadelphia, Buffalo, Louisville or Kansas City, the Forsythe Baths houses one of the principal dope markets of the country.

SOMETIMES a pedler will come in for orders from his master and to make his day's returns. Sometimes a taxi driver brings stock or reports on the transfer of a store. Sometimes entertainment is promised in some obscene retreat, a "circus" or a perverts' séance, and these young bucks prance off to revelry, cramming an ounce of heroin or cocain in their coat pockets as you or I might take a flask on the hip.

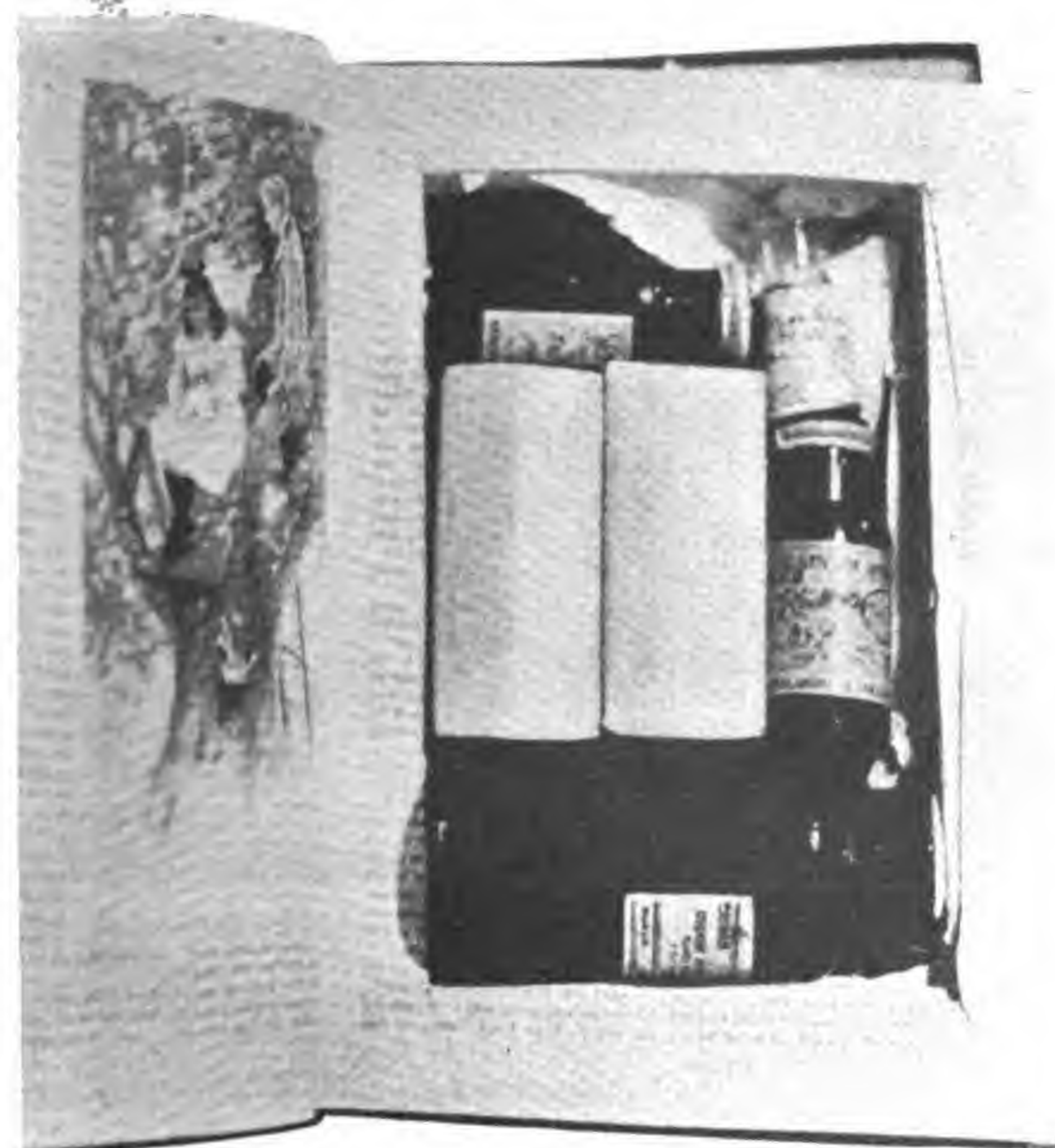
Liquor and dope together. At this table a drug deal; at that the bootleg curb in session. Over in the corner both together. And the genial air of unquestionable fraternity envelops every mother's son from the fleeing murderer to the house chiropodist.

But the place is sober. Business is business whether thievery, liquor or dope, and a glass of tea with lemon leaves a clearer head than strong drink. The Forsythe Baths observe the proprieties. Other institutions of the sort specialize in the treatment of drunks. This one refuses them entrance. I have seen them excluded forcibly. One night a bondsman, crazy with drink, came flourishing a gun. "That's no way to behave," said the Forsythe Baths after he had been disarmed and ejected. "A man's got to be a gentleman to come here."

The Underworld retires late, but, by four in



C. Ralph Oyler, Federal Narcotic Agent of New York.



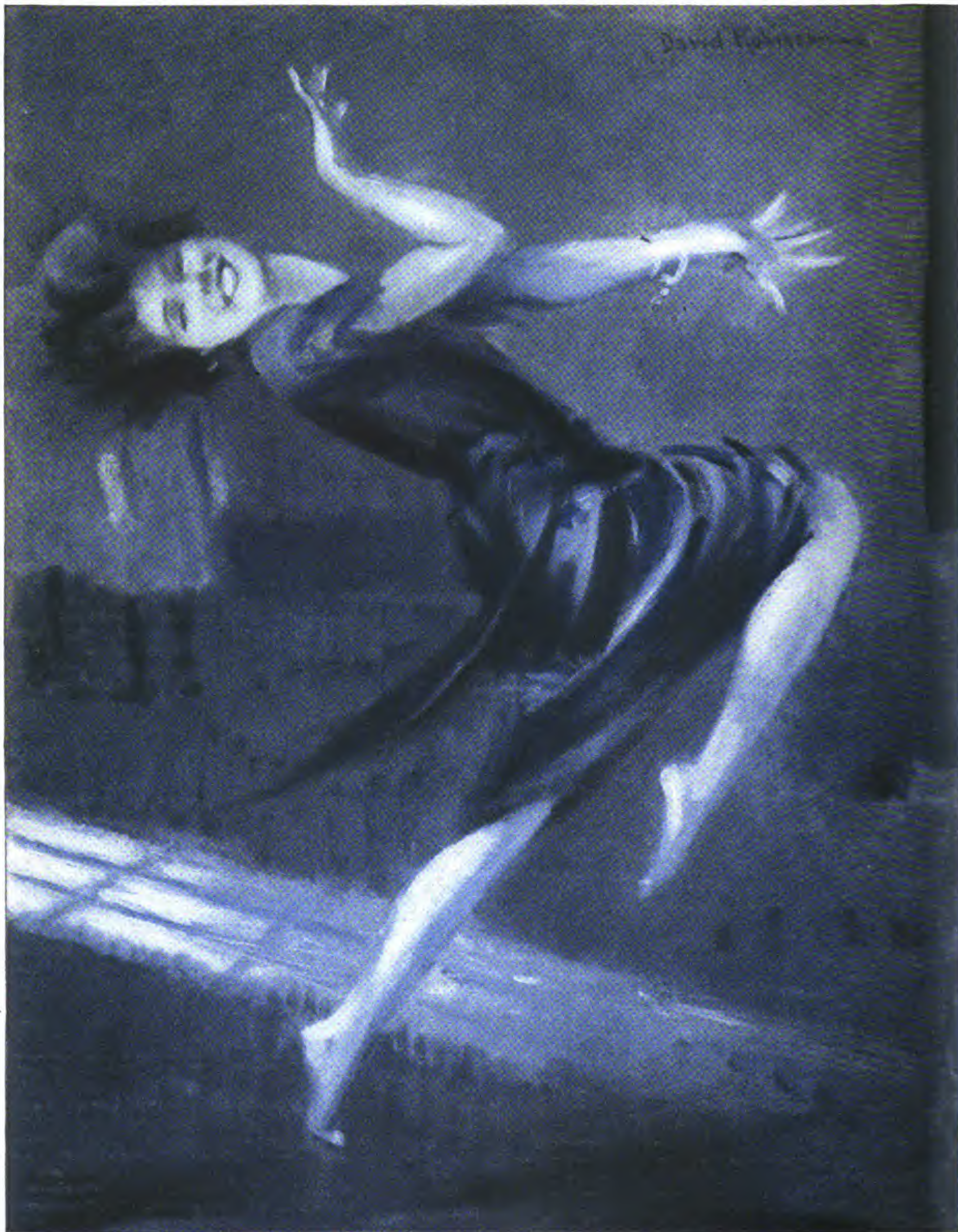
C. Dope hidden by a pedler in a book.

the morning, the Forsythe Baths are asleep. The elect of the regular clientele occupy the cold dormitory; the hoi polloi is relegated to the larger rooms. We have only once succeeded in joining the elect. They sleep in rows of forty or fifty beds, as we could guess through the darkness. The man next to me had a gun under his pillow, so close that the muzzle almost touched my face. The attendant, who knew our introduction, vouched for us. Even a reporter is easily disguised if you take all his clothes away. But the cold room resents strangers and our neighbors stood for some time whispering at our feet, matches held high and jacks in their right hands.

Whenever the law arrests a local drug pedler, the press is all eagerness to proclaim that the local *drug ring* has been broken. The process of *breaking* is not so simple.

A *drug ring* has the sound of control about it, like a chain of tobacco stores or a political machine. I doubt if the dope market of any city in the country is dominated by a single ring. A city may boast a dozen or a hundred *dope rings*, each with its own clientele.

For a *drug ring* is neither more nor less than an importer's commercial organization, created for the purposes of the Underworld. It does not matter that the importer in question happens to be a smuggler. He needs his buyers, his retail sellers and his general staff just as any legitimate importer needs them. He can be as consistent and as orderly about his affairs as any other commercial operator. He can prove to the law beyond a legal shadow of a doubt that his business is not at all what the law positively knows it to be. He is not the man to be implicated in casual, incriminating sales. His agents and retailers attend to that. So much the worse for them when they are caught. The law may have the name [Continued on page 132]



Teenie McKeown danced with the grace and abandon of a nymph in Arcady. Whatever else she was, she certainly knew how to shake her dogs. She was seventeen and she wore several quarts of imitation jewelry, but withal she was somewhat of a beauty.

The First Ace

By Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by David Robinson

THESE was once a man who had an only son and he became so rich he was bitten by the same germ which feeds upon kings. He began to worry for fear that after he himself had passed on, his fortune wouldn't be kept together and his dynasty preserved. In consequence he had his son trained as the heir to a throne is trained; and finally left him stranded, at twenty-five, with an enormous income and almost a complete set of telescoped illusions.

The upbringing of this son had failed, however, in one important particular, and if his father had ever suspected it he wouldn't merely have turned in his grave—he would have spun. To be sure, Spencer had always been docile enough, and outwardly he was so cold and impassive that at school they had called him Muggsy; but in secret he was a sentimentalist. So that naturally, when he found himself free to act as he chose, he startled the community.

From the outset his acquaintances, in consulting over him, employed a sickroom undertone, yet none of them cared to step forward with voluntary advice. This was because his inheritance included one item which wasn't mentioned in the will. It was his father's facial expression, and it invited the public not to toy with the buzz-saw.

But if the elder Ainsworth had spied down, presently, upon the lawn at Meadowbrook, where his son was asking a very pretty girl to marry him, he would certainly have twisted his halo to a new and rakish angle and struck a chord of triumph on his harp. For the girl was saying what the acquaintances hadn't said, for lack of temerity, and what Mr. Ainsworth himself couldn't say, for lack of direct communication.

She had rested her hand on Spencer's arm. "Ever since I've known you," she confessed, "I've liked you a lot and I do now. But if you want my honest opinion—why, I'm afraid you're too quixotic—and too extreme—and not so very loyal."

"Loyal!" said Spencer. "Not loyal to *what*?" There was a pause, during which she removed her hand.

"The thing I've appreciated most in you is the way you began at the beginning—in the bank, and then on the railroad—and worked just like anybody else, only harder. And everybody says you're a wizard at it. And now, all of a sudden, you go off on this wild tangent. Please understand me, Spencer; your plans are wonderfully generous and all that—but *are* they fair to your father? When he spent fifteen years having you fitted to take the Ainsworth Trust and the Eastern Central, and build them higher yet?"

SPENCER cleared his throat. "I'll see that the bank doesn't suffer, or the road either. I'm not letting go of the control; I'm simply dropping the management. . . . But it's fair for every man to make his own choice. Dad wanted to die rich; I want to live rich. Our money came from the masses; I want to give some of it back to them—of course he did, too—but I want to see where it goes and know who gets it. I don't just want to shovel out money. And, Rita, the only way to know the masses is to get down where the masses are!"

"But you aren't the kind of man for it, Spencer! The idea of your working around a settlement house!—when there are businesses that need you, and that you're suited for. That's why I'm so unsure of you. It doesn't seem intelligent; it doesn't seem stable."

He was frowning, thoughtfully. "Of course, I can't hope to change your mind before you sail—two days doesn't give me much latitude—but suppose in a year, by the time you come back——"

Again she put her hand on his sleeve. "Spencer, so far there isn't anybody else . . . but I can't afford to think of you as quite so—erratic. If you ever show me I'm wrong, why, I wouldn't care whether you had forty thousand dollars a week, or forty; I'd say, 'Yes, dear, and thank you for asking me.' So let's just wait—and see what happens."

He went to the pier to say good-by to her, and at the last minute he kissed her, amateurishly, and fled. Half an hour later he was reporting to the secretary of the settlement house.

"I just dropped in," said Ainsworth, "to tell you I'm all ready. When do you want me to start?"

The secretary—an eager, spectacled, tired young man, gestured away the entire calendar. "Why, next year, next month or next Monday. Suit yourself."

"Monday, then," said Ainsworth, and was turning away when he suddenly stopped and listened. "What is that?"

"Dancing class," said the secretary. "Teenie McKeown's dancing class. Their hour's just about up. Say, *there's* a type that'll knock you for a goal! Good hearted as they make 'em, wouldn't hurt a fly, engaged to the slickest card shark this side of Cherry Hill, and comes in every afternoon to teach a flock of brats how to be Isadora Duncans. And believe me, she can do it. Have a look? It's only across the hall."

AS DESSERT to the lesson, Miss McKeown was dancing a solo. Miss McKeown was seventeen, and she was dressed in a wrinkled satin frock and several quarts of imitation jewelry, but withal she was somewhat of a beauty. Moreover, as the secretary had implied, she danced with the grace and abandon of a nymph in Arcady; whatever else she was, she certainly knew how to shake her dogs.

At the secretary's nod she approached and offered a grubby hand, while the class, gaping, herded by the phonograph. "Mr. Ainsworth's coming to help me out, Teenie. I'm counting on you to look after him."

She appraised the newcomer with the smile of a wise buyer in the presence of doubtful merchandise. "Honest?"

Ainsworth was realizing, with vague pity, that if she only knew enough to wash her face she would be irresistible. He didn't dream that if she did wash it she would become, by the regional standard, hideous.

"Yes," said Ainsworth. "I start Monday."

She winked at the secretary. "I s'pose he's one o' the Ainsworths, ain't he?"

"He is the Ainsworth, Teenie."

"Oh, my God!" said Miss McKeown, and narrowly missed swallowing her chewing gum.

When he went out to the sidewalk some minutes later he perceived Miss McKeown in conference with a youth of about her own age—a youth who was noticeably handsome and self-assured, with a very square chin and uncommonly bright eyes. And the youth was a darby. He wore a suit of the exclusive checkerboard pattern, a pink silk shirt, a green bat-wing tie, a fuzzy green hat, green socks and a green-bordered handkerchief, which peeped from the breast pocket. Ainsworth wondered if this could possibly be the card shark. He hoped not. The boy was entirely too good-looking.

Miss McKeown beckoned amiably. "Oh! Mr. Ainsworth—meet Mr. Blackburn."

Mr. Blackburn's eyes held a glint of amusement. "Much obliged to meet you," he remarked, with much reserve. "Teenie says you signed up to do some big league upliftin' around here."



Ⓒ Angelo fell downstairs, backward. The Kid and Teenie gazed down at the fallen man.

Attaboy. Give 'em hell." And complacently turned his back.

Ainsworth delayed a moment, but inasmuch as the pair continued to ignore him he reddened slightly and got into his car. And while the car pushed cautiously down the street, which was a combination of bazaar, prize ring, playground and forum, he was entertained by the happy voices of children singing through their noses. The children were on the rear bumpers and on the steps, and as they chanted they made faces at him.

I should worry, I should care,
I should marry a millionaire.
If he should die, I should cry—
Then I should marry some other guy.

But when he reached home he found a marconigram from Rita Standish, out at sea, and it made him as joyous as though the East Side had received him with a floral arch.

FOR THE next few weeks his happiness was unabated. Granted that an occasional beldame hailed him as a dude buttinsky and invited him to do a swift fade-away—granted that once a young gentleman with a permanent dent in his derby volunteered to pull Ainsworth's nose so far around that he'd sneeze in his ear—granted that Kid Blackburn laughed at his sermons and said tolerantly: "You got me wrong, Jack. I don't never gamble. When I play cards, it's a sure thing"—yet he left the settlement each night with the warm consciousness that he had brightened up the corner where somebody else was.

The secretary, however, was losing sleep; for he had long since recognized that Ainsworth, except for his money, was a liability rather than an asset. His motives were utterly genuine, and his earnestness and endurance were astonishing, but he had the air of a Grand Duke; and in Hester Street this is bitterly resented, unless the owner of it is on the police force.

"But cripe!" said the secretary to his assistant. "How are

you going to tell that kind of a gink he's a flivver? Kill the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

The assistant shook her head. "Not goose—ostrich. Ostrich eggs are bigger—and geese haven't the same habits. Was there ever a man so blind? Why, if it hadn't been for Teenie they'd have mobbed him a month ago!"

What she meant was that Teenie had looked straight through to Ainsworth's purpose, seen his helplessness, pitied his ignorance and promptly taken him under her very capable protection. She had appointed herself his guide and his ally; she had promised to spank any child who shouted epithets after him; she was busily trying to convert the district to her own belief that in spite of his appearance and his manner, he was a perfectly lovely gent. She even tried to convert Kid Blackburn but that was a mistake which had consequences; because the Kid was used to being considered a perfectly lovely gent himself.

And so, at last, he tilted his hat over one eye, which was a storm signal. "You can put up your cue," he said to her briefly. "You ran out the string. I heard enough. You cut this goof out or I cut you out. Hear me? I give you up to Sat'day night. You go in that joint just once more, *after*, and I'm off you."

Incredulous, she stared at him. "Cut out the House?" she repeated uncertainly.

"You said it."

Now to Teenie, Ainsworth was a man from the skies; but on the other hand the Kid had told her that as soon as general business picked up, or a real sucker with a real bankroll came along, they could begin prospecting for a flat. There was nothing for her to do except to yield like a dutiful fiancée; but even by the end of the week she hadn't yet found the courage to explain her position to Ainsworth.

As usual he came down, as a sort of official wet-blanket, to the Saturday night dance; and marveled at Teenie's gaiety, which was superlative. He didn't know, of course, that it was artificial. She seemed to draw men to her as surely as a magnet

draws iron filings; there was a brilliant little Italian, in particular, who aimed at a monopoly, and before the evening was out there was a bit of gossip about him.

"Lucky for the wop Kid Blackburn ain't here. He'd hand Angelo a fat poke in the beezer."

"Well—I wouldn't trade shoes wit' Angelo right now. If the Kid's ever tipped off—blooie!"

At eleven o'clock Ainsworth slipped away, unnoticed; an hour later, while he was sitting in his library and dreaming of Rita Standish, his butler announced Miss McKeown.

"What!" said Ainsworth. "Miss McKeown? . . . Why, yes. Show her in."

HE WAS mystified in advance, but when he saw her he was bewildered. Her eyes were dull and lifeless; she moved as though she were dazed.

Ainsworth went to her, rapidly. "What is it, Teenie? What's the matter?"

"Everything," she said, and wet her lips.

"What do you mean?"

"Well—he done it."

"Who? Who did what? Can't you tell me?"

"The Kid," she said woodenly. "Kid Blackburn. . . . Angelo, he took me home. There wasn't nobody around. Angelo, he wanted to kiss me. We was on the stairs. An' then the Kid come up—quiet. He'd been layin' for Angelo—see? He's awful jealous, he is—awful. Somebody'd wised him up. Angelo was givin' me a whirl. So he called Angelo a name, an' Angelo reached for his gat, an' the Kid hit him." Again and again she wet her lips. "Angelo, he fell downstairs, backward. The Kid, he beat it. He run out on me, cold. An' when I got down there, Angelo, he——" Her gesture was final.

Ainsworth was swept by such a sense of unreality that he said, in almost a normal tone: "What did you do—call the police?"

"No." She swallowed, with great effort. "You—you see—the Kid, he ditched me. An'—an' I thought he was *white*! But when he seen Angelo there he—he beat it. So I did, too. I knew you was the best one to come to—so I come."

Ainsworth put his arm around her. "Wait a minute, dear. I've got to think."

"The Kid done it! There wasn't nobody there, but everybody knows Angelo took me home, an' the Kid was layin' for him, an'——"

Ainsworth caught his breath. He had indeed got down to where the masses were. "Listen, Teenie. You'll trust me, won't you? You'll do what I say? I'll take you down to Headquarters. Now. Tonight. I know the Commissioner. You'd swear it was an accident, wouldn't you?"

She was trembling from head to foot. "My God! Who'd believe it, after what I told you? But I'm the only one seen it. I'm the only one was there. Would I lie for him *now*—after he quit me cold? No. You bet your life! But if they don't get me, they couldn't *prove* nothin' on him—could they?"

"Why——"

"Then get me away somewheres—quick! Mr. Ainsworth, can't you see? Why, that was why I come to you." Her voice was piercing.

"Teenie, dear, listen. I'm going to take care of you. But we've got to go down to Headquarters and tell the story. That's the safest thing we can do. The only thing."

"No, it ain't! If I tell the truth they'll get him an' get him good. Second degree—maybe first. He ain't *in* right down there. An' I *couldn't* lie—after he sneaked out on me." Now the tears came. "I'd done almost anythin' for him, before—but I thought he was white. I thought he *was*!"



Teenie loved the Kid but her ideal was shattered. Therefore she made a clean getaway and no one stopped her as she sought release in the East River.



C "I want you to come uptown and live with me," Ainsworth told the Kid. It sounded to him like a pipe dream. Convinced of the reality of the proposal, he said, "All right, we'll shoot the works."

Their eyes clung together. "Stay here a minute, Teenie." He was quietly compelling. "I'll have the car sent round. We're going to Headquarters."

When he returned from the telephone, however, she was gone. Worse than that, when he reached the sidewalk she wasn't in sight. The car came purring to the curb and he plunged into it and ordered a tour of the neighboring streets. After that, in desperation, he gave an address on the lower East Side and authorized the chauffeur to disregard the speed laws.

In front of the tenement where Teenie had lived there was a close packed crowd, eddying and drifting. As Ainsworth shouldered his way through he heard a familiar voice. "Who is it—Angelo Ceppi? 'At's what I heard . . . Me? Why, I been playin' stud ever since nine o'clock. Got trimmed, too."

A police sergeant was at Blackburn's elbow. "Oh, there you are, Kid! You're wanted."

"Me?" The Kid was righteous. "What's the big idea? Can't a guy play poker 'thout a license?"

They took him away, nevertheless, on suspicion, but in the morning there was no evidence against him and no possibility of it. That was because Teenie McKeown had preferred to rely on her own instincts rather than on Ainsworth's drag. The Kid had run out on her, so that she wouldn't lie for him; but she still loved him, so that she couldn't peach. She loved him, but her ideal was shattered and she was in hysterics. Therefore she had made a clean getaway and the Kid was safe. She had simply hurried over to the East River and permanently disqualified herself as a witness.

The newspaper theory was that Angelo had tried to get fresh

and that she had pushed him—and become demoralized by the result. The police were opposed, but they had to admit that the Kid was clever; his alibi was air-tight. So that they had to let him go; and on the day that he was released Ainsworth went directly to the Kid's hang-out, in the back room of a saloon.

"Blackburn," said Ainsworth soberly, "there's something I want you to do, and I won't take no for an answer. . . . I want you to come uptown and live with me."

The boy peered at him. "Whatcher givin' us?"

Ainsworth nodded. "In the last few days I've waked up. I've been a failure in this work I was trying to do—a failure from the beginning. Without Teenie I wouldn't have lasted even as long as this. There's no use going on. So I'm going back to my own affairs and just help as much as I can, with money. But I want to see something come out of all this—and you're elected."

"So I want you to come and live with me. You're bright enough; I'll have you educated. You're only about eighteen, aren't you? I'll have a tutor for you, first, and it isn't too late for a couple of years at college, if you make good. . . . I'll treat you like a gentleman. I'll give you an allowance—plenty. And as soon as you're ready I'll put you in business—one of my own—a business where you'll have a future. Will you come?"

The Kid was slack-jawed. "I don't get you."

"Don't you?" He leaned across the table. "Blackburn—are you and I going to let Teenie be—wasted?"

"I don't follow you." And then the Kid froze in his chair, because he saw that Ainsworth knew.

Ainsworth spoke very softly. "Both of us owe her a great

deal, Blackburn—don't we? Well, how are we going to pay it? . . . On my side, I'm offering you a chance that I think she'd want you to take. I think she'd love to know I'm giving it to you. But even if you take it, Blackburn—and even if you're the whitest, squarest man there is in you, up to the day you die, why, you won't have paid off one millionth of one percent of what you owe! Will you?"

There was a prolonged silence. "That's on the dead level—is it?"

"It's on the dead level."

Blackburn, gazing at the table, coughed acutely. There was another silence.

At last he lifted his head. "All right," he said deliberately. "We'll shoot the works. You're on."

HE OFTEN wondered if it were all a pipe dream. He was living in one of the swellest dumps in New York, with servants in livery to wait on him, like in the movies; his rags were made by a Fifth Avenue clothes' butcher, he ate chow that was beyond imagination, he smoked ropes that cost half a dollar a throw. And in return nothing was required except to put in six hours a day with a four-eyed bird who had been hired to learn him out of books, and how to talk correct, and how to sling style with a knife and fork. And the Kid was not only quick, he was also imitative. It was a cinch.

He knew that Ainsworth privately despised him—he knew that Ainsworth, in adopting him, had merely coppered his sympathy for Teenie—but the Kid never hated Ainsworth; on the contrary, he began slowly to admire him. And partly for Teenie's sake, and partly for Ainsworth's, he set out to give his patron his money's worth.

To be sure, he sometimes missed the old freedom, and once he heard the call of his kind and responded to it. The gang, however, gave him the cold and glassy; there was a persistent rumor that he had gone straight. The Kid admitted it, with some embroidery. So that when he left the joint, at midnight, a select committee was waiting for him around the corner, where they relieved him of the burden of his watch and scarf pin, and a hundred dollars of Ainsworth's money.

It was eight months later, and the World War had just been lit, when George Blackburn went up to Morningside Heights as a special student. His manners were curiously finished and he spoke English like a scholarly foreigner—painstakingly but accurately.

He said to Ainsworth: "There's only one thing that really bothers me. It's the way you feel about me. You never have changed—have you?"

Ainsworth studied him. "George, I've always known it was an accident—that night—but why did you run away?"

Blackburn turned scarlet. "Because I was a coward—that's all."

Ainsworth held out his hand. "Thank you, George. That's what I've been waiting to hear. After this I'll feel differently."

He had written, of course, to Rita Standish and told her that her judgment had been sound; he had also told her, without detail, that he had found a protégé whom he was educating. Her letters since then had been far more favorable, more affectionate; now he had a message to say that her duty was in Paris until the war was over, and to hint that his own was there, too. She added that the separation was worse than she had bargained for, and that there still was nobody else.

In June Blackburn became restless. "I don't want to ball up your plans," he said seriously, "but I'm hard as nails, and I can shoot, and I'd kind of like to get into this with both feet. I feel as if I really ought to. What's your angle on it?"

Ainsworth's angle was so broad that by September Blackburn was a sergeant in the machine gun section of a Canadian infantry battalion. Three months later he was a subaltern, overseas, and had already become a collector of bronze decorations. "If you could see me dolled up for parade," he wrote to Ainsworth, "you'd think I was the grand marshal on St. Patrick's Day!"

Then, of a sudden, America was in it too; and Ainsworth found himself drafted to the Railroad Administration, where he sweated and swore until the end of the chapter. Blackburn transferred to the A.E.F. and stayed at the front until a spray of shrapnel sent him back to Neuilly, where he was marked convalescent just before the armistice and shipped home as a casual—and as a Captain—in January.

Ainsworth was fidgeting on the pier. The sight of Blackburn, handsomer than ever, and brave with two full rows of ribbon bars, affected him with a pride which was nearly paternal. There



C. In the mirror Ainsworth saw Blackburn manipulate the cards. "Put down that deck," he cried, whirling around. "I saw you. Don't deny it."

were many people who talked about "giving" sons to France, but Ainsworth had literally molded a man and presented him to civilization.

They dined at home, and over the coffee Ainsworth said abruptly: "George, I've got a little surprise for you. Almost two years ago I figured you'd wiped the [Continued on page 129]

I Wade in WORDS

By Walt Mason

Illustrations by F. Strothmann

MANY readers will remember the war that disturbed the world a few years ago, and resulted in Old Bill Hohenzollern establishing a woodyard in Holland. Considering what this experiment cost, it is gratifying to know that Bill's trade in plain and fancy stovewood has increased from the beginning.

It was a great war, considering its extemporaneous nature. All the rulers, with becoming modesty, deny any responsibility for it. It must have been a case of spontaneous combustion. At any rate, it caught us all off our guard, and in the excitement of the moment all our concealed qualities, good and bad, came to the surface, and we did many noble and foolish things.

When England broke into the scrap the newspapers printed



C. Patriots kicked flowerpots off Gus Schmidt's porch.

a story to the effect that she needed everything in the way of vehicles that could be dug up. Her great problem was transportation, and Americans who sympathized with Merry England might help out by contributing automobiles.

I had an old car that had to be taken to the repair shop every time it traveled ten miles; castings were always breaking, and pistons falling out, and the cost of keeping it going was bringing the poorhouse nearer every day.

With magnificent generosity I at once offered this car to King George, telegraphing him to that effect so there would be no mistake, and sending a duplicate message to Lord Kitchener; but nobody ever called for the old bus, and the story that England was collecting junk in this country proved to be a fake. But my unexampled liberality shows the emotional stress of the time. No sacrifice was too great.

The emotional stress lasted for four years, and it is not surprising if we did many absurd things. Hatred of everything German became a religion with some of us.

Before the war warmed up, the most popular citizen in our ward was old Gus Schmidt; he was a kind man who was always on the alert for chances to do good, carrying bottles of Budweiser to the widows and orphans, helping his neighbors to set up their cookstoves, and carrying Saratoga trunks up three flights of stairs, just to be friendly and helpful.

EVERYBODY greeted him with affection; but when the war had inflamed our passions a committee called upon Gus and told him he would have to change his name and be a good American or some fine morning he would wake to find himself ballasting a tree. Then the spokesman of the committee threw a rock through Gus's front window, and shot his dog, and kicked all the flowerpots off his front porch, and the patriots went away, singing, "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light," etc.

Poor old Gus had to spend several dollars to have his name changed to Smith, and thought he had squared himself, but his neighbors couldn't forget that his name originally was Schmidt, and that he was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine, and every once in a while they would put his cow in the pound.

Looking backward, now that we are comparatively safe and

sane again, nothing seems stranger than the tremendous importance we attached to names and words. In the United States there are many towns with German names, and in every one of them there was an energetic attempt to have a rechristening done.

My unfortunate friend, Tsar Nicholas, set an example when he Russianized the name of St. Petersburg. The idea swept through all the allied countries, but Germany remained unmoved, refusing to change the name of Berlin because there is a Berlin in Wisconsin.

Throughout the war I was filled with a fiery patriotism that led me to buy several thrift stamps and Liberty bonds, and contribute one dollar to the Red Cross; but I am absent-minded, and my carelessness or forgetfulness in the matter of words was always getting me into trouble. One day I went into Barnaby's restaurant and ordered a Hamburger steak. I had been consuming that brand of steak for years, and had forgotten that its name had been changed by the Secretary of War.

THE WAITER wrung his hands and uttered a low moan, and summoned the proprietor. That warlike man informed me that he was a patriot, and didn't want the patronage of any man who would ask for Hamburger in his café.

The steak had been renamed "Liberty," and nobody but a German spy would ask for it under its old name. I showed him my Liberty bonds and thrift stamps and convinced him that I was among those who kept the home fires burning, and he finally cooled down and consented to serve me with a Liberty steak. "What kind of potatoes do you want with it?" he asked, and my fatal absent-mindedness spilled the beans again. "German fried potatoes," I replied.

This time there was no remedy for the catastrophe. I was interned for the rest of the war.

Ah, well, the war is over, and perhaps it is wrong to recall such things; but it shows how sternly we stood up for such nonessential things as words and names. The war is over, and still we adhere to our determination not to call a spade a spade. The camouflage of words is a perennial custom. For some unknown reason it grinds us horribly to call anything by its true name.

When my Aunt Cordelia died all her friends were disgusted. She was an excellent aunt, a friend to everybody. So my friends freely offered their condolence.

"I hear your aunt has passed on," said Syd Gregory, wiping a furtive tear from his eye.

"She didn't pass on," I replied; "she remained stationary, but she died."

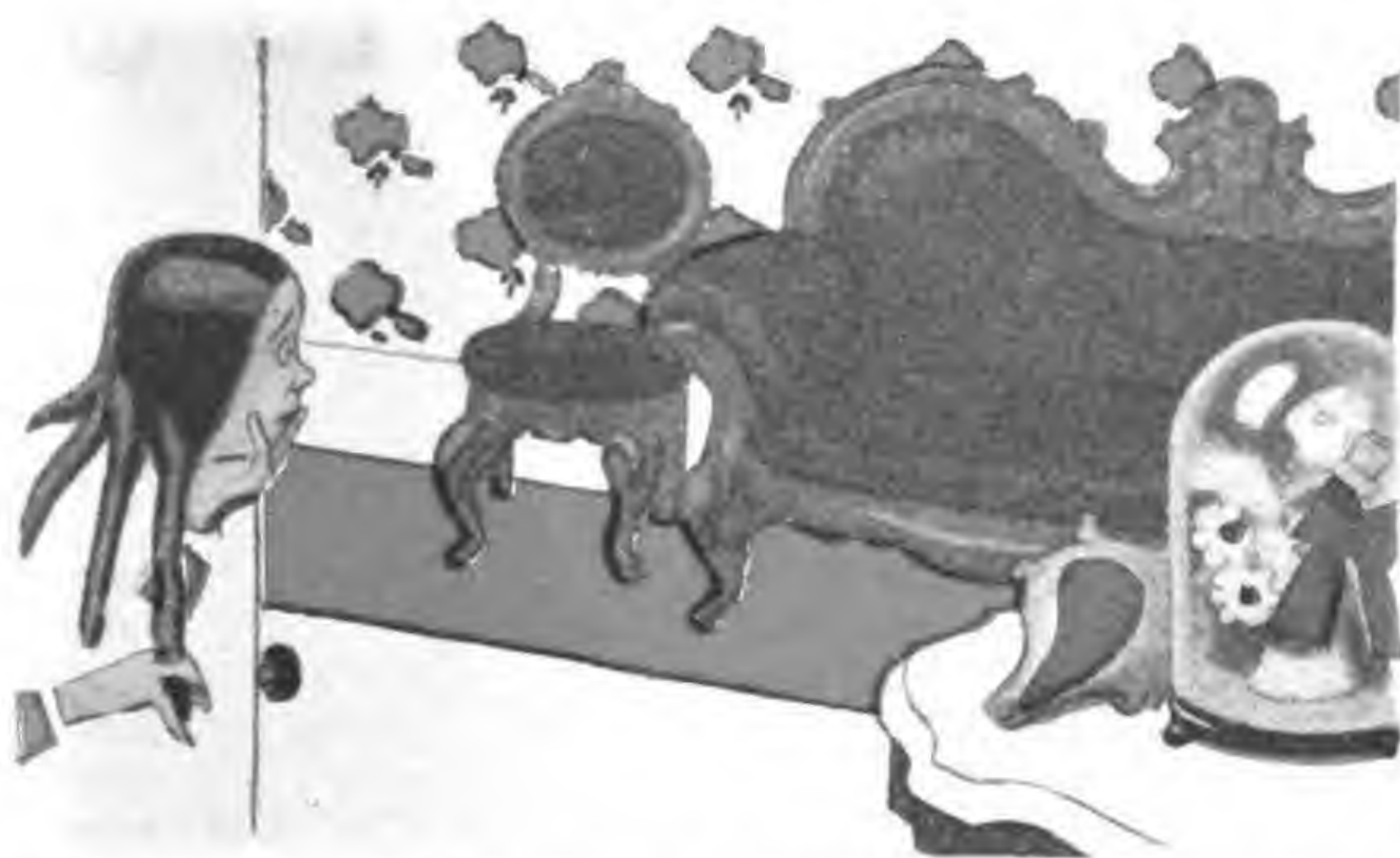
"I was grieved to hear that your aunt was translated," said Tuck Bannerman.

"She wasn't translated," I assured him; "she's still in the original language, but she's dead."



C. The waiter moaned when I absent-mindedly ordered hamburger steak.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Children thought the parlor was too magnificent for common mortals.

"Alas, I was greatly shocked to learn that your aunt has entered the other room," sighed George Greggson.

"She remained in the same old room, and died there," I said.

All these fellows got together later, and compared notes, and decided I must be heartless to speak so flippantly of the death of my sainted aunt. But they were wrong. I was passionately fond of my aunt; and I am equally fond of using the right word in the right place. I hate all these sentimental efforts to doll up death, to disguise it with sugar-coated words.

The misuse of words in this country now and then leads the discouraged observer to believe that there really is no genuine sense of humor in the people, although we are firmly convinced that we are liberally endowed in that direction.

Any word that suggests splendor or sumptuousness is seized upon and overworked until finally its usefulness is gone, and it becomes obsolete, a cast-off thing disfiguring the junkpile of the lexicographers.

LONG AGO every real home had a parlor. This institution probably existed for centuries, but in the Victorian era it attained its greatest sanctity. The parlor of thirty or forty years ago was an apartment reserved for illustrious guests and great occasions. It was filled with horsehair furniture, upon which only acrobats and contortionists could sit with comfort; there were pictures with unholy rustic frames, and a lot of ghastly wax flowers under a glass cover, and a morgue-like atmosphere over all. When not in use the blinds were down and the doors locked; and because it was thus reserved the children of the household grew up with the idea that the parlor was too magnificent for common mortals.

And now the word "parlor," so far as its original meaning is concerned, is worn out. No self-respecting housewife will admit that there is a parlor in her dwelling. When we hear of a parlor nowadays we don't think of a sumptuous room in a residence, but of a place where there is a slot machine and a barrel of fresh country cider at five cents a glass.

It is much the same with the word "palace." Long ago it had some significance, and conjured up visions of fine ladies and gallant gentlemen. But since all the second-hand clothes dealers began doing business in palaces, and the peanut dealers and coffee roasters and wienerwurst dispensers labeled their buildings palaces, the word has lost caste. It is a positive ordeal for me



Now all the second-hand clothes-dealers do business in "palaces."

to walk down the main street of Punktown and see all these parlors and palaces. I never patronize any of them.

I have a hostile feeling toward doctors because they'll never discuss any professional business in words of one syllable. For a long time I have had a mysterious disease in my throat. My larynx backfires at unexpected moments, and there is a swelling about the size of a goose egg that makes it difficult to properly adjust my bone collar button. I've often wondered what the disease is, and have tried to find out, for mine is an inquisitive, curious temperament. I have no doubt that if a doctor really tried he could tell me what's the matter so I'd understand, but he'd rather lose a limb than violate the ethics of his profession in that way.

He lays me back in a padded chair and props my mouth wide open and explores my throat with a lantern in one hand and a jimmy in the other, and while he is working he is thinking up all the old, decomposed, sesquipedalian words he learned in college, and after closing my mouth and adjusting the hasp, he fires them all at me. I listen patiently, intently, and all I can understand is that he will write me a prescription, and that I owe him fifteen dollars. It seems to me he should be able, in the presence of suffering and anxiety such as mine, to forget his college education and tell me whether my trouble is due to a defective flue or unsanitary drainage.

And the prescription might just as well be written in English, but he writes it in Choctaw. There is no sense in this.

IN THE GOOD old days real estate agents were real estate agents, and they seemed to glory in it, and if you referred to a real estate agent as a real estate agent, the blush of shame didn't mantle his brow. But now we have realtors—a faked up word that means nothing, and is the very essence of absurdity. This word is a real trial to my spirit, and no realtor will ever do business with me while there are real estate agents to take my money.

Even the farmers have caught the prevailing itch, and many of them, especially the ones who can afford six-cylinder closed cars, like to be described as agriculturists. If there is an honorable, distinguished word in the language, it is the word farmer, and the husbandman who balks at it should take his head to the repair shop and have it overhauled.

"At Abilene the passengers left the train," wrote a Kansas editor, describing a tour across the prairies, "the gentlemen to stretch their legs, and the ladies their limbs."



A Spade Is a Spade

I'VE always called a spade a spade, and thought it was a shame to call that broad and trenchant blade by any other name. Old Father Adam used a spade in fresh, primeval scenes, and dug up many a dell and glade to plant his early beans. "Ods wounds, what sort of tool is that?" Eve halted to inquire; "is it a patent thermostat, a corkscrew or a lyre?" "This lethal weapon is a spade," old Father Adam cried: "and let that name, by man or maid, be never misapplied. Here is the blade and here the haft; let not the picture fade; for while I work this Eden graft a spade will be a spade." We've traveled far since Adam stirred beneath his greenwood trees, and now we call a man a bird, a pugilist a cheese.

W. A. Mason



I. *The* FALL OF QUARANTINE CRAIG

A New Novel by the
Foremost Author of our Time

MEN LIKE GODS

By H. G. Wells

A Résumé of
The Story
So Far

Illustrations by George W. Bellows

MR. BARNSTAPLE was at peace with the world as he started on his vacation. He was running away from his family and his pessimistic newspaper chief. He was going to write no letters and he didn't know his destination. With his little car headed Londonward he was just outside of Slough when two huge, swift cars passed him and turning a curve vanished from the straight road ahead as if by magic. Then Mr. Barnstaple's car seemed to skid and when he got it in hand he found himself in foreign surroundings. Utterly confounded by this he was relieved to discover one of the big cars standing a few yards ahead. There were four men and a beautiful girl in this party. Mr. Barnstaple soon learned that they were as puzzled as he.

Near a burning house the party discovered the dead bodies—naked and very beautiful—of a man and a girl. Wreckage of scientific apparatus surrounded them.

"These are no earthly people," said Mr. Burleigh, whom Mr. Barnstaple had recognized as the great Conservative leader. "We are not on earth. It is Utopia. But it must be related to our world or maybe we are in some dimension of space from those we wot of."

Then they became conscious of the presence of two God-like creatures who asked them questions. After hearing Mr. Burleigh's account of the Earthling's strange irruption into their world the Utopians arranged for lodging and refreshment, and a conference was planned to talk over these strange events and to decide the fate of the Earthlings.

The Utopians outlined the progress and advancement in Utopia from their Age of Confusion to their present ideal state. Then Burleigh told these wonderful people about the world of men—of wars and greed and famine.

The next day came news that the Earthling party in the second big car had killed a Utopian and then made off in panic. This unfortunate incident did not increase Utopian confidence in these strangers from another world.

With the arrival of the Earthlings came disease germs, unknown in Utopia for many centuries. They were swept with a fever epidemic and the Earthlings were isolated in an old far off fortress. Resenting this they talked of open resistance, arguing that most of the Utopians were down with fever.

Mr. Barnstaple had been so happy—had felt such an affinity for these Utopians and their wonderful world—that he was an alien among his own little band who was trying to stir up a war.

He begged them to listen to him; to recognize the superiority of the Utopian civilization over their own. They gave no heed but continued their preparations for hostility.

W **A** The Story Continues:

"WHAT would you have us do?" asked Mr. Burleigh. "Submit to the science of these Utopians," answered Mr. Barnstaple. "Learn what we can from them. In a little while we may be cured of our inherent poisons and we may be permitted to return from this outlying desert of mines and turbines and rock, to those gardens of habitation we have as yet scarcely seen. There we, too, may learn something of a real civilization. . . . In the end we may even go back to our own disordered world—with knowledge, with hope and help, missionaries of a new order."

"Everything you say," Mr. Burleigh answered, "rests on unproven assumptions. You choose to see this Utopia through rose-tinted glasses. We others—for it is—" he counted—"eleven

to one against you—see things without such favorable preconceptions."

"And may I ask, sir," said Father Amerton, springing to his feet and hitting the table a blow that set all the glasses talking, "may I ask who *you* are, to set yourself up as a judge and censor of the common opinion of mankind? For I tell you, sir, that here in this lonely and wicked and strange world, we here, we twelve, do represent mankind. We are the advance guard, the pioneers, in the new world that God has given us, even as he gave Canaan to Israel his chosen, three thousand years ago. Who are you—"

"Exactly," said Penk. "Who are you?"

And Mr. Ridley reinforced him: "Oo the 'ell are *you*?"

Mr. Barnstaple had no platform skill to meet so direct an attack. He stood helpless. Astonishingly Lady Stella came to his rescue.

"That isn't fair, Father Amerton," she said. "Mr. Barnstaple, whoever he is, has a perfect right to express his own opinion."

"And having expressed it," said Mr. Catskill, who had been walking up and down on the other side of the table to that on which Mr. Barnstaple stood, "to allow us to proceed with the business in hand. I suppose it was inevitable that we should find the conscientious objector in our midst—even in Utopia. The rest of us, I take it, are very much of one mind about this."

"We are," said Mr. Mush, regarding Mr. Barnstaple with a malevolent expression.

"Very well. Then I suppose we must follow the precedents established for such cases. We will not ask Mr.—Mr. Barnstaple to share the dangers—and the honors—of a combatant. We will ask him merely to do civilian work of a helpful nature—"

MR. BARNSTAPLE held up his hand. "No," he said. "I am not disposed to be helpful. I do not recognize the analogy of the situation to the needs of the Great War and anyhow I am entirely opposed to this project—this brigandage of a civilization. You cannot call me a conscientious objector to fighting because I do not object to fighting in a just cause. But this adventure of yours is not a just cause. . . . I implore you, Mr. Burleigh, you who are not merely a politician, but a man of culture and a philosopher, to reconsider what it is we are being urged toward—toward acts of violence and mischief from which there will be no drawing back!"

"Mr. Barnstaple," said Mr. Burleigh, "I have considered. But I am a man of some experience, some traditional experience, in human affairs. I may not altogether agree with my friend Mr. Catskill. Nay! I will go further and say that in many respects I do not agree with him. If I were the autocrat here I would say that we have to offer these Utopians resistance—for our self-respect—but not to offer them the violent and aggressive resistance that he contemplates. I think we could be far more subtle, far more elaborate and far more successful than Mr. Catskill is likely to be.

"But that is my own opinion. Neither Mr. Hunker nor Lord Barralonga, nor Mr. Mush nor Mr. Dupont, shares it. Nor do our technical engineers here share it. And what I do perceive as imperative upon our little band of Earthlings, lost here in a strange universe, is *unity of action*. Whatever else betide, dissension must not betray us. We must hold together and act together as one body. Discuss if you will, when there is any time for discussion, but in the end *decide*. And having decided, abide loyally by the decision. Upon the need of securing a

hostage or two I have no manner of doubt whatever. Mr. Catskill is right."

Mr. Barnstaple was a bad debater. "But these Utopians are as human as we are," he said. "All that is most sane and civilized in ourselves is with them."

Mr. Ridley interrupted in a voice designedly rough. "Oh Lord!" he said. "We can't go on jawin' 'ere forever. It's sunset and Mr.—this gentleman 'as 'ad 'is say and more than 'is say. We ought to have our places and know what is expected of us before night. May I propose that we elect Mr. Catskill our Captain with full military powers?"

"I second that," said Mr. Burleigh with grave humility.

"Perhaps M. Dupont," said Mr. Catskill, "will act with me as associated Captain, representing our glorious ally, his own great country."

"In the absence of a more worthy representative," acquiesced M. Dupont, "and to see that French interests are duly respected."

"And if Mr. Hunker would act as my lieutenant? . . . Lord Barralonga will be our quartermaster and Father Amerton our chaplain and censor. Mr. Burleigh, it goes without saying, will be our civil head."

Mr. Hunker coughed. He frowned with the expression of one who makes a difficult explanation. "I won't be exactly lieutenant," he said. "I'll take no official position. I'll be a looker on—who helps. But I think you will find you can count on me, gentlemen—when help is needed."

MR. CATSKILL seated himself at the head of the table and indicated the chair next to his for M. Dupont. Miss Greeta Grey seated herself on his other hand between him and Mr. Hunker. Mr. Burleigh remained in his place, a chair or so from Mr. Hunker. The rest came and stood round the Captain.

Almost ostentatiously Mr. Barnstaple turned his back on the new command. Lady Stella he saw remained seated far down the table, looking dubiously at the little crowd of people at the end. Then her eyes went to the desolate mountain crest.

Mr. Barnstaple did not want to seem to listen to this Council of War. He walked to the wall of the old castle and up a flight of stone steps and along the rampart to the very peak of the headland. Here the shattering and beating sound of the waters in the two convergent canyons was very loud.

There was still a bright rim of sunlit rock to the mountain face behind but all the rest of the world was now in a deepening blue shadow, and a fleecy white mist was gathering in the canyons below and hiding the noisy torrents. It drifted up almost to the level of the little bridge that spanned the narrower canyon to a railed stepway from the crest on the further side. For the first time since he had arrived in Utopia Mr. Barnstaple felt a chill in the air. And loneliness like a pain.

Up the broader of the two meeting canyons, some sort of engineering work was going on and periodic flashes lit the drifting mist. Far away over the mountains a solitary airplane, very high, caught the sun's rays ever and again and sent down splashes of dazzling golden light and then, as it wheeled about, vanished again in the deepening blue.

He looked down into the great courtyard of the ancient castle below him. The modern buildings in the twilight looked like phantom pavilions amidst the archaic masonry. Someone had brought a light, and Captain Rupert Catskill, the new Cortez, was writing orders, while his Commando stood about him.

MR. BARNSTAPLE spent a large part of the night sitting upon his bed and brooding over the incalculable elements of the situation in which he found himself.

What could he do? What ought he to do? Where did his loyalty lie? The dark traditions and infections of the Earth had turned this wonderful encounter into an ugly and dangerous antagonism far too swiftly for him to adjust his mind to the new situation.

Before him now only two possibilities seemed open. Either the Utopians would prove themselves altogether the stronger and the wiser and he and all his fellow pirates would be crushed and killed like vermin, or the desperate ambitions of Mr. Catskill would be realized and they would become a spreading sore in the fair body of this noble civilization, a band of robbers and destroyers, dragging Utopia year by year and age by age, back to terrestrial conditions.

There seemed only one escape from the dilemma; to get away from this fastness to the Utopians, to reveal the whole scheme of the Earthlings to them and to throw himself and his associates

upon their mercy. But this must be done soon, before the hostages were seized and bloodshed began.

But in the first place it might be very difficult now to get away from the Earthling band. Mr. Catskill would already have organized watchers and sentinels and the peculiar position of the crag exposed every avenue of escape. And in the next place Mr. Barnstaple had a life-long habit of mind which predisposed him against tale-bearing and dissentient action.

His school training had molded him into subservience to an group or gang in which he found himself; his form, his side, his house, his school, his club, his party and so forth. Yet his intelligence and his limitless curiosities had always been opposed to these narrow conspiracies against the world at large. His spirit had made him an uncomfortable rebel throughout his whole earthly existence.

He loathed political parties and political leaders, he despised and rejected nationalism and imperialism and all the tawdry loyalties associated with them; the aggressive conqueror, the grabbing financier, the shoving business man he hated as he hated wasps, rats, hyenas, sharks, fleas, nettles and the like: all his life he had been a citizen of Utopia exiled upon Earth.

After his fashion he had sought to serve Utopia. Why should he not serve Utopia now? Because his band was a little and desperate band that was no reason why he should serve the things he hated. If they were a desperate crew, the fact remained that they were also, as a whole, an evil crew. There is no reason why Liberalism should degenerate into a morbid passion for minorities. . . .

Only two persons among the Earthlings, Lady Stella and Mr. Burleigh, held any of his sympathy. And he had his doubts about Mr. Burleigh. Mr. Burleigh was one of those strange people who seem to understand everything and feel nothing. He impressed Mr. Barnstaple as being intelligently irresponsible. Wasn't that really more evil than being unintelligently adventurous like Hunker or Barralonga?

Mr. Barnstaple's mind returned from a long excursion in ethics to the realities about him. Tomorrow he would survey the position and make his plans, and perhaps in the twilight he would slip away.

It was entirely in his character to defer action in this way for the better part of the day. His life had been one of deferred action almost from the beginning.

BUT EVENTS could not wait for Mr. Barnstaple.

He was called at dawn by Penk, who told him that henceforth the garrison would be aroused every morning by an electric hooter he and Ridley had contrived. As Penk spoke a devastating howl from this contrivance inaugurated the new era. He handed Mr. Barnstaple a slip of paper torn from a notebook on which Mr. Catskill had written:

"Non-comb. Barnstaple. To assist Ridley prepare breakfast, lunch and dinner, times and menu on messroom wall, clear away and wash up smartly, and at other times to be at disposal of Lt. Hunker in chemical laboratory for experimenting and bomb making. Keep laboratory clean."

"That's your job," said Penk. "Ridley's waitin' for you."

"Well," said Mr. Barnstaple and got up. It was no use precipitating a quarrel if he was to escape. So he went to the scarred and bandaged Ridley and they produced a very good imitation of a British military kitchen in that raw year, 1914.

Everyone was turned out to breakfast at half-past six by a second solo on the hooter. The men were paraded and inspected by Mr. Catskill, with M. Dupont standing beside him; Mr. Hunker stood parallel with these two and a few yards away; all the other men fell in except Mr. Burleigh, who was to be civil commander in Utopia and was, in that capacity, in bed, and Mr. Barnstaple the non-combatant. Miss Greeta Grey and Lady Stella sat in a sunny corner of the courtyard sewing at a flag. It was to be a blue flag with a white star, a design sufficiently unlike any existing national flag to avoid wounding the patriotic susceptibilities of any of the party.

After the parade, the little garrison dispersed to its various posts and duties, M. Dupont assumed the chief command and Mr. Catskill, who had watched all night went to lie down. He had the Napoleonic quality of going off to sleep for an hour or so at any time of the day.

Mr. Penk went to the top of the castle, where the hooter was installed, to keep a lookout.

There were some moments to be snatched between the time when Mr. Barnstaple had finished with Ridley and the time when Hunker would discover his help was available, and this



The BATTLE

time he devoted to an inspection of the castle wall on the side of the slopes.

While he was standing on the old rampart, weighing his chances of slipping away that evening in the twilight, an airplane appeared above the crag and came down upon the nearer slope. Two Utopians descended, talked with their aviator for a time, and then turned their faces toward the fastness of the Earthlings.

A single note of the hooter brought out Mr. Catskill upon the rampart beside Mr. Barnstaple. He produced a field glass and surveyed the approaching figures.

"Serpentine and Cedar," he said, lowering his field glass. "And they come alone. Good."

He turned round and signaled with his hand to Penk who responded with two short whoops of his instrument. This was the signal for a general assembly.

DOWN BELOW in the courtyard appeared the rest of the Allied force and Mr. Hunker, and fell in with a reasonable imitation of discipline.

Mr. Catskill passed Mr. Barnstaple without taking any notice of him, joined M. Dupont, Mr. Hunker and their subordinates below and proceeded to instruct them in his plans for the forthcoming crisis. Mr. Barnstaple could not hear what was said. He noted with sardonic disapproval that each man as Mr. Catskill finished with him, clicked his heels together and saluted. Then at a word of command they dispersed to their posts.

There was a partly ruined flight of steps leading down from the general level of the courtyard through a great archway in the wall that gave access to and from the slopes below. Ridley and Mush went down to the right of these steps and placed themselves below a projecting mass of masonry so as to be hidden from anyone approaching from below.

Father Amerton and Mr. Hunker concealed themselves similarly to the left. Father Amerton, Mr. Barnstaple noted, had been given a coil of rope, and then his roving eye discovered Mr. Mush glancing at a pistol in his hand and then replacing it in his pocket. Lord Barralonga took up a position for himself some steps above Mr. Mush and produced a revolver which he held in his one efficient hand. Mr. Catskill remained at the head of the stairs. He also was holding a revolver. He turned to the citadel, considered the case of Penk for a moment, and then motioned him down to join the others. M. Dupont armed with a stout table leg, placed himself at Mr. Catskill's right hand.

For a time Mr. Barnstaple watched these dispositions without any realization of their significance. Then his eyes went from the crouching figures within the castle to the two unsuspecting Utopians who were coming up toward them, and he realized that in a couple of minutes Serpentine and Cedar would be struggling in the grip of their captors. . . .

He perceived he had to act. And his had been a contemplative critical life with no habit of decision.

He found himself trembling violently.

HE STILL desired some mediatory intervention even in these fatal last moments. He raised an arm and cried "Hi!" as much to the Earthlings below as to the Utopians without. No one noticed either his gesture or his feeble cry.

Then his will seemed to break through a tangle of obstacles to one simple idea. Serpentine and Cedar must not be seized. He was amazed and indignant at his own vacillation. Of course they must not be seized! This foolery must be thwarted forthwith. In four strides he was on the wall above the archway and now he was shouting loud and clear. "Danger!" he shouted. "Danger!" and again "Danger!"

He heard Catskill's cry of astonishment and then a pistol bullet whipped through the air close to him. Serpentine stopped short and looked up, touched Cedar's arm and pointed.

"These Earthlings want to imprison you. Don't come here! Danger!" yelled Mr. Barnstaple, waving his arms and "*pat, pat, pat,*" Mr. Catskill experienced the disappointments of revolver shooting.

Serpentine and Cedar were turning back—but slowly and hesitatingly.

For a moment Mr. Catskill knew not what to do. Then he flung himself down the steps, crying, "After them! Stop them! Come on!"

"Go back!" cried Mr. Barnstaple to the Utopians. "Go back! Quickly! Quickly!"

Came a clatter of feet from below and then the eight men who constituted the combatant strength of the Earthling forces in

Utopia emerged from under the archway running toward the two astonished Utopians. Mr. Mush led, with Ridley at his heels; he was pointing his revolver and shouting. Next came M. Dupont zealous and active. Father Amerton brought up the rear with the rope.

"Go back!" screamed Mr. Barnstaple, with his voice breaking.

Then he stopped shouting and watched—with his hands clenched.

THE AVIATOR was running down the slope from his machine to the assistance of Serpentine and Cedar. And above out of the blue two other airplanes had appeared.

The two Utopians disdained to hurry and in a few seconds their pursuers had come up with them. Hunker, Ridley and Mush led the attack. M. Dupont, flourishing his stick, was abreast with them but running out to the right as though he intended to get between them and the aviator. Mr. Catskill and Penk were a little behind the leading three; the one-armed Barralonga was perhaps ten yards behind and Father Amerton had halted to recoil the rope more conveniently.

There seemed to be a moment's parley and then Serpentine had moved quickly as if to seize Hunker. A pistol cracked and then another went off rapidly three times. "Oh God!" cried Mr. Barnstaple. "Oh God!" as he saw Serpentine throw up his arms and fall backward, and then Cedar had grasped and lifted up Mush and hurled him at Mr. Catskill and Penk, bowling both of them over into one indistinguishable heap. With a wild cry M. Dupont closed in on Cedar but not quickly enough. His club shot into the air as Cedar parried his blow, and then the Utopian stooped, caught him by a leg, overthrew him, lifted him and whirled him round as one might whirl a rabbit, to inflict a stunning blow on Mr. Hunker.

Lord Barralonga ran back some paces and began shooting at the approaching aviator.

THE CONFUSION of legs and arms on the ground became three separate people again. Mr. Catskill shouting directions made for Cedar, followed by Penk and Mush and a moment after by Hunker and Dupont. They clung to Cedar as hounds will cling to a boar. Time after time he flung them off him. Father Amerton hovered unhelpfully with his rope.

For some moments Mr. Barnstaple's attention was concentrated upon this swaying and staggering attempt to overpower Cedar and then he became aware of other Utopians running down the slope to join the fray. . . . The other two airplanes had landed.

Mr. Catskill realized the coming of these reinforcements almost as soon as Mr. Barnstaple. His shouts of "Back! Back to the castle!" reached Mr. Barnstaple's ears. The Earthlings scattered away from the tall disheveled figure, hesitated, and began to walk and then run back toward the castle.

And then Ridley turned and very deliberately shot Cedar, who clutched at his breast and fell into a sitting position.

The Earthlings retreated to the foot of the steps that led up through the archway into the castle, and stood there in a panting, bruised and ruffled group. Fifty yards away Serpentine lay still, the aviator whom Barralonga had shot writhed and moaned, and Cedar sat up with blood upon his chest trying to feel his back. Five other Utopians came hurrying to their assistance.

"What is all this firing?" said Lady Stella, suddenly at Mr. Barnstaple's elbow.

"Have they caught their hostages?" asked Miss Greeta Grey.

"For the life of me!" said Mr. Burleigh, who had come out upon the wall a yard or so away, "this ought never to have happened. How did this get *muffed*, Lady Stella?"

"I called out to them," said Mr. Barnstaple.

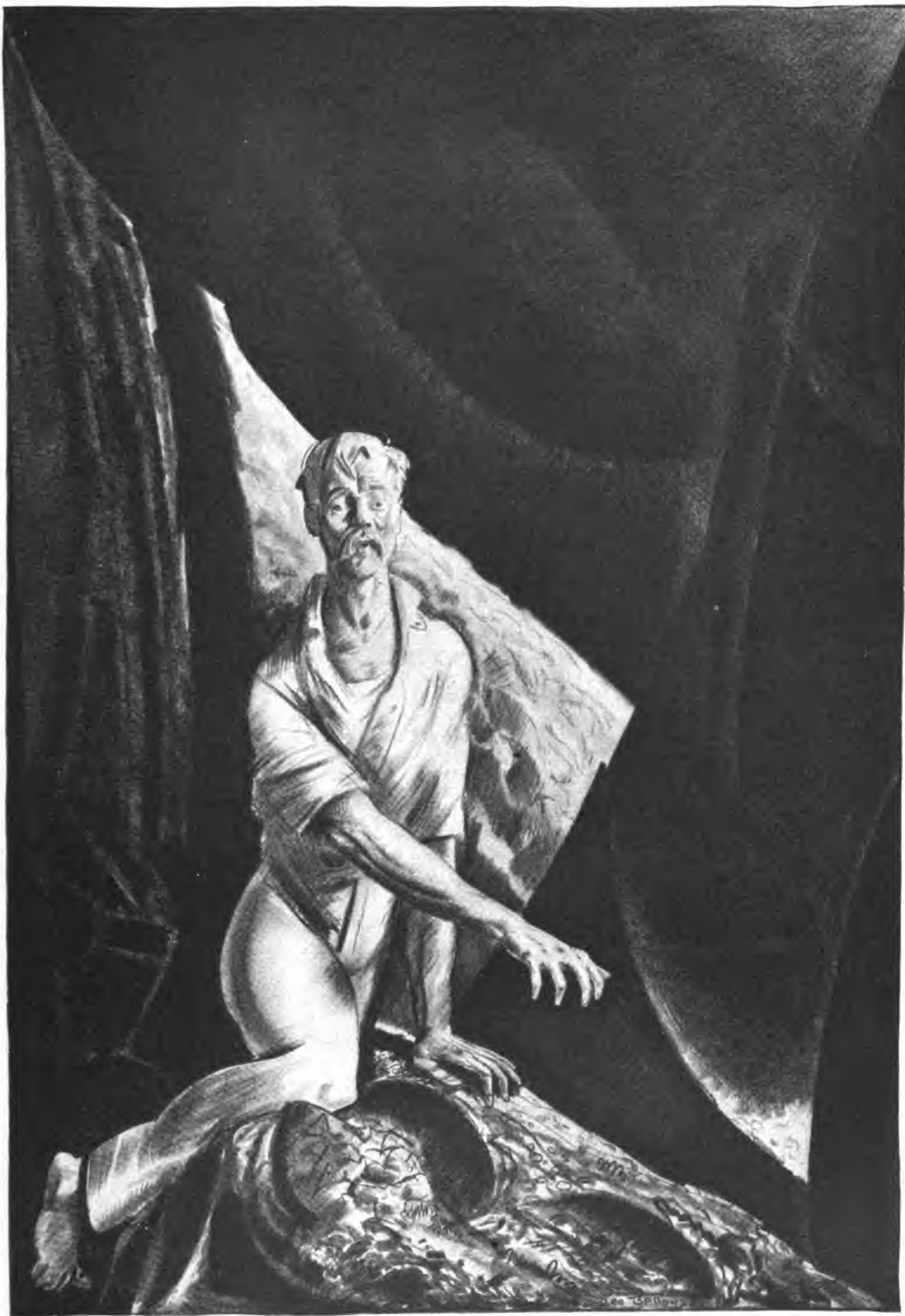
"*You*—called—out to them!" said Mr. Burleigh, incredulous.

"Treason I did not calculate upon," came the wrathful voice of Mr. Catskill ascending out of the archway.

For some moments Mr. Barnstaple made no attempt to escape the danger that closed in upon him. He had always lived a life of very great security and with him, as with so many highly civilized types, the power of apprehending personal danger was very largely atrophied. He was a spectator by temperament and training alike. He stood now as if he looked at himself, the central figure of a great and hopeless tragedy. The idea of flight came belatedly, in a reluctant and apologetic manner into his mind.

"Shot as a traitor," he said aloud. "Shot as a traitor."

There was that bridge over the narrow [Continued on page 149]



I. *The* TARPEIN ROCK



"It's a fine beach," observed Willi-Ah-Mu drily. "Tonight you'll be starting back the way you came." "Mister," said the stranger, "I don't figure to return."

The Son of the Handmaid

By John Russell

Illustrations by John Sloan

THIS happened when Willi-Ah-Mu was the uncrowned king of Savaii, in western Samoa. If there ever existed such an institution as a divine right of kings it must have operated in Willi-Ah-Mu's case. He was fat, he was Irish and his name was Williams, which becomes Willi-Ah-Mu in the soft syllables of Polynesia. His people adored him.

He occupied a snug little residency above Matautu beach with a servant and a cook and a royal army consisting of two native constables. And those who knew him best used to say that not a cocoanut fell within the forty seabound, green-ridged miles of his jurisdiction but he took jealous note of it forthwith.

So you can understand how it came to pass that A. J. Jones had been ashore rather less than ten minutes ere he stood to give account of himself in front of Willi-Ah-Mu's vine-grown veranda. "Are you the Deputy Administrator?" he began. And as Williams modestly admitted his title, the

visitor presented a card inscribed in severe Biblical script:

Abimelech J. Jones
Susanville
California

"I heard about you over to Apia. Of course I ain't familiar with these parts myself. Except by report. I'm a long ways from home," stated Mr. Jones, as if the heavy black serge he wore was not obvious and alien enough by thousands of miles. "But they told me you was the boss of this island, and I aim to start right. . . . Here's my outfit."

He indicated a canvas luggage pack which a smiling native sailor had carried to the residency lawn. It was quite an ordinary luggage pack, or would have been except for one thing. From the near end projected a pair of tools—practical working tools, but of truly fantastic appearance on a lazy tropical isle—the same being a battered old pick and a venerable

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handled shovel. "And here's myself," concluded Mr. Jones.

With which ample introduction he removed a brown derby hat, hauled out a monstrous red bandanna and proceeded to polish his tight-lipped, nut-cracker face.

WILLI-AH-MU looked him over. Willi-Ah-Mu was fairly well acquainted with queer specimens in the Pacific: the odd fauna and flora that cast up on its shores. But he was also acquainted with the fact that there is never any limit to their queeriness. He had met travelers who sold shoe-laces, egg-beaters, phrenological charts and salvation. He had seen men who fled from a vengeance and others who sought it, and others whose lives were a pilgrimage after free liquor. But Abimelech appeared neither criminal nor commercial, exactly, nor any cadging beachcomber.

He was more than forty, as Williams judged: a lean wisp of a man, but with a deadly rigidity about him like granite. A missionary of sorts—such would have been the natural suspicion. Until one happened to remark that his clerical air was somewhat corrected by the presence of a large quid of tobacco in his cheek.

"How did you say you got here, Mr. Jones?"

"I came direct," said Abimelech. "San Francisco to Pago-Pago. By schooner to Apia. And by trading-cutter just now to your beach."

"Ah yes," observed Williams, drily. "Well—y'll have a nice

time admiring our beach today. It's a fine beach. Tonight another cutter will be starting back and you can return direct the way you came."

"Mister," said Abimelech, "I don't figure to return. Anyhow, not so soon. I come on business."

Whereat the Deputy sighed a little, having pretty much lost all taste for fuss and argument. It is so with men who have lived on the milder fringe of the South Sea. Their bones grow softer in them. "Y'll have to explain your business if you expect to stay."

There was nothing mild about the visitor.

"Mister, I can't afford to explain to nobody. Not the hul' of it, for fear I gum my game before I begin. I got a purpose," he announced: and with the odd spunkiness which might have proceeded from sheer innocence or from sheer, cool impudence, equally well—"Mr. Deputy," he added, abruptly, "are you a-tall familiar with Gospel?"

"Er—by report," blinked Willi-Ah-Mu.

"IN THAT case I quote you my credentials, which likely you remember, beginning Galatians 4 : 28. 'Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise.' That's how it come to me, you see, and that's how I got conviction. . . . 'Howbeit, what saith the Scripture? Cast out the hand-maid and her son: for the son of the hand-maid shall not inherit with the son of the free woman'"



She stood, a splendid creature, docile, limpid-eyed, a perfect island beauty, with all the charm of Polynesia.



If one of them went flitting like an agile, small insect, the other made a close second as a tumble-bug.

It was a sleepy day: most days are sleepy in Savaii. Willi-Ah-Mu sat and nodded and marveled. The queerness of the Pacific! Could it be that this stranger represented—what was it—a moral idea? He had the impact: he had the fine ability as a bore. . . . A moral idea, tobacco and all, on the peaceful dream island of Savii! Williams chuckled to himself, half ruefully.

Next instant he came to with a great start.

"—and I'll just ask you whatever you know about them gold-rushers," Abimelech was saying. "The California gold-rushers of '49."

As haze lifts in the channel, all drowsiness lifted from Willi-Ah-Mu. Gold! . . .

"There was a party of 'em shipwrecked on their way out. They spent a year in Samoa. They settled down somewheres hereabouts," declared Jones. "And wherever they went they must have left traces. You must know of 'em yourself."

The Deputy almost fell off his front step. Had he heard tell? Why, the yarn was his pet, particular, private yarn. How many times at Charley Roberts' dinner-table in Apia had he told that yarn: his own discovery in local native lore—so satisfying to the humor of a tolerant fat cynic—so quaint a comment on the romance and the ironies of wayfaring men!

"One moment. Do I understand y're making an inquiry? . . . You want the story?"

That was what Abimelech did want.

"Let's see." Williams pulled himself together. "She was an oldtime wind-jammer. Sailing from Panama for 'Frisco. Everybody was headed for California in those days: they took anything afloat. And this old hooker, the Aurora, she got knocked off her course and crippled in a hurricane. Am I right?"

If he could trust his eyes, the earnest seeker had produced a folded yellow document from which he seemed to be checking each point in turn.

"Though the year would be nearer '52, I should think," continued the Deputy, warming to his tale. "She must ha' been sixty days or more out of port. . . . The usual things happened. Jury-rigged. Water gone rotten and all hands near dead with scurvy. But somehow she fetched these latitudes and somehow she managed to dodge the reefs and come limping to this very island.

"Sure, we've a tradition among our folk. The time they nursed a few score of starving strangers back to life—they remember that much.

"And what it must ha' meant to those unfortunate fortune-hunters—hey? By James, mustn't it ha' looked as if they'd died and come straight to glory? Jee-rusalem with milk and honey! Leastways cocoanut milk and honey-suckle. Fruits and flowers: smiling friends and singing maidens!" Willi-Ah-Mu beamed in sheer romantic participation. "Ho—ho! Lucky lads," he gurgled.

"Yes," agreed Abimelech, bleakly. "Very lucky. They found a missionary here, I believe."

"Damn the missionary. The missionary's got nothing to do with the facts!"

"He has with my facts. He was an L. M. S.—regular ordained. Name of Gipper. Go ahead."

Never had genial Authority unbent to such preposterous treatment. It went ahead rather gruffly. "Well, that's about all. The company loafed around, living like prize pensioners till they patched their ship and sailed on for California."

"All of 'em?"

Authority winked.

"All of 'em?" insisted Abimelech. "How about the man they left behind? A mean sort of feller they

called the Portugee. Didn't he disgrace 'em all with his monkey tricks and get kicked off the ship and left for good?"

Authority threw up both hands.

"Since you know so much—"

Jones tucked away his paper and shifted his cud of tobacco to the other cheek. "Mister, I know all I need to know for a starter: up to one point. . . . Did you ever happen to hear any special work this company tackled after they landed?"

THEN Willi-Ah-Mu's face began to grow luminous again. "Work?" he echoed. "Y'mean the gold-hunters? Why, sure. They went gold-hunting! . . . As soon as they could swing a tool, the young idiots, with the fever quick in their veins. Why, d'you know what they did? They dug away the side of a hill, back beyond. They left a place like a crater!" His eye dropped to Jones's luggage pack—the fantastic luggage pack with its pick and its shovel—and suddenly he let out a roar. "Don't tell me that's what you came after!"

By way of answer Abimelech first heaved the bundle to his shoulder.

"My own father was one of them same idjits," he announced. "Isaac Jones was his name. These tools were his'n. And I aim to take up where he left off. For what saith the Scripture? 'Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise'. . . . So, mister, if you'll just direct me—if you'll just steer me up for that gold-bearing hillside—why, much obliged."

Beneath his cast of cynicism Willi-Ah-Mu was an incurable romanticist. And he prized his opportunities. To guard an Eden of happy brown folk who live for love and lotus-eating,

and meanwhile to see they were neither corrupted nor exploited by the outer world, made a job that suited Williams the First—Irish, tender and wise.

It was in his power to eject Jones at once. But instead, he had granted him free leave of residence. Gold and the moral idea were a hopeful combination. Add a mysterious Purpose and the ghost of a forgotten argonaut returned in the second generation to scenes of island folly and the outcome might very well show a distinct aid to romance. And besides, where is the use of being a king unless you can do some kinging for your own amusement?

So WILLI-AH-MU wheezed and gurgled all alone in his snug residency until the cool of the evening, when something developed that drove amusement clean from mind. At this hour he was accustomed to consider affairs of state. He came out to find Tomaso, his head constable, waiting to report.

Tomaso had a statement to make, it appeared: he had a very bad statement. There was a great sickness in the adjoining commune down the coast.

"Who is sick?" inquired the Deputy.

"Uria is sick, Alii. The chief of the village. Also his talking-man is sick: and his two brothers. They are drunk, Alii. That is the truth. They are not drunk on toddy, but on 'oo-isky'."

Williams ceased to laugh entirely.

"Who has done this thing?" he demanded. "Where did Uria obtain the 'oo-isky'?"

"It is not known, Alii. We have so many white men now—a dozen or more. We have the cocoa planters. We have also two new outlanders. . . . One of them is the stranger who arrived this morning," added Tomaso.

"And the other?"

"The other is Peter Louis."

"Peter Louis is not an outlander," said Williams impatiently. "He came home to inherit his father's old trading-store and cutter. He is a half-caste Samoan."

"It is true. I speak of him because he has so long been absent—nobody knows where."

The Deputy turned back to the house. In his room stood a small and ancient safe, about the size of a soap-box. It was his royal treasury, where he held official custody of all island funds. For the first time in months, with a grim look, he double-locked that safe.

Yet Williams himself did not begin to guess the trouble then brewing. He was due for a curious chapter in the history of his kingdom. Word came of reckless doings; young men who pawned their substance for celluloid dickeys and pink and purple ties; elders who sat up till dawn holding tipsy revel and gambling like mad at Casino for six-penny bits.

And here befell a consequence eminently Samoan. All this



Q. "I got your safe, Guv'nor! W'at you think of my little collection—eh?"

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Very earnestly it was explained to her some way or other, by some miracle or other, she had become owner of a vast sum of money.

wickedness brought prompt retribution. The church took notice; those native pastors and tutors who run a tight little monopoly for the London Missionary Society.

It chanced they had in progress a "gift-offering," intended for a school and a dispensary—both badly needed. From the day of Uria's transgression that offering began to thrive. Fines flew like hail. Every backsliding was strictly visited and the backsliders—individuals as well as whole villages—had the joy of expiating their headaches next morning with a "gift" they would never have dared refuse.

At the end of a fortnight Willi-Ah-Mu faced the amazing result. Behold—his treasury was filled to bursting: in his ancient safe he held deposits of close on fifteen hundred pounds! To say that Willi-Ah-Mu was annoyed is to put it feebly. "What in hell's delight has struck them?" he stormed. "Can nobody tell this madness, Tomaso?"

ALII: IT IS money. Someone has prophesied a wonderful fortune. Next season the land shall flow with gold and fatness, and the copra crop shall be worth ten times its price. Everybody believes so—especially after certain secret bottles have passed. I could not trace those bottles, Alii, but therefore they wallow in their sin, tasting the great good fortune which surely comes to them.

"Oh, it does—does it?" blinked Willi-Ah-Mu. "Gold and fortune! Is that all?"

"All, except a text I have heard to and fro. Nobody knows who started it, but doubtless it is well remembered by your high-chief wisdom. Galatians 4 : 28—"

Williams jumped.

"*A o i tatou . . . pei o Isaako*" (The Samoan goes like a warble). "Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise." They take it to confirm the prophecy, Alii."

"Oh, they do—do they! Well, by James!" That utter duplicity of mankind overwhelmed Willi-Ah-Mu. "That slab-faced Californian," he gasped. "With his pack and his pick and his chin-music and all! . . . Tomaso: turn out the boat-crew. It's time we paid a return visit to Mr. A. J. Jones!"

If Williams had paused a moment at this point he might have made a better stab at the mystery. On his desk lay a long blue envelope from the Police Office at Apia, delivered that

afternoon and still unopened—Williams was never any good at routine. He did not wait to open it now, but stuffed it into his breast pocket with one hand and with the other grabbed his only and very rusty pair of handcuffs. And thus provided, with his Bangkok hat as a crown and his huge umbrella as a scepter—rainy season being near—the king sallied forth on vengeance.

IT WAS dark when his surf-boat came surging into the next roadstead, where the power cutter belonging to the local trader swung at anchor. And as he landed and turned up the village street the first man he met was Peter Louis himself.

Williams had not seen the half-caste in years. Apparently Peter Louis had profited by foreign travel to the extent of musk and hair-oil and a fashion of curling his ringlets like a middle-aged faun. He peered under the lantern by his ramshackle store and came rolling out: eager, effusive.

"Ah-ha-w'at? It is the Gov'nor Weeliams! I been h-looking for you. . . . 'Ow are you, Gov'nor?"

Williams knew the breed and was wary. But Peter had been born in Savaii, and he represented that commercial interest which kings are supposed to cherish. Such people have inherited privileges, both ways. Though it appeared that Peter Louis was largely scornful of them.

"Trade? Oh yess, trade is fair," he shrugged, with a glance at his shelves of calico and tinned salmon. "But this h-little place—w'at is it? I been to Sydney: I been to Singapore, and Macao. I know plenty better places. Smart fallow, me! Just one thing this place is good for, Gov'nor." He showed all his teeth while his restless popeyes played over Willi-Ah-Mu. "Girls! . . . Oh yess, ver' fine girls in Samoa. Only Gov'nor, excoos, there is one damn-rascal here been taking my girl away from me!

"You know Nelli, that orphan girl live with Uria's family? Fine girl. Speak some English, too. Been at church school in Apia, too. Yess. . . . Well, I am willing to 'ave that girl myself, when along comes this strange little fallow from California and take her away!"

Williams jumped again: higher this time.

"How!"

"'Ow can I tell? He does. He goes to live above the 'illside, near that big 'ole in the ground. You [Continued on page 146]



With the World in Between

By Roland Pertwee

Photographic Illustrations by Baron de Meyer

THE MAGAZINE slipped from her fingers and Virginia raised her wide open eyes to the strong pure blue of the hills silhouetted against the rusty sky.

"Just how I imagined," she whispered. "It would be like that. I wonder how I know."

She leaned down, recovered the fallen magazine and read again the last page of the story. It was wonderfully well written, perhaps for the reason that it did not read like written matter. The words had all the gentle vividness of life. The lovers spoke as lovers do—kissed as lovers would, whispered as lovers must. They spoke their thoughts aloud—earnest, intimate thoughts, without shame or shyness.

Landman Braid had written the story—a new name to Virginia and yet she read as deeply of fiction as her duties allowed

and remembered the authors who had given her pleasure. There was a standing order with a bookseller at Melbourne and when the various periodicals she best liked arrived from London, or New York, they were neatly rolled up and dispatched to Virginia, whereby she might have taste of the world without.

She knew the days of their coming and the hour too and would wait by the rosebushes at the garden end for the post chaise boy to throw the packets over the hedges. There was method in this for the rosebush corner was one of the few parts of the garden that was not commanded by the windows of Miss Caroline Preece's room.

Miss Caroline was Virginia's aunt and the blood between them was thinner than water. Miss Caroline approved her own actions and thoughts and disapproved everyone else's, especially Vir-

ginia's. Miss Caroline was eighty and an avowed invalid of no inconsiderable accomplishment.

During her wakeful hours she provided Virginia with ceaseless activities accompanied by querulous criticisms upon her appearance, cookery, general want of intelligence and religious insecurity. It would seem that Miss Caroline had a private understanding with the Lord and acted as His mouthpiece in a manner not always consonant with the gentlest laws of Christianity.

It was the ceaseless stream of reproach rather than the actual work of nursing which bore the more heavily upon Virginia, graying her pretty hair, and sapping her youth.

Virginia was thirty-three and the life she had led had ever been the same; basked in the profitless enterprise of keeping alive a useless body. Neither man nor child had entered the cramped arena of her days. In books and only in books did her soul go free and wander beyond the margins of the little cruciform Aus-

tralian town, the grown-treed plains and the hard blue profile of the hills to lose itself in the sunshine, orchards and the laughing brooks of the world outside. And absurd as it may seem, when once Virginia had donned the seven league boots of imagination her soul would devise the happiest impossibilities. She actually fancied herself loving and beloved and cradled, in fancy, a baby's head upon the thick of her arm. Of course it was all very indefinite, a kind of phantasma, but Landman Braid had helped to define it and to give the thought reality by the story he had written.

SHE FELL to wondering what manner of man he might be. Tall, beyond question, and with broad shoulders and brow (they told of their being in the breath of his ideas). He would be gentle, alert, determined. There would be humor in his eyes and under-



C. Uncertain footsteps approached and Virginia pressed back into a corner as a man passed by. With a little sob the girl turned down the staircase to the gray street below.



C "Pray," croaked Miss Caroline, "pray, Virginia, to be rescued from sacrilege and idle fancying. Folly is at the root of all sin and sin is the companion of fools."

standing. His great heartedness would raise him above all convention. Of supreme importance he would be a man in the finest sense of the word—a man of courage and tolerance—a dear, straightforward man.

It would be very glorious to meet such a one—to talk with him and hear him talk. How different from the men of Wangarina, with their sun-dried intellects, their jargon of sheep and panning and the prices fetched by the stock they reared to sell. Even in courtship they were blunt and lack-luster. Coarse, hasty passions, stanchd by hastier marryings that they might the sooner lull back to the constant level of their ways.

Romance! The word was an irony in such a community.

Virginia threw back her head, stretched out her arms and the sunlight thrilled her with waves of warmth.

"Oh! Oh!" she said. "Is there no romance for me in all this dried-up world?"

NOW IT IS possible that a reasonable line of thought could be traced for Virginia's subsequent action. Certainly in her own career no precedent could be found. Virginia did not consciously conceive the idea of writing to Landman Braid, but the idea occurred and without debate she accepted it.

"Why shouldn't I?" she questioned, sitting bolt upright, her hands tightly clasped. "Why shouldn't I? I only want to say how splendid I think he is."

Romance stirred in her veins and her heart quickened its beat to a rapider tune.

"Virginia! Virginia!"

It was Miss Caroline's sharp voice. Virginia slipped the magazine beneath the chair cushion and ran into the house.

"You let me off with my head too low and in consequence I've cricked my neck. You did it on purpose."

It was useless to deny these accusations and better to appear contrite.

"You shall have three pillows tomorrow, Aunt."

"You'd be happier if it were three candles," came the retort. "Two at my head and one at my feet. But I shan't die yet, Virginia, for all that you want me to."

"I don't want anyone to die, Aunt. I want them to live," she added after a pause.

"That's for the Lord to decide. What's the matter with you today? You look like a love-sick fool. What is it?"

"Nothing. I'm just ordinary, I think."

"It's a mercy and a token of grace you have me to look after, Virginia. If you hadn't you'd have run your head against a wall long ago. You're one of the sickly sentimental kind, you are."

"Am I?"

"Don't contradict. I know your sort. Plenty of 'em have I seen swallowed up in the flame never to rise again. Praise the Lord there's nothing sentimental about me—the Lord be praised for that."

Virginia hesitated, then, "I wonder if it is a thing to praise the Lord about."

"I say it is and those things which are good enough for me to praise the Lord about are good enough for you. By His grace I have never strayed from common sense or devotion to His ways."

"I wonder if the Lord likes common sense," said Virginia as before. "I wonder if He doesn't think kindlier of those deeds we do out of the simple foolishness of our hearts."

The expression of which Virginia frowned [Continued on page 114]



And O! so long it is since we did say our vespers to the moon!

Painted by
EVERETT SHINN

OF GARDENS

By Hesper Le Gallienne

There will be gardens, soon, for you and me—
Where roses turn their faces to the sun
And honeysuckles clamber to the sky
Before our day's begun.

Then will we wander under ancient trees,
Past moss-grown pathways and a velvet lawn,
Alone with all the garden gods— at last!
At last to greet the dawn.

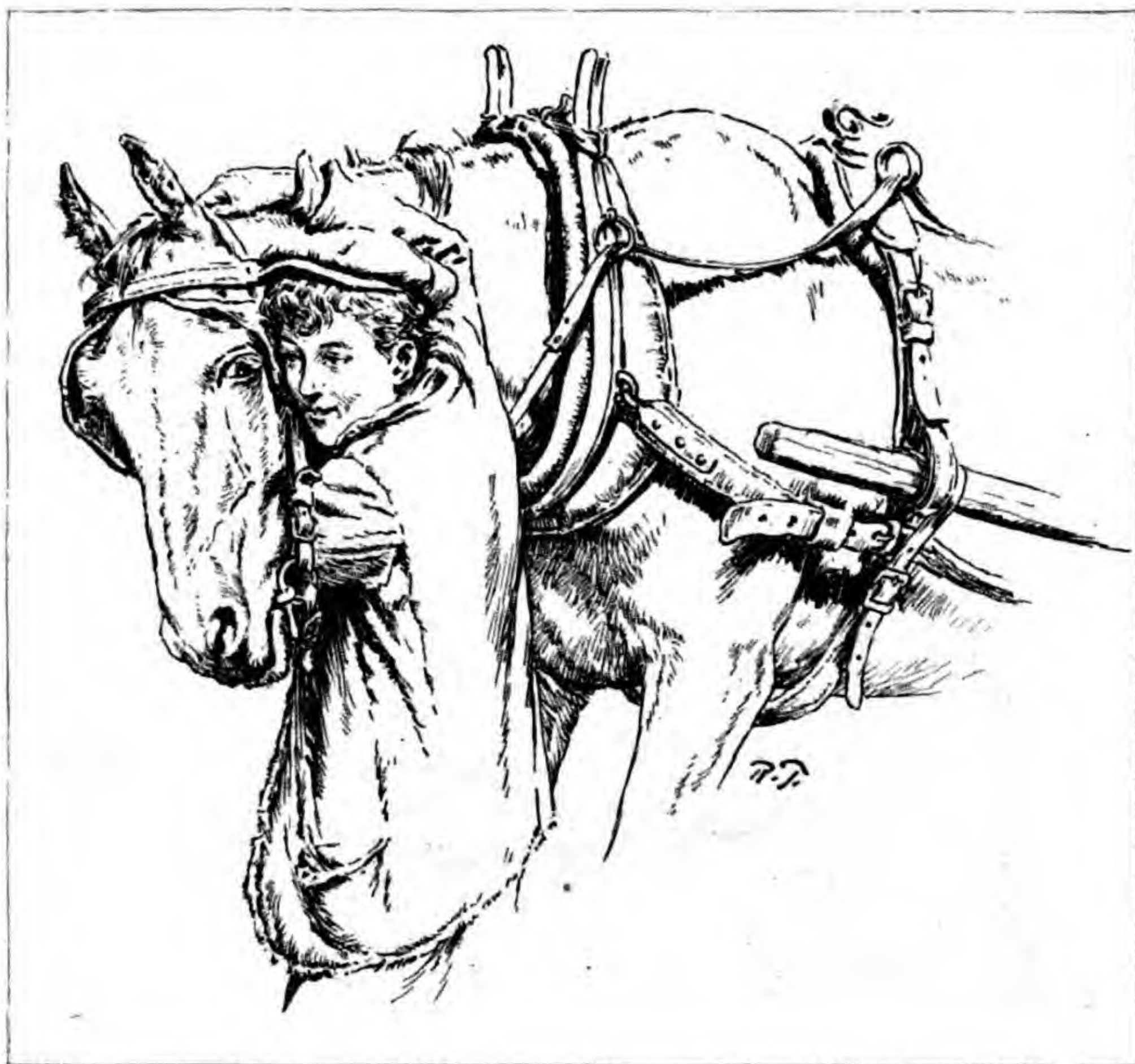
Too long, beloved, have we absent been
From trees and stars, white clouds and the bright moon
And O! so long it is since we did say
Our vespers to the moon!

C All friends together — the boy and the horse and the policeman—but it's mainly a horse story, by the woman who had it put in her motion picture contract that no dumb animal is to be hurt in the production of the picture

PRINCE

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrations by
Rodney Thomson



C. Straight to one of these poor wrecks went Redhead and fell upon his neck.

EXTRY! EXTRY! All about th' latest hold-up!" Redhead flourished a dank flat fold of pulp and printer's ink, making rapidly down the thronged thoroughfare between the hurrying pedestrians. He crossed through the traffic, darting this way and that, bending his skinny little body at both ends like an eel.

He just missed the swaying tongue of a dray and bent so swiftly and deftly that heels and head were above and below the insolent fender of a huge truck.

"Hi!" yelled the cop from his station in the stream, "you darnation brat! D'you want t' ride free—in a ambulance?"

But the boy in the fluttering rags and the diminutive cap set rakishly on his flaunting fiery curls was far beyond earshot, looking up eagerly into this face and that.

He worked systematically and with flaming energy.

One by one his papers sold—some because the purchaser wanted to look at the market reports in the few seconds before plunging into the day's hectic round of business, some because the boy's tense face and man-like blue eyes compelled attention from one business man to another.

There was a strong appeal in Redhead's earnest face, for he worked, not as the average street-boy of fourteen worked, because the family needed his help, or to fill in the time with the excitement of the crowds, or to satisfy the superficial wants of boyhood, but with a set purpose, as solid as adamant.

For seven months he had worked just so, eagerly, earnestly, and, for the last two, almost despairingly.

He had an object in life, one which filled it to absorption.

As the stack of wet sheets, hung over his arm with the accuracy of long practice, dwindled systematically he became quicker, more nervously eager, hurrying, for he was approaching that object.

He was edging off the great artery into the somewhat quieter tributaries, making for a section of the teeming city where drays and deliveries, crates and decaying vegetables, replaced the shiny big cars and the trolleys. He wanted to run, but business forbade, since one last paper cried for sale. He held down his eagerness and sold it before giving way to his devouring desire.

When he had dropped the last nickel in his good pocket he set forth down a side street, dodging everything from the customary fat lady whose sweeping skirts filled the space of sidewalk between the crates of lettuce, to the cop with his swinging billy, with exact expertness.

His eyes were shining like harbor lights when he dashed up at last and stopped at a certain place on the curb where those forlorn members of the great city's life held forth—namely the independent express wagons, whose owners undertook to deliver anything to any part of the town for the least money possible.

It was the poor who employed them, for the most part, and they demanded the fulfilment of the bargain to the last tithe.

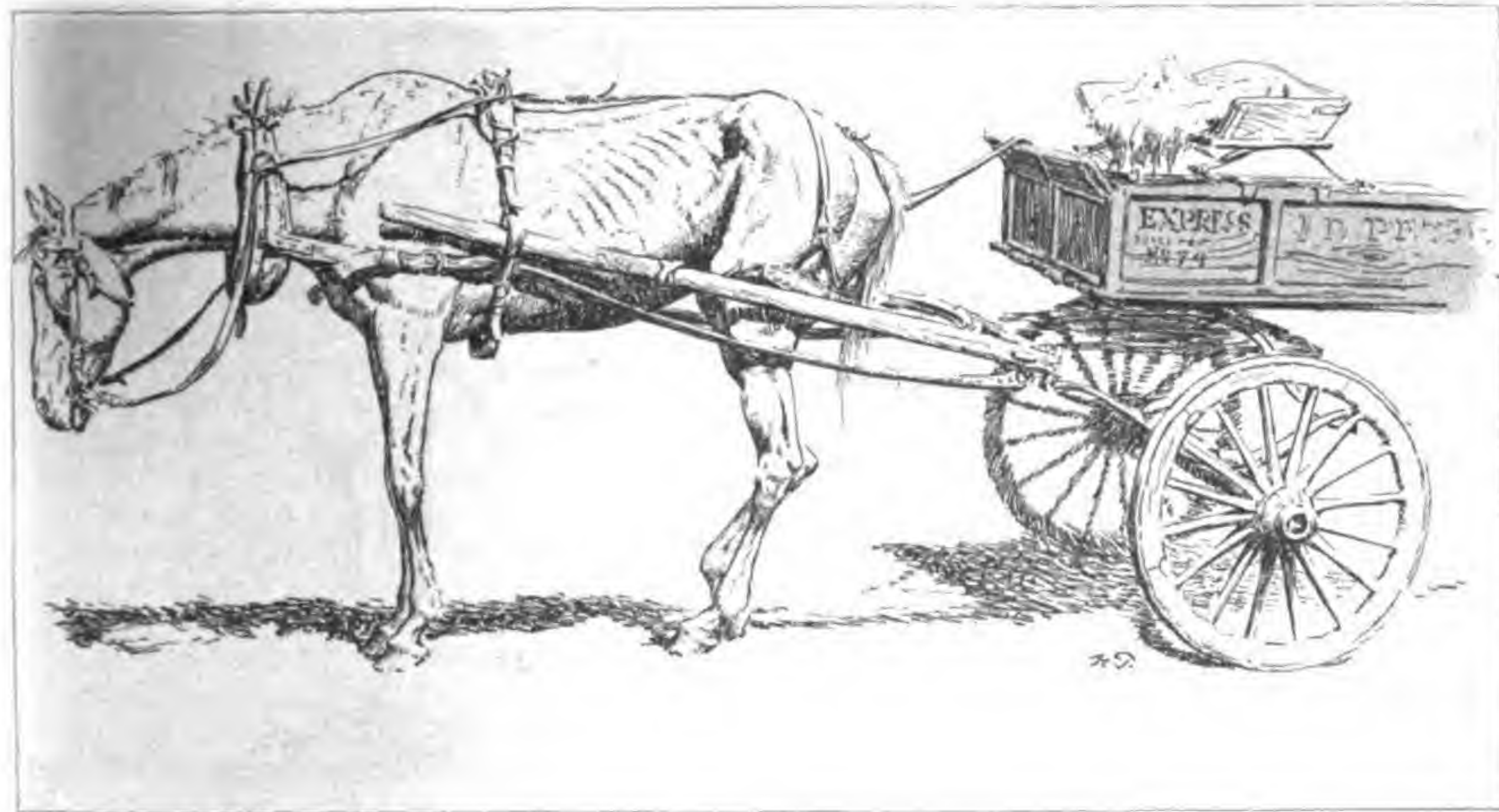
And may God pity the poor beasts who did the fulfilling!

They were there, a long line of them, poor wrecks of what had once been horses, their knees sprung from the dreadful scrambling up the rocky streets with a heart-breaking load behind, their ears dropping outward from fatigue, their ribs making lattice-work beneath their unkempt hides.

Straight to one went Redhead and fell upon the thin neck with ecstasy.

This horse was different—not in that he had more fat on his poor bones, nor was less stupidly weary from overwork—but there was something about him which the rest lacked.

To the unknowing it was not apparent, but to Redhead it stood out like a signboard. It spoke in the small, pointed ears



C. To Redhead there was something different about this horse—something that stood out like a signboard.



“Darn your hateful soul!” cried Redhead. “You let up on him!”

set close together, in the beautiful fulness of forehead between the eyes, in the eyes themselves.

The eyes that looked *at* one, like a dog's eyes, not through or beyond as do so many horses' eyes, alas! Work, weariness, heavy hands of punishment—the Lord who made them knows that the average city horse has little reason to look at his changing masters with interest or intelligence—his only to bear—bear patiently, hoping unconsciously for the end.

But this horse looked *at* the boy. More, he rubbed his bony head against his breast and his loose lips nibbled at his hand.

Quick tears sprang to Redhead's Irish blue eyes, and he glanced up as a man approached with a whip in his hand.

“Oh, Peters!” he cried, “please don't work him so hard! I lack eight dollars yet an' he won't be alive, time I get it if you don't let up on him! Please, please let up!”

Peters, ugly, gimlet-eyed, grinning, fingered his whip.

“Better gimme what you got anyway,” he said, “I could use it an' 'tain't doin' nobody any good layin' in that there bank. Mebbe I'd let up on him a bit,” he added craftily.

Redhead winced at the implied threat but he was too good a business man for that.

“T'hell with you!” he said insolently, “you know you're over-chargin' me fer him now. He ain't worth over twenty dollars of any man's money as he stands, an' you know it well, an' forty is plain graft. If 'twasn't that I just love him I'd tell you t' go chase yerself. I'll come when I get th' full price, an' I'll bring a witness, an' I'll hand it over only after you've handed his halter to my frien'.”

And the boy turned away.

The equine shadow looked after him a moment anxiously. Then as he did not turn but walked away frowning, his hands shot belligerently into his ragged pockets, it raised its head with a quick tossing motion and whinnied.

This was too much for Redhead.

He whirled and flew back,

putting his arms about the stringy neck once more. He also fished among his tatters and brought forth a sweet, red apple. The way the animal grabbed it was indicative of its body's crying need of food, for it had once had the manners of breeding—which compel a horse to wait with dignity.

“Here,” cried Peters angered at Redhead's keen reading of his motives, “cut that out! He ain't yours yet, an' I don't mean t' have him pampered.”

And with a brutal sweep of his big red hand he sent the apple spinning from the boy's fingers and the horse's eager lips.

Redhead flared around like a flaming rocket.

“Damn yer hateful soul!” he said shrilly, “if I was a man I'd beat ye t' pulp! You ain't human—nor beast either!”

In a daze of fury the boy half-ran, half-walked up the street he had just come down.

He was muttering to himself.

A half-hour later he was sitting on a water plug with his hands in his pockets and a frown on his face talking rapidly to his good friend, Officer Patrick O'Brian at the junction of Eighth and Highland.

“I ain't never borried in my life,” he said, “pre-ferrin' to stand on my own.”

“I know,” said the big man, “I knew yer father befoor yez, an' he was th' same. 'Tis a family trait. Go on.”

“But now I got t' do it. It's eight dollars I need, O'Brian, an' I need it bad. Will ye give me th' loan av it?”

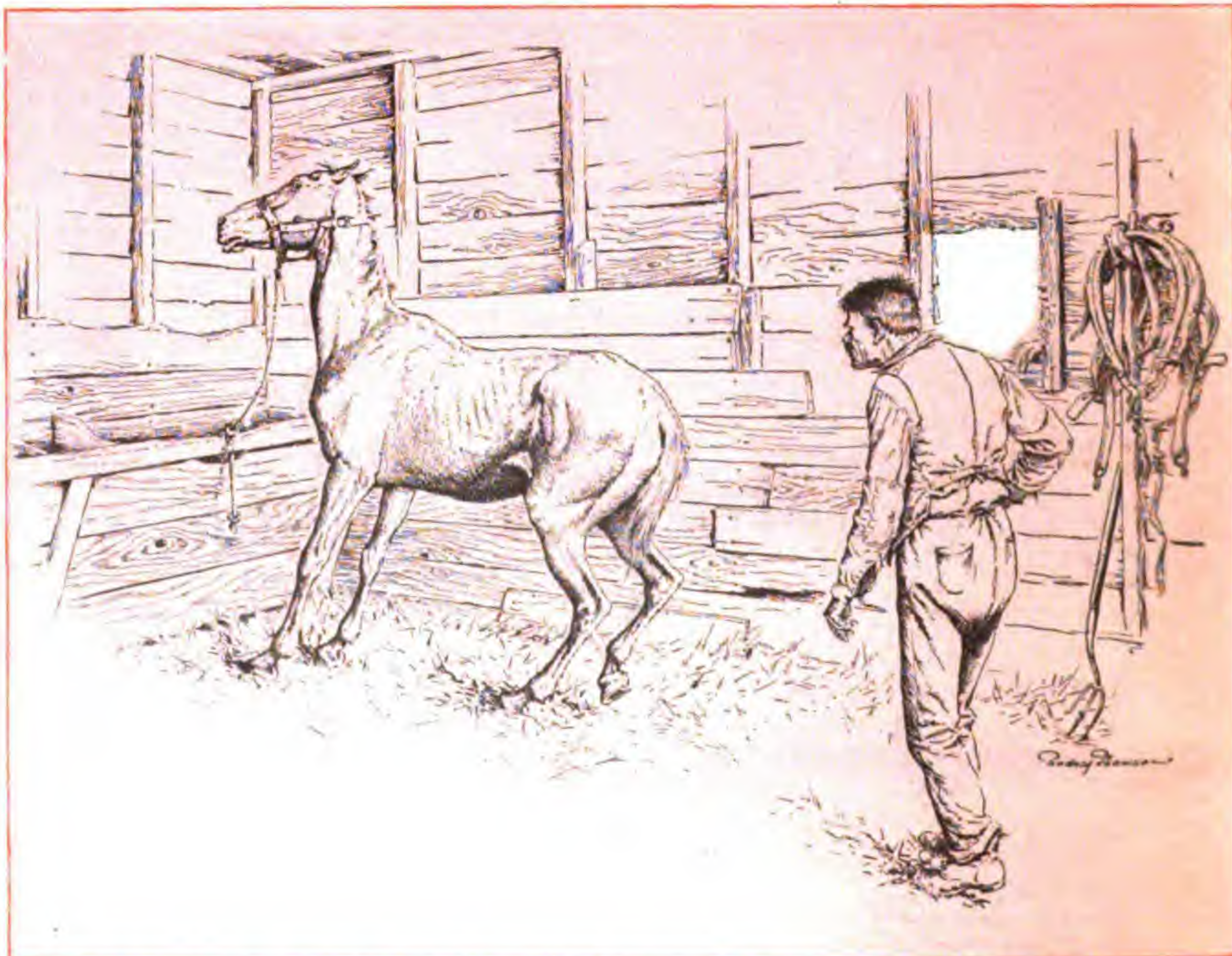
“Will I do so, acushla?” said the other reaching into the capacious pocket of his uniform, “wid me best regyards an' well wishes. An' phwat, may I ask, are yez wantin' av th' cash in such a divil av a hurry?”

Redhead's voice was bitter as gall while he explained.

“And I want you to go along as witness of th' deal,” he added, “tomorrow mornin' before he has a chance to pull his heart out another day!”

O'Brian nodded sagely. He also sighed, for the Irish heart is soft and Irish eyes are quick to see—and to fight for, glory to them—oppression and its luckless object.

“Oi'll ask th' chief fer a marnin's leave. 'Tis eager he is to accommodate me iver since th' blissed day when Oi pulled th' yoong lad out av th' river—'twas his own son, ye riccollect, though Oi didn't know, me niver havin' set eyes on him, him being just home from some boy's school in the Far East.



As Peters entered, the horse trembled—a telltale action.

Oi'll be ready when ye come."

The pale ocean fog that shrouds the surly city in the night—when footpads work and unnamed dangers stalk the late pedestrians—was just beginning to thin before the vague gray dawn of sunlight when the cop stirred on his corner.

Redhead was coming, eager feet clipping down the asphalt like the tattoo of a drum.

Together the two oddly assorted friends proceeded into a most disreputable quarter of the town. The boy had no fear of anything and Officer O'Brian's huge bulk waded forward like a full rigged ship under fair headway. More than one skulker drifted into a doorway, or down a dark alley at the sight of him.

They turned into the narrowest, dirtiest alley they had yet encountered where sagging shacks and tin-can-patched roofs held sway.

"Howly Saint Pathrick!" said O'Brian, "'t'iz not particular yer friend is as to his place av residence!"

"Friend!" said Redhead, and spat eloquently. At a barn less respectable, if possible, than its neighbors they stopped and Redhead whistled softly.

Instantly there came from the dark interior a shaking whinny which ended in several dropping notes, eager, astonished, unbelieving, if ever an equine voice expressed those emotions.

It was as if light fell suddenly in darkness, as if a password had been given and received where no friend was expected.

The boy scooted like a ferret into the dusk of a passage and the officer heard him beating on a door. Presently he returned, followed by an unkempt individual tugging at his garments—Peters aroused from slumber and none too gracious.

"Untie him!" cried Redhead, quivering with excitement, "I've got th' money."

"Gimme it—an' come back t'night. I've got t' haul some iron t'day—"

"Not by a damn sight!" said the boy savagely, "O'Brian!"

The big man stepped forward and Peters changed at once.

"Oh, sure," he said smoothly, "you want a halter with him? A bargain's a bargain." And he entered the barn. Redhead peering in, saw the dim bay shape of the horse hump up fearfully in its stall, a tell-tale action.

THE MAN came out and Redhead nodded.

"Take th' rope, O'Brian," he said.

Then he reached grandly into his good pocket and drew forth a man-size wallet from which he counted, painstakingly, forty dollars. This he shoved at Peters viciously.

Without another word the two went from that squalid place, while behind them came Redhead's purchase, wondering no doubt at the lack of the ramshackle wagon, the whip about his ears.

The boy was trembling with excitement.

"Oh, Pat!" he said ecstatically, "he's done with th' loads forever! An' its th' good friend that ye are to me! I'll work early an' late to pay you back those eight dollars."

"Tis a year's loan Oi make ye," said Officer O'Brian, "take yer toime, fer Oi want t' see ye take a boy's playtime now—can yez ride? An' th' schare-crow needs feed an' care an' all yer shpare toime to rub his ould hide smooth. Be careful not t' rub too much on th' elyvatons, they moight wear throo! Here now, gimme yer leg, an' up ye go. Wurra-wurra! 'Tiz th' foine sight yez are! Sir Galahad had nothin' on ye, lad. Be careful now, an' tell me how he comes on."

So Redhead, burgeoning inside him, like any Knight of Old, rode into the great thoroughfare and went down in its thin early tide for a matter of four blocks or more; and to his palpitating pride it seemed that every observer must note the arch of his mount's thin neck, the lift of his forefeet, the little raise of his ragged tail at the rump, for those marks of one-time blood were there. They were indeed. Poor, underfed, shrinking from



C. "Oh, Pat!" cried Redhead ecstatically, "he's done with the loads forever now!"

constant abuse, overworked, the poor creature had little claim to pride, but he was as he was and nothing had quite killed out the marks of his type.

He stepped lightly under the small burden of his new master and once or twice he turned wondering eyes backward, at which times Redhead fell on his neck and hugged him, right in the middle of the street. Once they stopped, so completely absorbed were they in this bewildering happiness, and a truck almost ran into them from behind. The driver swore and the boy who at another time would have given back oath for oath, only grinned.

IN THE ALLOTTED course this triumphal march came to an end far out on Sixteenth Street at a tiny shack set in a vacant lot beside his mother's cottage where there were stacked in readiness four bales of good hay, and where the whole clean lot formed a fenced paradise of liberty. The shack had been the loving labor of months of preparation for this great day, built entirely by Redhead himself in off hours, and most marvelously pieced together of boxes from a certain dump. The roof, too, was a Joseph's coat of flattened oil cans, but it was tight.

"Ma!" yelled Redhead. "Oh, Ma!"

And a thin redheaded woman with understanding eyes and work-hardened hands came smiling out.

She stood with her head critically on one side and viewed the scarecrow and never a wimple of mirth or ridicule touched her features.

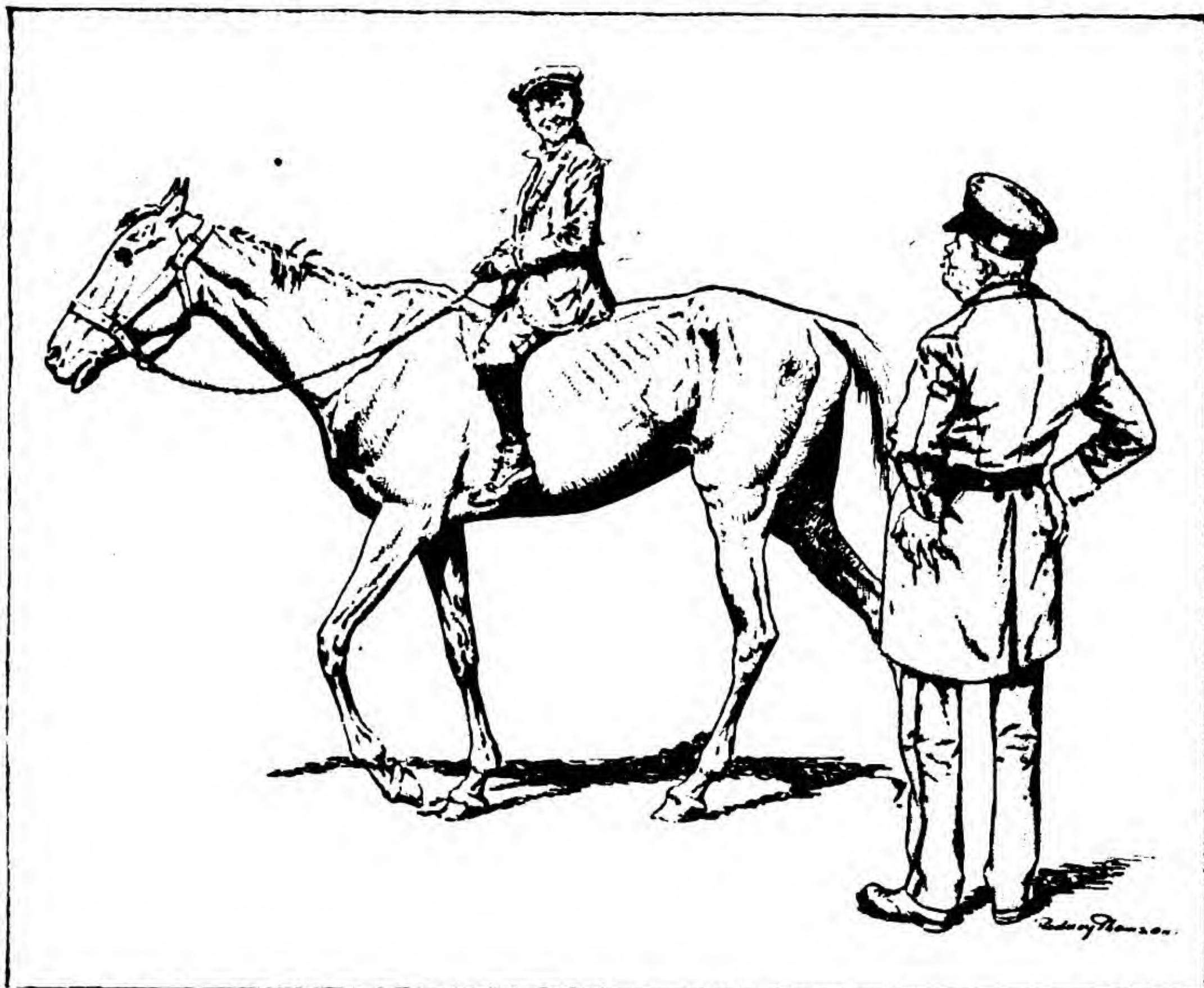
"Tis thin he is," she said sagely, "no one could deny that. But he has intilligent eyes, an' there is a long reach betune his knee an' shouldher—that's speed—an' he has—yis, most certainly he *has* a prisince. Are ye shure he's safe, son?"

Redhead's cup was full. It overflowed so that he flung affectionate arms about his mother's waist and hid his face on her faithful breast—and Scarecrow came nosing the twain with his soft old lips.

And that was the beginning of happiness.

Peters had called him Bill, but Redhead called him Prince, and it was surprising how soon the Bill epoch faded into the realm of things forgotten and that of Prince took on reality. At first the unwonted liberty of the fenced-in lot was too good to be true and the horse hung about the tiny box of a barn with its little manger and feed box. He had worked so long and hard that he could not play as other horses did, with head-shakings and gambols along the fence—he had forgotten how.

He could do one thing, though, and do it well: he could stand at the barn's corner and watch the unpaved, cottaged street for the first sight of the slim boy who ran the last three blocks when the paper shift was done. Indeed, he had a passion for that. So eagerly did he watch for this regular coming of his new master that he grew to calculate hour and moment to a nicety that rivaled the Widow Clancy's own. And at first



Q. The old horse with Redhead on his back.
flung out his knees like no common plug.

glimpse he would trot hastily out to the fence that divided his lot from the widow's yard and stand watching with eyes growing brighter and brighter every second.

He would toss his head and stamp and edge along to the far corner that he might stretch his muzzle far out to the reaching boyish hand to get the quickest possible contact with its unfailing caress. Prince was entering the Seventh Heaven of the horses and could hardly understand his amazing fortune.

"'Tis most amazin'!" said the Widow Clancy profoundly, with a shake of her fiery head, "th' way that baste do be lovin' you! He waits all forenoon forninst th' stable—an' whin it comes along toward sundown he comes down along th' fince—an' he sees nothin' until you appear. Oi fed him an apple this day an' though he took it wid a 'thank-ye-kindly' nod, 'twas down th' sthreet he was lookin' while he ate, an' niver a 'billy-will-ye-once for me!'"

Redhead laughed.

"'Tis like-souls we are, Ma," he said with a quaint philosophy beyond his years, "I saw him first on th' water-front an' he was pullin' his very bones apart at a load av cabbage-crates. His eyes were stickin' out wid th' strain an' his nose was wide as a balloon t' get his breath. Peters was hidin' him fierce wid th' whip an' his feet kept slippin' on th' wet boards. It hit me betune th' eyes, it fair broke me heart wid pity, an' I ran to him, pullin' beside him at th' shaft-strap. We started th' load an' Peters thought I did it to help him—but Prince—he turned his head an' looked at me with his big soft eyes—an' he knew. He's always known, since then."

THE WORD of Redhead concerning his new friend seemed strangely true. He did seem to "know"—whatever secret thing it was. He never shrank when the boy entered his tiny dump-box castle, but fawned on him with wordless whinnys.

It excluded all things else on Prince's part and marked its time by the boy's comings and goings. It also made a difference in Redhead's social life on Sixteenth Street, for he had no time now for the gang's Saturday afternoon baseball games, nor the occasional picnics in Duffy's Wood.

Officer O'Brian was more than a friend—he was a plunger in philanthropy, a philosopher of love. The very next week after the loan of the vital eight dollars there came to the Widow Clancy's a delivery wagon with a goodly box which the driver insisted on leaving, since it was addressed to Mr. Terrance N. Clancy—said Mr. Clancy being none other than Redhead. That was a magic box for it contained a saddle.

A bright, tan saddle, narrow of tree and gaily stamped of skirts, with a regular high cantle and a broad pommel; and bearing the priceless thing company were cloth and bridle.

All were of a modest quality, to be sure, but they looked like

the trappings of Solomon to the unbelieving eyes of Redhead when he opened the box that evening.

There was a note attached, done ponderously in the execrable hand of Officer O'Brian, which stated that said articles herewith enclosed were a gift from one man to another, an' would Mr. Clancy accept them as gladly as they were sent? An' P. S., would Mr. Clancy ride to the corner of Eighth an' Highland at the earliest possible opportunity, that the donor might observe the effect?

The widow Clancy wiped her eyes amid her laughter at the antics of her son, for Redhead flung all dignity to the winds and did an Irish clog right there and then.

And the next morning a most unprecedented thing transpired—one T. Clancy failed to show up at the business end of his paper route! For Romance had him and he was a knight in all truth, riding proudly down the lists in shining armor of the soul!

The old express horse, Prince, stepped under him like a Tartar of the Urkrine breed, his thin neck arched, his head held at a forgotten angle, his sprung knees lifting and falling with a light-some grace, his apologetic tail raised slightly at the rump, while in his sensitively pointed ears there was the grand music of creaking leather, the jingle of bit chains!

To the waiting eyes of Officer O'Brian appeared this magnificent spectacle, and Redhead dismounted without a word to wring his hand. Without a word, for the simple reason that the boy's throat was very completely closed by the inconvenient hen-egg which he seemed to have swallowed.

THEY WERE man-eyes that looked squarely into the Officer's own, and Patrick O'Brian knew it.

"There—there—acushla!" he said comfortably, "'twas but th' half av th' bill th' fashionable lady shtuck in me fist fer takin' her home instead av runnin' her in at two a. m. th' other marnin' fer dhrunk an' disord'ly."

"It ain't th' money so much, Pat," gulped Redhead, "as it is th' thing itself. I can't thank—"

"Ye can, too," cut in the other, "an' 'tis very insistent Oi am on these thanks. Ye're to play loike anny bhoys av yer age this summer. Ye're to kape yer route, but cut it in half, an' Oi'll have the Chief shpake to yer boss about it, so that ye can ride a bit each day. It'll put new meat on yer shmall bones, an' yer mother can have th' most av yer money now, since ye have not such great need to save."

"Th' eight dollars—"

"Whisht! Did Oi not say yer not to pay thim for a year? Now begone wid yez for its busy Oi am."

And Officer O'Brian waved the pair away grandly with his stick.

That summer which followed was Life for these two.

Redhead arranged his affairs according to his friend's advice, and it was a very blessed arrangement. The widow had enough of his financial help to aid her appreciably, and Redhead had many hours to himself—himself and Prince.

Prince had changed in a marvelous fashion.

The hay and the oats that were unfailingly his in the tiny barn worked wonders, while the rest he got, standing in delightful idleness in the fenced-in lot, rejuvenated him heart and soul.

His ribs lost their prominence, his old coat looked like new with the daily brushings, and his worn-out feet grew themselves respectable hoofs once again.

Verily, Life had become a priceless thing of joy and rainbow adventure.

Every day a little after noon Redhead set the shiny saddle on his peaked back, adjusted the padded cloth with meticulous care, and drew the cinch straps to the very fraction of proper tightness. Then came the bridle, with its nicked bit. Lastly came the ceremony of mounting—left side, left hand, with reins enclaspd, on pommel, left foot in stirrup, right foot flung swiftly over cantle with the upward leap.

Just as Redhead had seen it done at a Wild West show.

The sally forth into Sixteenth Street with sundry admiring members of the Gang on observation duty was always an event

when the heart in the lad's breast was too big for its environment with pride. One other thing had to be done, and was done early in the game.

Redhead rode down the squalid tributary amid the crates to where Peters' Express was wont to stand. Another luckless equine stood in Prince's old shafts, but it was of a different stamp—a big stupid animal which took its punishments with philosophy and a thick hide.

Peters, properly impressed, stared and nodded, but Redhead couldn't see him.

The ball games were wonderful affairs, for Redhead attended now, sitting slouched sideways in his saddle, a hand draped carelessly over Prince's mane.

ALL THIS was pride, it must be admitted, but it was the sweetest pride in the world, the pride of intense love.

He wanted all his world to see and appreciate his best friend, even as he saw and appreciated.

And the love between them grew with every passing day.

The boy had no need to lead the horse, he was ever at his elbow, nudging him with his soft nose, rubbing his head against his shoulder, watching his every motion with his big dark eyes.

Tears came in Redhead's eyes at these demonstrations of affection and he walked many a block when he might have ridden just to feel the thrill the sound of those following hoofs gave him.

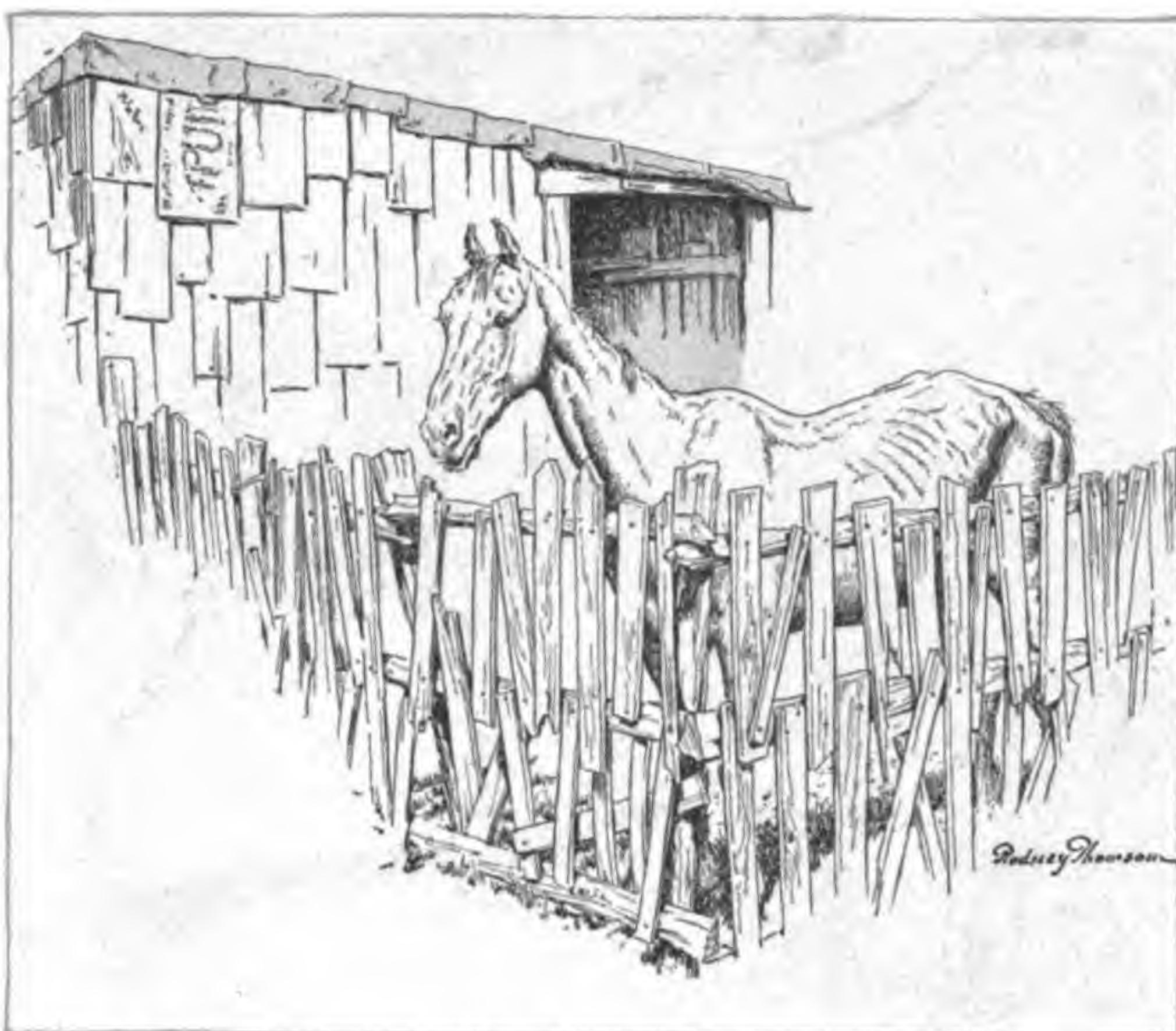
As for old Prince he seemed filled with a terrible anxiety lest he lose sight of this wonderful new master whose hands were light with love, whose voice vibrated with it, and whose freckled face was his sun, moon and stars. Redhead attempted to leave him at a curb one day to enter a store where all-day suckers might be bought, and could not. Right at his shoulder, over the curb, across the sidewalk, half-way into the penny emporium came the horse and Redhead had to give up the venture.

But he gave it up happily, flattered to his shabby shoe-soles.

As the summer advanced the two began to take long jaunts—out where the country met the town and the grass was green along the roadsides. Here the boy lay for hours looking at the smiling sky, his hands under his head, while Prince cropped eagerly turning every once in a while to look back with startled eyes lest his master might have disappeared. The slender gangling form was always there, and he fell to his cropping again.

That year Redhead learned to swim. He had always been too busy before, it seemed, what with the Saturday games and all.

Out at the end of Thirty-first Street there was an old wharf, abandoned long since, which made an excellent spot from



C. Every day Prince would stand at the fence and watch for Redhead.

which to dive. Crowds of boys flocked to it after school hours.

But Redhead's time was in the afternoon when there was nothing there but blue sky and blue sea and the long gray stretch of the rotting planks. There was an impromptu shelter behind which to don one's bathing suit—in Redhead's case an amazing garment made by the Widow Clancy from flour sacks—and the brand new sport of the playful sea was a revelation to the boy.

Redhead was becoming rich in the world's joys.

But poor old Prince was frantic.

When Redhead came running from behind the burlap shelter, to hug him and leap out into space his very heart was pulled along.

He would run up and down the wharf, his hoofs sounding hollow as clods upon a casket, and neigh shrilly, his head up and his eyes strained wide with fear. And then the small fiery spot which was the sun and moon to him would reappear, the beloved voice would come gaily up to him and he would stand, strung in every nerve, watching—watching.

Perhaps it was not the kindest thing to do, but the boy was becoming a man and this knowledge of the water was part of the process, and he knew he would always come back if Prince didn't. The sight of the faithful watcher standing so high and still, like a statue, was a glory to him too.

He even valued more deeply the hour out on the glassy floor because of the coming back, the climb up the ladder with the anxious bay face under the black foretop peering down, the eager nose that nudged him as if to make sure that all was well.

Then the hasty dressing and the canter back home with every pulse a-throb, his red curls kinked and wet beneath his cap.

Those were golden days, in all truth.

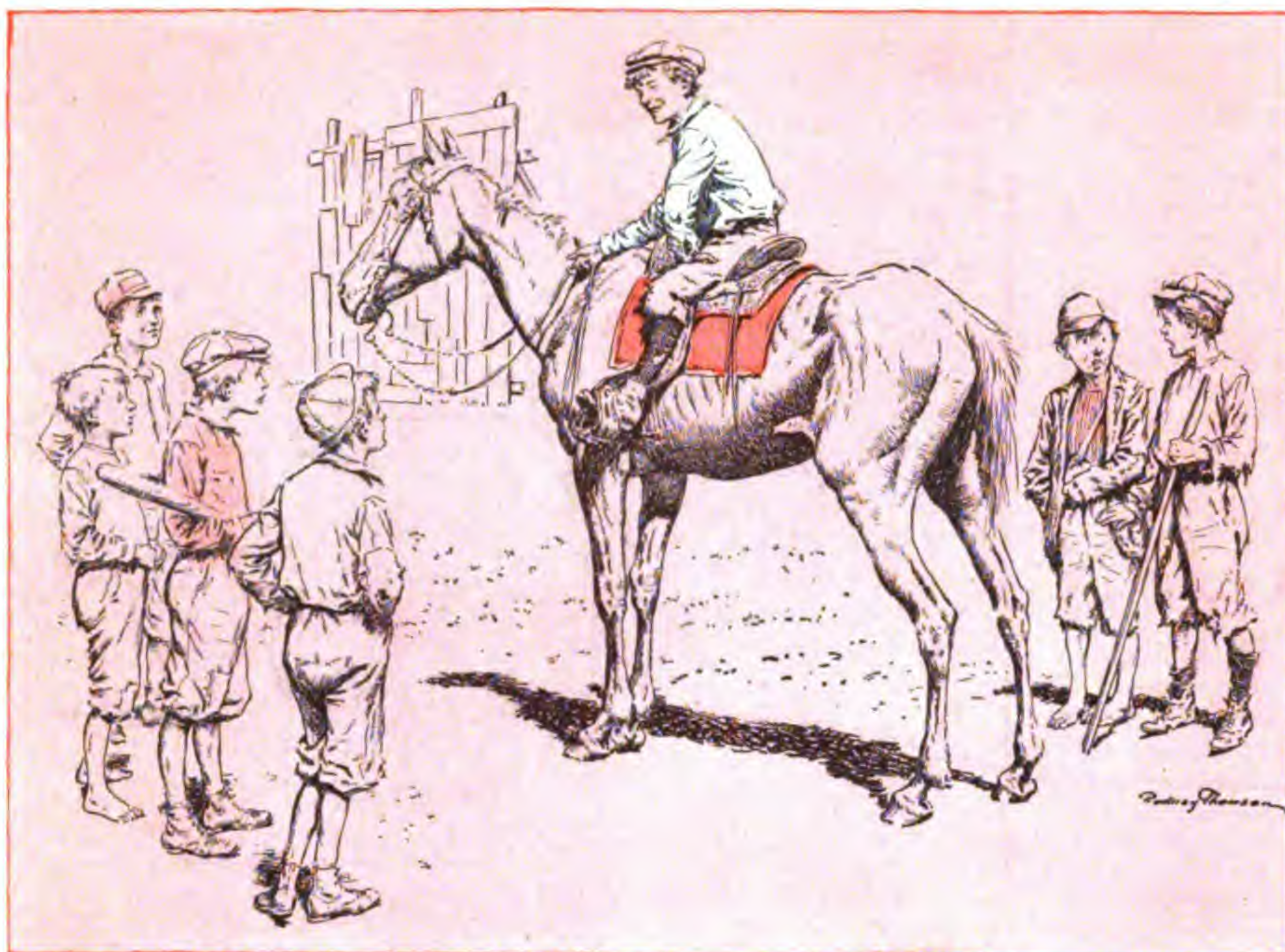
"Ye will be careful, will ye not, darlin'?" his mother sometimes asked him wistfully. "Oi want ye to have true bhoys-hood but—Oi want ye always back. Th' sea is crool an' treacherous."

At which Redhead would crook his arm and hold it out for inspection.

"I'm makin' meself a swimmer av note," he would laugh, "some day I'll be champeen 'av th' world!"



C. Redhead's mother viewed the scarecrow horse. "He certainly has a princible," she said.



Redhead's daily ride before the Gang was always an event.

But somehow neither the Widow Clancy nor old Prince seemed to feel the same about it.

As the days drew on, each with its inevitable parade down Sixteenth Street, the old horse became more and more reluctant to turn toward Thirty-first. Not always did they go there.

There were many and many occasions when they entered the great stream of the flowing artery and pranced with its tide, for all the world like the mounted policeman who was a hero to Redhead indeed.

On these days Prince was once more a gentleman, with memories thick upon him of great stone stables, of blankets and grooms who walked him when a long-forgotten master brought him in from glorious runs beneath long avenues of trees.

He arched his neck more proudly, lifted his poor knees higher, flung out his feet as no common plug could ever do.

And then came the day in August for which this tale is told.

It was a clear hot day, with skies as blue as sapphires.

There was no breath of wind and those unfortunate denizens of the human hives that crowd each other in the cities gasped for breath. Even the cottages out on Sixteenth were little vicious furnaces.

Old Prince was sweating in his lot when Redhead came running home at noon.

"We'll take it slow, old boy," said the lad as they struck out for Thirty-first. "'tis beastly hot this day an' 'twill be swate as hiven on th' wharf."

Sweet as Heaven—the cool winds blowing in fresh from spicy isles half-way around the world—the cool green waters whispering at the piles. Redhead stood a moment at the wharf's edge, thin young arms akimbo, and looked out to sea.

"I'll shwim far this day," he said aloud. "'tis calm as a mill pond. An' do ye be waitin' when I return," he told his friend, "right where I leave yez."

He rubbed his cheek against the old bay's face, kissed the soft muzzle—a thing he did shamefacedly when there was none to see—and bowing his scrawny body in the most approved arc shot out and down.

When he came up blowing Prince was looking anxiously down upon him and there was a seeming of strain about the big dark eyes, deep dents of fear above the sensitive nostrils.

The boy called to him and struck away, overhand crawl.

"I do believe I'll try to make Angel Rocks!" he told himself; "that would be somethin' foine to tell th' Gang an' O'Brian."

Across the shining surface even with his blue eyes the far black bulk of Angel Rocks stood up, a challenge and a menace.

It drew him with the lure of conquest, the lodestone of gallant achievement which was beginning to have place

in his boyish dreams of late.

Back at the cottage in Sixteenth Street the Widow Clancy stopped from time to time at her ironing and shook off a strange feeling of oppression, while Officer O'Brian walking his beat with heavy tread frowned and looked keenly everywhere for the trouble he vaguely felt to be somewhere beneath the serene hot skies. . . . On the very edge of the ancient pier the old bay horse was leaning forward terribly, his head up and eyes strained into the shining distance where the small bright spot was growing smaller and smaller.

In these three the seventh sense was rising above all others.

There is nothing now in the ken of this tale but Prince, one time Bill of Peters' Express, the poor old piece of flotsam which a boy's great love had rescued and given a soul, as souls go, measured by love and faithfulness.

At first he stood as a good horse should do, where he had been bidden, stiff and still.

Then, as the fiery small spot on the flat green floor faded steadily into the sunwash, he beat a tattoo with his forefeet on the wharf's edge and throwing up his head sent a shrill screaming call across the silence.

He listened anxiously and screamed again and the tiny spot was only a dot among the brightness of water and sun.



Redhead's eyes opened to behold a familiar bay head. Then he knew they were going toward shore.

For a terrible time he stood, beating with a frantic hoof, and trying vainly to catch again that precious bobbing spot.

Failing, fear took hold upon him, blind unreasoning fear, and he began running up and down the rotting planks, each moment in danger of his life.

At the end of an hour it was a crazed thing that tore from end to end of the pier, its reins swinging, its stirrups flying eerily above its empty saddle.

The golden sun sank lower. Angel Rocks were far—far—to a tired swimmer—the great blue stretch of the sea was monstrous—with a running tide. Ah, Redhead!

A little cold breeze sprang up from nowhere.

It struck the horse like an icy flame, setting loose the last spark of reason in his brain.

Here he had last seen his beloved—out yonder had disappeared the precious fiery head.

He stood trembling on the very end of the ancient planks. Out there was his master—the seventh sense was calling—calling. Farther out he leaned—farther still—his old knees buckled, straightened, buckled once more and with a great leap he went out and down, his neck arched desperately, his feet spread-eagling grandly.

Swimming low in the water, his head and scraggly mane cutting forward like a shark's fin, the old horse started for the end of the world—the setting sun—eternity.

There was none to witness the grandeur of that following. The wharf was deserted. It lacked an hour yet to the play-time of its frequenters.

So Prince, one time gentleman of brush and blanket, bred to that courage which drops in its tracks, swam straight as a plumb-line out to sea where his master was.

Eager eyes searching the flat bright surface for the precious fiery spot, he went forward like an engine. Never for a moment did he hesitate. The heart beneath his old bay coat was strong with faith. Somewhere under the shining glare his beloved lived and he was going to him, drawn by that wonderful seventh sense which knows neither name nor classification.

And far out, almost in the shadow of Angel Rocks with their roaring of angry tides, a weary small body fought slowly against the monstrous sea.

"Mother——" thought Redhead amid the clouds of drifting vagueness which swept him now and then, "Oh, mother-mine, ye said it was treacherous—th' sea! An' who will help wid yeth' bills——"

The gray dimness descended and he floated, drifting, for a little time.

He did not know that the sun was sinking in the ocean, nor that twilight was coming on the face of the tired world. . . . He roused again and a sudden pain stabbed in his heart—Oh, a pain like the pang of death itself!

"PRINCE!" he gasped, bubbling through the salt brine in his mouth, "Oi told ye to sthay where ye was bid—an' promised ye—promised ye—Oi'd come back! How—will ye know Oi did not lie?"

There were no tears on the wet freckled face. Redhead was a man. It was death he faced, and knew it, yet he thought only of his loves. A little later he roused again and turning over essayed another trial at stemming the awful waters, but the arms that should some day have made him "champeen av th' world" were feeble things—reeds in a wind.

"Pathrick O'Brian," he whispered, "Oi bid ye farwell—an' may ye know it this night whin ye go off duty. Ye'll feel it, Pat—— Oh, Prince, how will ye ever face th' last av Sixteent' Stheet wid me not comin' down it!"

The last was a wail, a shrill cry of anguish that took the last of his strength. It floated close to the silver surface and struck against the pointed ears set and strained to catch it—and the low shark's fin of a head bore straight to its source.

There was a sound of whistling breath—of nostrils blowing themselves free of water—and something bumped solidly against the gangling boy's body which was slowly sinking. Redhead's tired hands raked down a familiar scraggly neck. And Life itself flamed up in him like a beacon. His eyes opened to behold



As Redhead disappeared in the water Prince uttered a shrill scream.

a wet bay head and the great dark orbs that shone like fox-fire. Feebly his fingers clutched the thin mane—his head rolled down along the broad bay cheek—and he knew that they were turning, thrashing back against the sea.

Beacons burned on the old wharf in the dusk in that vain effort which humanity makes to wrest life from death in the face of certainty, and it was Officer O'Brian who watched in stricken silence amid the curious crowd for a small gangling body that might come back with the turn of the tide.

"Wurra-wurra!" he said beneath his breath, "Oh, wurra-wurra! Oi have six av me own, but Oi loved him wid all me heart—an' so did one other—His Majesty th' Prince—an' these do be the marks av his devotion—these hoofprints goin' out. Howly Mother av Mercy! Phwat's that?"

It was a darker object among the mysterious darknesses of the sea—a dark object which drew in—swimming strongly, straight to the lighted wharf, and there was something with it—yes—O'Brian leaned far over, praying aloud—it was—Ah! it was a fiery red head bobbing beside its mate!

The good bay swimmer drew straight in to the wharf, knowing no better, and it was Officer O'Brian who cast his garments to the four winds, leaped below and guided the precious pair farther down to where slow breakers rolled on a shallow beach.

"Mary, Mother av Mercy!" he kept crooning as he laid the lad on his breast, "'Tis a miracle av th' Saints, no less!"

But Redhead reached up a wavering small hand to the wet black nose that nudged him anxiously in the glow of the fires which eager hands were building.

"'Tis a miracle av love, O'Brian," he whispered, "true—true love."

The
 Ultimate
 Test
 of a
 Man



The Coward

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

PIERRE BECHARD, the guide, studied the man who sat so silent beside the camp-fire.

"I t'ink, m'sieu, you work too 'ard today?" finally suggested the French-Canadian with a torso as thick-muscled as a gorilla's.

The man from the city looked up and laughed. It was not an altogether pleasant laugh.

"That's what I came here for," he said with a touch of bitterness about the face he turned back to the fire.

"This ees a rough countree!" ventured Pierre as he seated himself and took out his pipe.

"I want it rough," was Clinton Philbrook's curt reply.

Pierre slowly and studiously filled his pipe.

"Voilà!" he said as he leaned back against a birch log and basked in the dual solace of fire-warmth and drifting tobacco smoke.

The more slender-bodied man caught the smell of the tobacco and moved, almost fretfully. That, he remembered, was one of the luxuries he had denied himself.

"Pierre," Philbrook suddenly asked, "did you ever want to kill a man?"

"Oui, one tam!" he replied, quite simply.

Philbrook looked up, with surprise written plain on his lean young face.

"What for?" asked the city man.

Pierre carefully tamped down his pipe-bowl.

"He t'ink he tak my femme away from me," was the quiet-noted reply.

"And what happened?"

The movement of the thick-muscled shoulder was almost imperceptible.

"W'en I feenish, dey tak' heem to de Hotel Dieu in Trois Riviere," was the equally quiet answer. "T'ree four mont' later he came out avec des bequilles."

For the second time that night Philbrook moved with a small gesture of impatience. This rustic of the frontier, when shamed before the world, had promptly put things right. He had possessed the strength to triumph over the man who had humiliated him.

Clinton Philbrook's eye was a morose one as he sat staring into the fire. He was going over his own case, as he had gone over it so continuously and so bitterly during the last seven weeks.

He went back to each scene, point by point. He even recalled the conditions which had led up to it all, his own idle and unhealthy life, his thrice-foolish pride of family, his regal belief in his ability to do a questionable thing in such a manner as to make it appear unquestionable.

He insisted on remembering how he had not been quite himself, how night after night in the card-room had resulted in ragged nerves, how Miltner's bootlegger's gin had left him a trifle lightheaded, how his flabby muscles had not been altogether under his control any more than he could call his equally flabby mind under control. He had turned restlessly about the Club, that day, as a feverish patient turns restlessly about a bed.

HE HAD felt oddly inflamed, oddly sour and rancorous, even before straying from the organized torpor of the reading-room to the smoke-hazed somnolence of the lounge, where Leigh Morlock sat before the Caen fireplace with Maitland and Stolpher on either side of him.

From the first Philbrook had disliked the lordly Morlock, had disliked his suave and fullblooded bigness, his intellectual condescensions, his offhanded elaboration of remote triumphs at polo and more recent conquests at tennis.

And there were other reasons why he hated the man, though he preferred that they should remain in the background of consciousness.

They came to the front, however, like hounds from their kennels, when he caught the sound of his own name on the lip of his enemy.

"They claimed, of course, that the steering-gear went wrong. But Philbrook was drunk. He was drunk, or he'd never have lost control of his car in a corner like that."

Philbrook could feel his heart stop and then go on again. He could feel the feral wave that went unchecked through his twitching body, like fire, followed by an icy calmness which made



Philbrook's body had darkened and filled, and there was a fine play of muscles along the clean-cut biceps and shoulders.

his head hurt as he deliberately rounded Maitland's chair and stood where he could face Morlock.

"I'd like you to say that over again," he commanded, trying hard to keep control of his voice.

"I wasn't aware," retorted Morlock, regarding him with a studiously indifferent eye, "that I was directing my conversation to you."

"No, but *I'm* talking to you," was Philbrook's retort. "And I want to be quite sure you said I was drunk."

For the second time Morlock turned and inspected him.

"You apparently are in that condition now," observed the large-bodied man in the leather armchair.

"You're a liar," said Philbrook, with a quiet but malignant deliberation which was not to be misunderstood. His one end, now, was to bait the other into violence, for only physical violence could purge his soul of its pent-up bitterness.

IT WAS a challenge, and it had to be accepted as one. Yet a moment of unbroken silence ensued before Morlock got up from his chair.

"It's going to be necessary for you to apologize for this," the bigger man slowly asserted. "You may not have been drunk at the time I referred to—I have only Alicia Van Orden's word for it. But you are most distinctly drunk now, or——"

"I don't want that woman's name mentioned in this Club," cried Philbrook, shaking visibly. He had not only caught the double-sting in that allusion to Alicia Van Orden, but had appraised the malice which prompted it.

"Why not?" asked Morlock, disappointing the other in his persistent effort to be reasonable.

"Because you're a cad," was Philbrook's passionately inapposite reply.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," Morlock said to Maitland and Stolph, who were already trying to hold him back. "But this rotter has gone too far."

And it was then that Morlock knocked Philbrook down.

But Philbrook did not stay down. He rose to his feet, wiping the blood from his face. He struck back, but he had not the strength to make his blows effective. He was weak and dizzy. When Morlock saw his chance, he knocked him down for the second time.

On this occasion Philbrook had considerable difficulty in getting to his feet. His brain seemed clear enough but his body was unable to respond to the messages from that brain. He was even sufficiently himself to resent Morlock's aggrieved air as Maitland and another club member held him back. He was sufficiently himself, as he thrust aside the silver flask somebody was trying to hold up to his quivering lips, to know that he hated Morlock as he had never before hated anything in his life.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," Morlock was saying. "But the thing had to end somewhere!"

Philbrook cried aloud as he felt the hands holding him back.

"This thing isn't ended yet," he said, in a voice made thin by passion. "I'll meet you again, Morlock, and I'll make you

sorry for that meeting, if I have to wait a lifetime for it!"

So intense was the challenge that even Morlock stood arrested by the cold hate showing on the other man's face. But in a moment he had recovered himself.

I REALLY think he ought to be put in a taxi and sent home," he said, with his paraded impersonal diffidence.

"Wait until your turn comes," Philbrook cried foolishly back at him as they imprisoned his limp arms and firmly led him down to the washroom, where they wiped his face with wet towels and put on his coat and hat and half-carried him to the taxi and sent him home.

There he brooded over his ignominy, pacing his floor while the currents of hate poisoned his body. There he revolted helplessly against his sheer helplessness, until he stopped short before a moose-hide tobacco-pouch, a pouch which Pierre Bechard had made for him three years before, up in the North Woods.

He realized then what his one possible plan of action must be. He would go back to the North Woods and be made over. He would carry his broken body back to the open, to the rigors of camp life. He would live as a man was meant to live. He would harden himself, would build himself up,

would get back what he had lost. And when the time was ripe he would come back. He would come back to Morlock.

The more Philbrook thought this over, the more he found the rancor ebbing out of his soul. In its place came an indifference so fixed that he was singularly calm when Alicia Van Orden called him to the telephone and quietly enough informed him that they would have to regard the old understanding as off.

"I like loyalty, Clint, but I've just discovered that I've an equal fondness for dignity," she said as she hung up the receiver.

And Clinton Philbrook, remembering how much she had been compelled to overlook in the past, had not even the heart to argue about it. Argument about it, in fact, was already futile. There were other things to think of. As he proceeded to pack for that strange trip into the woods he consoled himself, oddly enough, by a stray line he remembered out of Caedman: "Dark and true and tender is the North!"

CLINTON PHILBROOK and his guide were astir the next morning before sunrise. There was a chill in the northern air that made emerging from the balsam-fir bed under the stained canvas a matter of Spartan fortitude. But Pierre, as he went about his preparations for breakfast, noted that his master marched grimly off to the rocky shore of Blue Jay Lake.

Pierre, bent over his skillet filled with bacon slabs, winced sympathetically. He even shook his head as he stood erect to study the bobbing dark head far out on the ruffled lake water, for Pierre knew just how cold that water could be. But the strange man from the city insisted on those hardening rites,

just as he insisted on wielding the paddle for ten hours a day.

Pierre watched the sinewed naked figure as it mounted the granite shelf for the second time. It had darkened and hardened, had hardened incredibly, during the last few weeks. The stringy torso had filled out and the flat chest had taken unto itself depth, so that as the swimmer stood poised in the clear morning light the watching guide could see the play of the muscles along the clean-cut biceps and shoulders.

"I t'ink, m'sieu, you weesh to mak' you very strong, n'est-ce-pas?" observed Pierre as the ruddy-faced man sat down to his bacon and bannock and coffee.

"You are right, Pierre," he finally assented. "That's the one thing I want in life: to get strong—stronger than my enemy!"

"Then m'sieu has an enemy?"

Philbrook's face hardened.

"There's one man," he began, slowly. But in the midst of it he suddenly broke off. He sat silent a moment, and then he turned to the guide.

"Pierre, can you box?"

But Pierre did not understand the question. It was necessary for the other man to explain by means of pantomime.

"Ah, se battre! Oui, m'sieu, in my younger day on de lumber-camps we hav' many combats. I hav' fought weeth Black

Souriol, de mos' strong man on de Ottawa and t'ree tam I geeve heem de coup de grace!"

"Good!" said the man from the city. "Then every morning we'll have a sparring lesson, for one hour."

Pierre's casual eye roamed over the frame of the other man. "I t'ink you feel out beeg, dis las' two mont'," he observed.

Philbrook's face was still solemn as he felt his biceps.

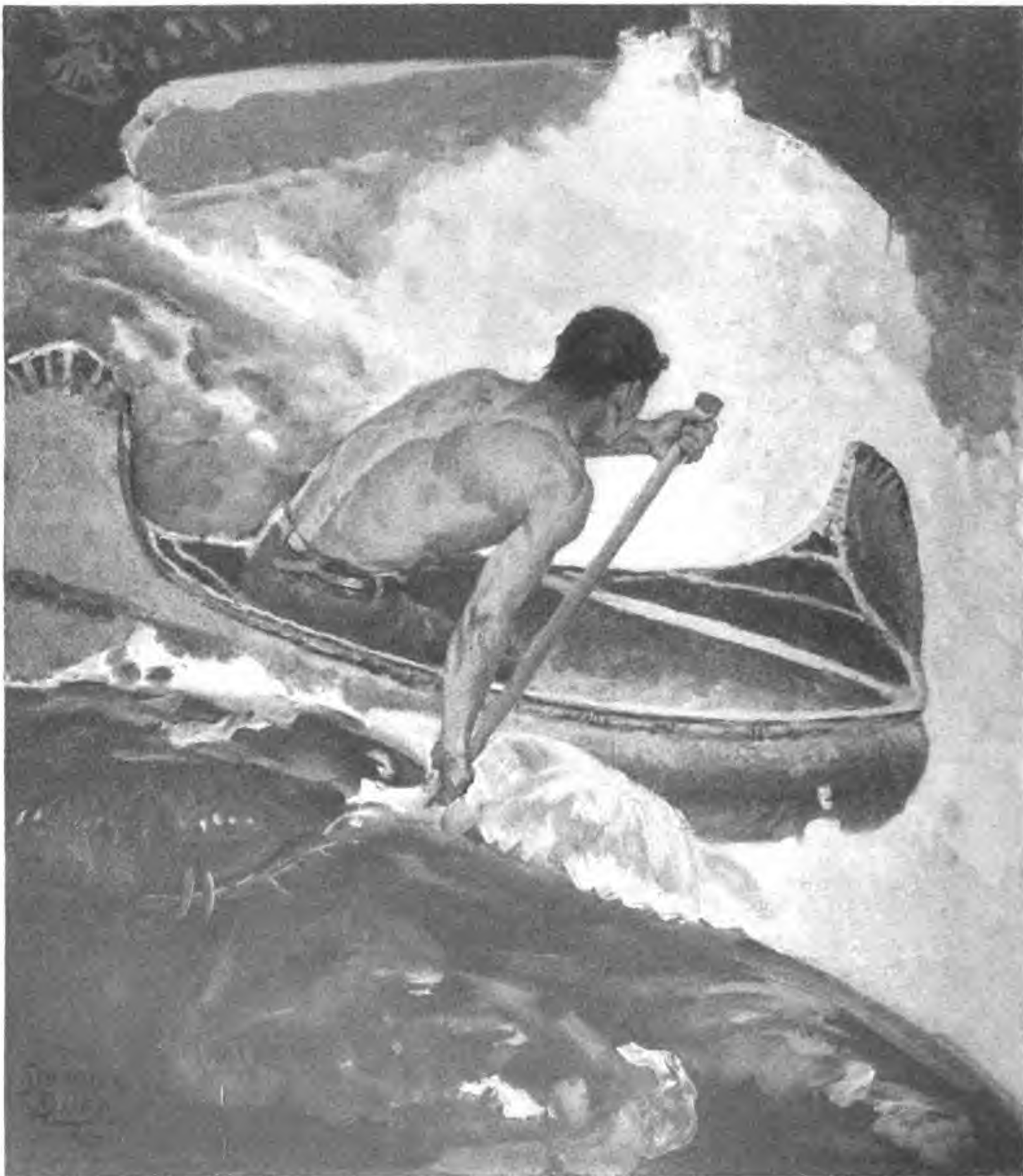
"I want to get hard, Pierre, whatever happens. Hard—hard—that's what a man in my position has got to be!"

Pierre inspected him, from time to time, with a small frown of perplexity on his face. He had seen these pallid young men from over the Border come into the North Woods and work like beavers and wring their momentary pleasure out of hardship. But it was only for a week or two. When they had brought down their bull moose or shot their bear they were willing enough to head back to their far-off homes.

But with M'sieu Philbrook it was different. He was after neither bull moose nor bear, though he shot what game they needed. All he wanted, apparently, was to harden up.

"It's queer," he had said after his morning swim across Lac Lumiere, "but I believe I'm getting to like this sort of thing."

But in hardening his body the man from the city also seemed to harden his spirit. He learned to accept bad weather without



Philbrook felt the quiver of his craft as he hurtled through a curtain of mist.



"I was the coward all along," Alicia told Philbrook. "I was afraid if you didn't do what I dreaded to see you do, I'd despise you."

grumbling and hard going without complaint. His hour-long silences were no longer those of embittered introspection, but of quiet-eyed meditation.

And along with that hardening of the body, obviously, he was equally eager for some corresponding hardening of the soul. For with clearing weather after their day of rain and headwinds they debouched into the Lake Kokomis and portaged again into Riviere de Loup, where they landed at the head of Pot-Hole Canyon.

"De rapid here ees too dangerous to ron," explained Pierre as he made ready for the portage.

Philbrook stood inspecting the tumult of water that fell away between the rock-strewn river-banks.

"Has it ever been run?" he asked.

"Oui, m'sieu," acknowledged Pierre. "I hav' ron dat rapid, t'ree year ago. But I hav' no wish to ron heem again."

"Are you afraid of it?" demanded Philbrook.

Pierre shrugged a deprecative broad shoulder.

"Eet ees not necessaire," he explained, disturbed by the expression on the other man's face.

"But it has been done?"

Pierre acknowledged that it had. But Napoleon La Tour, the summer before, had lost his life there.

"If it's been run," declared Philbrook, "I intend to run it."

"But why, m'sieu?" inquired the perturbed Pierre.

"Because I want to see if I've got that poison out of my system," was the answer.

"W'at poison, m'sieu?" inquired the perplexed guide.

"The poison of cowardice that I carried with me from the city."

"Voilà!" said the man of simple faith. "But w'en you go down de canyon, I also will go."

"No," averred Philbrook. "I'm going to try this alone. Take what you need and portage to the foot of the rapid. You can wait for me there. I'll start an hour after you're off. That'll give you a chance to get around by the time I've run down."

"Voilà!" said Pierre. For one moment he stood studying the other man. Then he fell to tying a rope of braided moose-hide about his pack-sack.

Philbrook stepped into the canoe and pushed off from shore. His pulse was beating disappointingly fast but his hand was steady and his eye was cool as the sliding green current took the birch-bark craft in its clutch and sent it down a slope boiling with amber eddies.

JUST ahead of him he could see the dark river suddenly break into white. A roar leaped into his ears as the canoe leaped into the churning and threshing white-water. He rushed through it, fighting to keep to midchannel, knowing only too well the broken rocks that stood on either side of him. He veered from boulder and rock-point as he danced down a long chute overhung with spray.

He swung into deeper water again, where he was able to catch his breath. But it was only for a moment. For the current had once more caught him and he was being hurled downward, downward, past moss-green shadows crowned with

small and purling waves which must above all things be avoided, since contact with them meant destruction, prompt and final.

Once, he struck. He could feel the blunt horn of rock goring along the canoe-side until he was able to swing the stern sharply around. He was free again before the bottom was ripped open. But he could see water oozing in through the bruised bark.

His greatest danger, he remembered, lay at the foot of the rapids, at "the cellar," where the overdriven water piled up in a great wall, a roaring and seething wall which had to be mounted and passed. Yet he seemed singularly self-possessed as he swept down on that boiling crest overhung with spray. He remembered that before all things he must approach it under control, that he must pierce it at right angles, most meticulously at right angles, since only the most delicate balancing of forces, the most impartial bisection of the dancing devils on either side of him, would permit his craft to ride through such tumult.

He felt the sickening dip and then the rising leap. He could feel the quiver of his craft as he saw himself hurtled through a curtain of mist.

Then came a sheet of flying water, a second descent, with his feet awash, and the diminishing roar as he dipped and dipped and dipped again along a diminishing series of foam-

streaked waves that came racing after him, threatening to engulf him, until, after a final plunge, he found his canoe tossed like a cork along a widening chute and then shot out into calm water.

He paddled ashore to the sloping gray rock where Pierre stood awaiting him, an intent-eyed Pierre, ready to swim for it if he caught sight of a tumbling body swept down the river.

But Philbrook did not give much attention to his guide. He was too occupied with his own tumultuous feelings, keyed up with that double exhilaration which comes of going through space at great speed and knowing great danger has been faced.

"That's living!" cried Philbrook as he stepped from the canoe half-filled with water. "By God, that's living!"

There was exultation in his eye as he said it. He noticed, for the first time, that he was soaked to the skin. He also noticed that Pierre was in no way a sharer of his own feelings.

"You don't seem to realize what I've done, Pierre," challenged the younger man, resenting the apathy of the woodsman as the latter emptied the canoe, and turned it over.

"You hav' spoil' a good canoe," was all the guide said.

Philbrook only laughed.

"What's a slab or two of birch-bark," he demanded, "compared to your immortal soul?"



Twenty paces from the dead moose, with his back against a tamarack, sat Morlock. Philbrook, as he stood there, could feel his heart pump hot water through his body.



C Philbrook trudged down narrow trails and staggered over broken ground with his enemy's helpless body balanced on his back, with his enemy's arms about his shoulders.

"I don't understand, m'sieu," observed the puzzled Pierre.
 "Why, don't you see, man?" was the other's none too lucid explanation. "Don't you see that I'm not a coward?"

The season deepened, but Clinton Philbrook still clung to his northern trails.

"You go South, maybe, dis mont?" inquired Pierre Bechard. Philbrook stripping balsam boughs for their bed, stopped in the midst of his work. He laughed a little as he turned a brown and hardened face toward the stooping figure in the worn Mackinaw.

"There's ouananiche in this pool, Pierre, and I intend to stay until I land a six-pounder!"

"But dat beeg job you have back on de city?"

"Don't worry, Pierre," said the solemn-faced man with the axe. "I'm not forgetting about that."

But Philbrook did not stay to catch his six-pounder. Pierre, returning the next night with a red-deer for camp-meat, brought back the news that a hunter from the city had invaded their game-trails.

"Then we'll mush on," announced Philbrook, in no way elated by the news of any such white man in the neighborhood.

It was on the portage above Little Moose Lake, nine hours

later, that Philbrook hesitated and stopped, at the sound of a double rifle shot. That sharp duet of detonations came across the still air from the northeast. Pierre, he remembered, had gone ahead with the canoe, toward the southwest. It meant, plainly enough that someone from the newcomer's camp was out after game.

Philbrook, leaning on his rifle, found himself vaguely depressed at the thought of these newcomers. They seemed intruders among his frontiers of peace. They reminded him of things he had fought hard to forget.

He was still combating that indeterminate antagonism when he again heard the sound of rifle shots. But the shots, this time, came in a series of four, deliberately timed. That meant they were signal shots.

So he swung about and headed into the northeast. When he had traveled a reasonable distance without coming on any tracks or signs of life he raised his rifle and fired three shots.

A full minute elapsed and then he heard the answering signal.

It was a half-hour later that his journey ended. It ended in the discovery of a bull moose, lying flat in a stretch of trampled woodland splashed red with blood. And twenty paces away from the big dead moose, with his back [Continued on page 108]

The KU KLUX KLAN & THE SHERIFFS

Part III

By Norman Hapgood

IN THE TWO preceding articles of this series we gave inside documents to show:

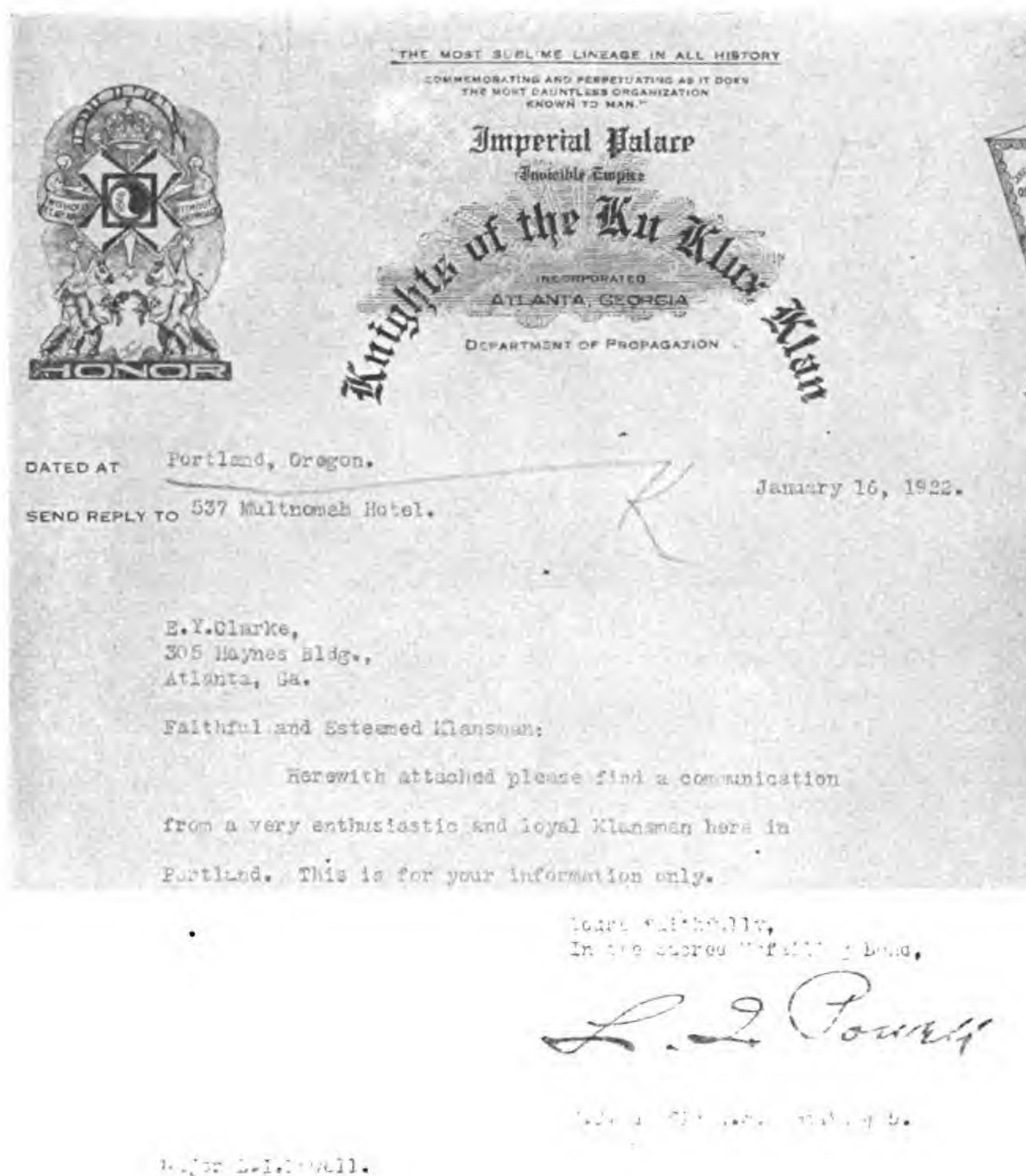
- 1—The creation of the new Imperial Klan, inside the regular Klan, for the special accommodation of public officials, such as legislators and judges.
- 2—Strictness of the oath by which these public officials are controlled.
- 3—Special examples of control of the courts and grand juries.
- 4—New allied organizations for women.
- 5—Control in the telegraph service and perhaps in postoffices.

Since the election of November, 1922, the Klan has received more serious attention than at any time since the creation of this new organization masquerading under an old name. Its victories were striking enough to make the country ask itself whether it wishes this control by a secret society along religious, racial, and reactionary lines.

The governors of some states sent out cries of alarm. Prominent among them was Governor Parker of Louisiana. In connection with his troubles we reproduce on page 37 a document that is well worth attention. These notices, unsigned for safety, show the Klan's way of taking the law into its own hands. One of them is to the City Marshal of Homer, Louisiana.

And while we have before us the case of a City Marshal, we present a list of the cities in which the Chiefs of Police are on the mailing list of the Klan's official organ, the Searchlight. Not every sheriff on the list is a member of the Klan, but most of them are, and the others are evidently believed to be sympathetic. The list is:

Savannah, Ga.
Montgomery, Ala.
New Orleans, La.
Memphis, Tenn.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Little Rock, Ark.
Houston, Tex.
Lexington, Ky.
Charlotte, N. C.
San Francisco, Calif.
Denver, Colo.
Boise, Idaho.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Lansing, Mich.
Bismarck, N. D.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Hartford, Conn.
Richmond, Va.
Chicago, Ill.
Kansas City, Kan.
Baltimore, Md.
Newport News, Va.
Albany, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Olympia, Wash.
Madison, Wis.
Columbia, S. C.
Trenton, N. J.
Helena, Mont.
Topeka, Kan.
Springfield, Ill.



1. The very beginning of the Klan's campaign for extending itself to Europe.

Birmingham, Ala.
 Mobile, Ala.
 Jacksonville, Fla.
 Nashville, Tenn.
 Knoxville, Tenn.
 Dallas, Tex.
 Louisville, Ky.
 Charleston, S. C.
 Vicksburg, Miss.
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 Portland, Ore.
 Indianapolis, Ind.
 Detroit, Mich.
 Pierre, S. D.
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Phoenix, Ariz.
 Portland, Me.
 Washington, D. C.
 Boston, Mass.
 Norfolk, Va.
 Kansas City, Mo.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 Wheeling, W. Va.
 Roanoke, Va.
 Syracuse, N. Y.
 Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Harrisburg, Pa.
 Charleston, W. Va.
 Austin, Tex.
 Providence, R. I.
 Lincoln, Neb.
 Jefferson City, Mo.
 Des Moines, Iowa.

The general public will have noticed that in the list of seven senators voting against the confirmation of Pierce Butler for the Supreme Court, some opposed him because he is a reactionary, but three of the seven votes came from the two states of Georgia and Texas, where the political control of the Klan is strongest. Justice Butler is a Catholic. So far from objecting to his being a reactionary, the Klan opposes any kind of liberalism. It opposed him because it thinks no Catholic should hold any office.

ITS STRENGTH is real. In November it won notable successes in Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, California, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Oregon, and several other states. The next governors of Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and California are members of the organization. Senator George, of Georgia, became a member after election, in appreciation of Klan support. Senator Mayfield of Texas was a member. The Klan also looks on the Kansas outcome as a victory on account of Governor Allen's attitude.

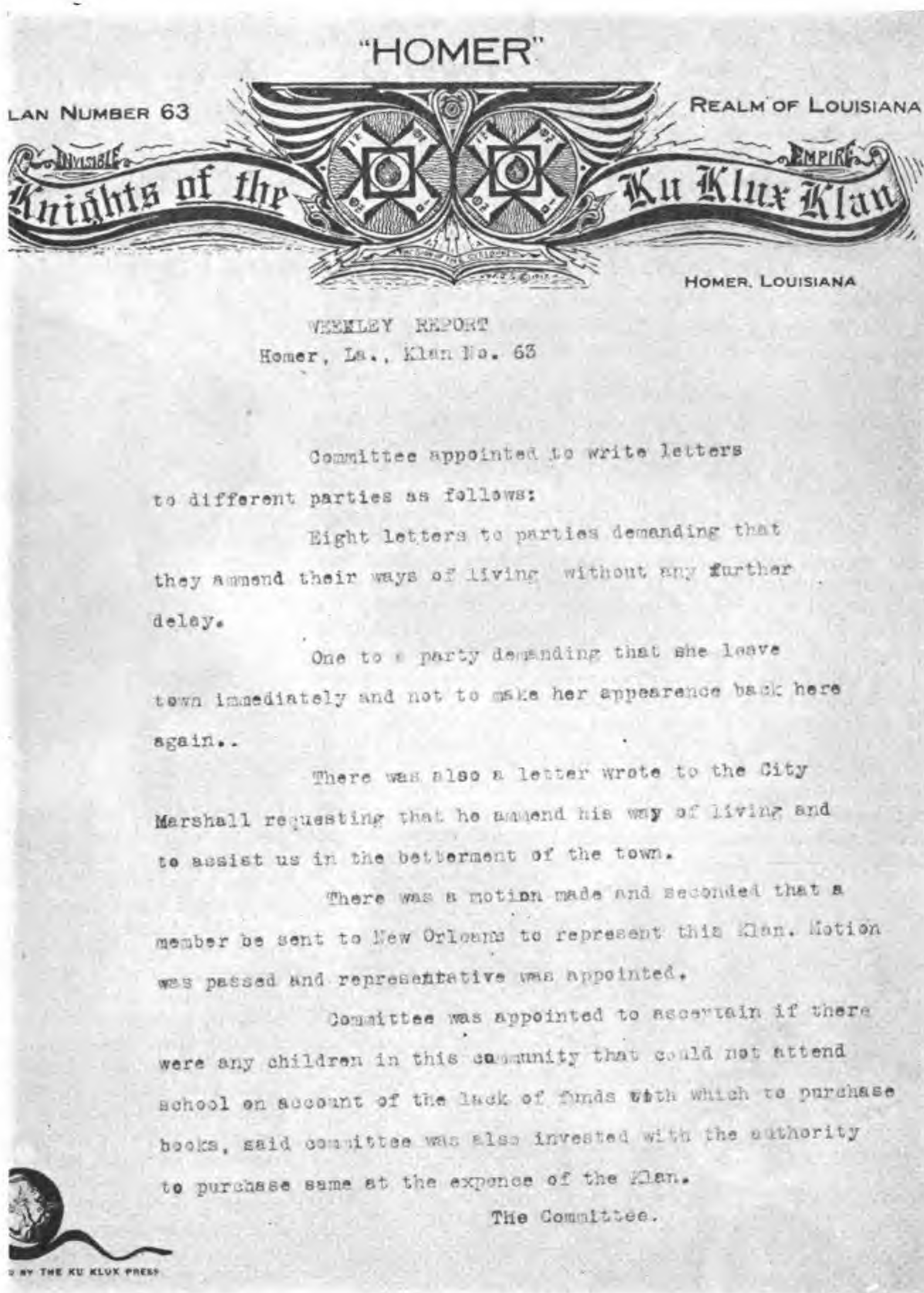
In the South, the Democratic nominations are equivalent to elections. This should be remembered in reading the dates on the following documents, and also it should be remembered that one hundred percent means members of, or favorable to, the Klan, or at least strongly anti-Catholic and anti-Jew:

"For your information fifteen out of nineteen officers nominated in the Idaho elections were 100 percent."

"For your information twenty-one out of forty nominations in the Alabama election were 100 percent. This includes the Governor, Attorney General, Secretary of State, etc."

The subject of this series of articles is the political moves of the Klan. Its attempt to stir up racial and religious excitement is outside our scope, but of course the two things overlap. The Klan actively goes into politics whenever a Jew or a Catholic runs for office.

The propaganda is not reliable. Propaganda never is. Here is one statement circulated among their branches:



A record of what goes on in the Klan-ridden state of Louisiana.

"The Public Library of New York City is evidently taking orders from the Pope of Rome. The works of Anatole France, banned by His Holiness, have been removed from the Library."

We went to the New York Public Library and found the works of Anatole France were accessible, and always had been. No wonder Mayor Hylan is annoyed. He had a Catholic father and Methodist mother, and does not wish religious issues in our politics. However, thoroughly as we share his dislike of these issues, we are not in accord with some of the steps against the Klan which he advises. It would thrive on persecution. Popular disapproval, shown naturally, with strict punishment of illegal acts, is the best cure. If democracy is to be a success, attempts at secret control and at oppression of minorities will have to die because of lack of popular support. Laws aimed at the Klan as such, instead of at any of its illegal acts, would make against liberty. The law has been used, during and since the war, as an instrument to oppress the liberals. That is no reason for using it to suppress foolish, reactionary, and bigoted organizations. The most bigoted, reactionary, and foolish organization has the right to exist. Its deeds are another matter.

On the other hand, a voluntary organization, like a labor union may well take a stand against

[Continued on page 120]

The Dames

By Ring Lardner

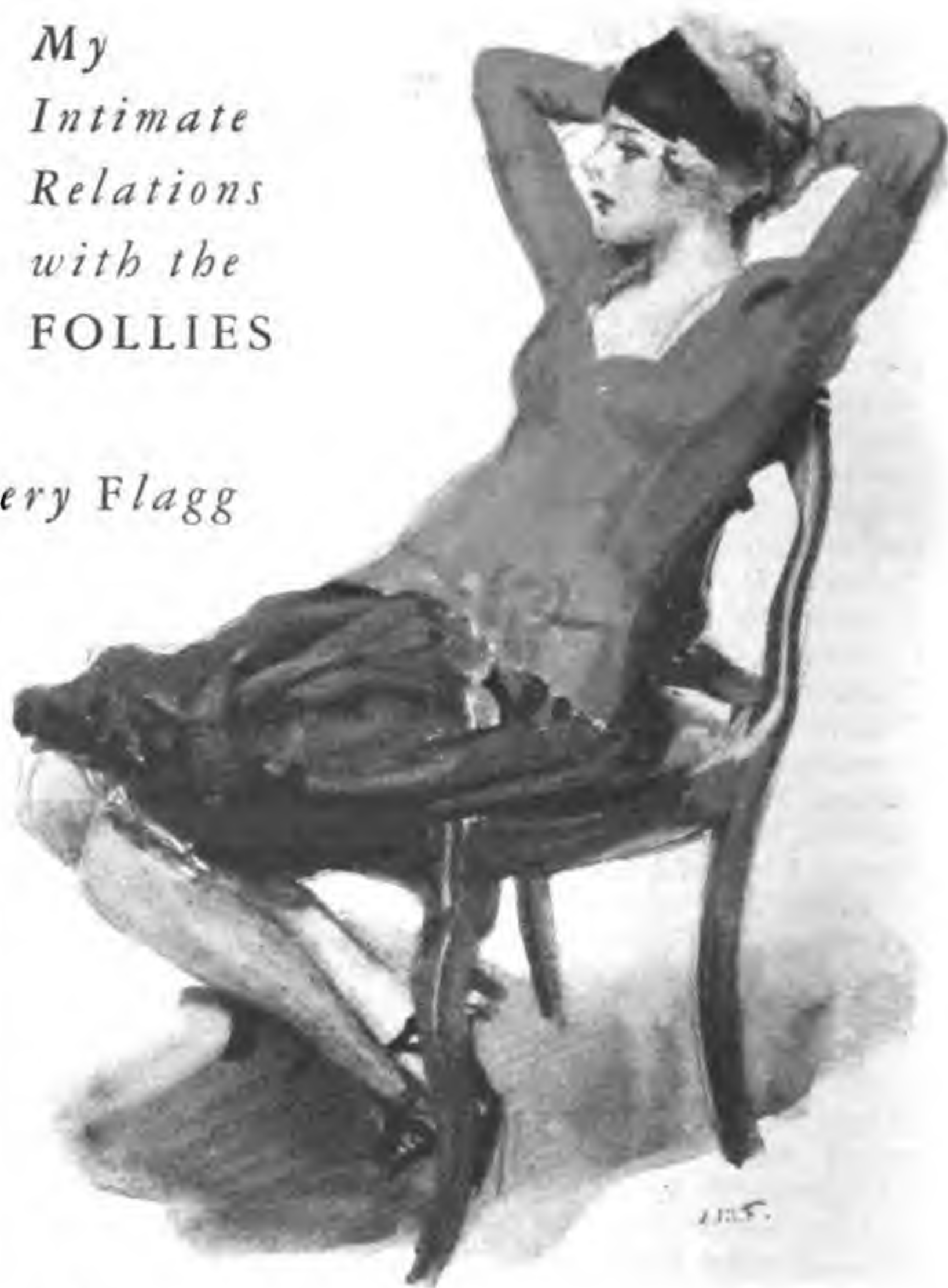
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

IT MAY not be generally known west of the river, but the above signed, who will state by way of alibi that he is writing this article with the aid of a violent toothache, was the author of a few scenes in the current edition of a revue which has been a annual headliner on the American stage for the past 16 years and which I am not allowed to mention the name of same but you will probably guess before I am through that I refer to the Ziegfeld Follies.

Well, a great many people in this part of the country seems to envy me the position not on acct. of how the royalties rolls in but because being a author, a person can go backstage any time they want to and talk to Bill Rogers and the chorus gals. About the same number of people has asked me why didn't I tell some of my personal experiences during the rehearsals of the show and etc. because they was wild to hear about same, so I am taking this opportunity to satisfy a public craving that almost amounts to a fever you might say.

In the 1st. place will state that I never seen nobody, be he author or mayor or inspector of ashcans, who couldn't talk to Mr. Rogers provided they caught Bill at a time when he himself had momentarily ran out of words. In the 2d. place I don't know only a few of the chorus gals who you yourself couldn't talk to them all you wanted to and when you got

My
Intimate
Relations
with the
FOLLIES



through talking to them you would find out like I did that they hadn't listened to nothing you said and didn't care a damn anyway.

But I will admit that they's 1 or 2 privileges which a author enjoys and which is not open to the gen. public and 1 of these is to attend chorus rehearsals and observe the practice costumes worn by the gals during the same. These costumes beggars description at least on my part and can only say that the most of them looks like their occupants had been drove out of their home by a alarm of fire 4 minutes after they started up to bed.

Along these lines I will relate a incidence which took place about the 4th. day of rehearsals and which I would entitle "My Most Embarrassing Moment" if that title had not of all ready been used as a caption for a well-known newspaper feature and besides it didn't seem like a moment to me but years. Well, I was standing out by the stage-door on 41st. St. smoking and they was a lull in the dancing rehearsal inside and one of the prettiest of the dames as I have nicknamed them come up to me and says have you got a cigarette. Will state that this dame has been in the chorus long enough to know what to wear in order to have perfect freedom during dancing rehearsals. But anyway I offered her a cigarette and she looked at it and says Oh I can't smoke those kind.

"Would you mind," she says, "going down to that little store this side of the corner and getting me some ——?" (Naming her brand)

So I says I would like nothing better and she made a heart rendering attempt to give me a $\frac{1}{4}$ to pay for same but I need not tell my friends that I refused the $\frac{1}{4}$ as I don't take no money from ladies save at the gaming table or at home.

WELL, I started toward 7th. Ave. but I had not went more than 3 or 4 steps when she says wait a minute, I think I will go along with you and get a orangeade. I can only add that this was about 2 o'clock on a May P.M. and the sun was high in the heavens and the distance from the stage-door to the little store and back to the stage-door amounts to about 1 city block, but when the round trip was over I felt like a Cornell harrier crossing the finishing line exhausted but winner. Winner because in the throngs that quickly gathered to watch us en route I hadn't recognized none of my relatives by marriage.

I am not the hero of the next pathetic incidence which I will relate, but am setting it down to show that a chorus dame has got idears on subjects outside of their looks, their salary and who is the next meal coming from. On this occasion the rehearsal was being held on "the Roof" and your correspondent and



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Gene Buck the rhyme writer was setting near the piano, watching and listening to young Dave Stamper who don't know if E flat is black, white or mulatto but plays like he was born in a piano box.

Well, all the gals was there and a man was learning them some new steps if any and all of a sudden another man come in and whispered to him and went out again and the first man clapped his hands twice which means stop dancing and he sent the gals to their corners and made the following remarks in part:

"Everybody quiet. I'm afraid I've got some bad news. A package was just delivered at the stage-door downstairs. It was addressed to Miss —. The package looked suspicious and was opened by Mr. —. It was a bottle of —. Now, you know, everybody knows that there is a strict rule against bringing—into this theater. Miss—is therefore dismissed."

Miss—left her place in line and took the air amidst a dead silence. The last named was broken in our vicinity by a gal who turned around and whispered:

"Say, listen: Suppose I was to take it into my head to send a big box of flowers to one of you fellas and I would put a card in it saying with lots of love. And maybe not sign it or just sign my first name or something. And maybe you might not even know who they come from. But your Mrs. went to the door and got the package and opened it. What would happen to you? Would you get the air?"

After some deep thinking one of us said he didn't know what would happen to him but he thought the flowers would be blighted by the frost.

And that reminds me that they's 16 young English ladies in the troupe that ain't seen dear old London since last April and you would think by this time they would be homesick enough to bark and snarl at everybody within reason. But the impression you get by talking to them is that they are the calmest and most contentedest gals on either side of the old pond and I

never noticed one of them even excited except once. That was after the show had been running a long while and I went in one night to see how many more of my lines had called for replacements and it just happened that amongst the audience was a man named Valentino. Well, the rumor that he was out front soon got backstage and when I drifted there the first person I met was one of these Tiller gals from London.

"Is that right?" she says. "Is Valentino really out there?"

So I told her it was right and where he was setting.

"What does he look like?" she says.

"I can't describe male beauty," I says, "but I am often taken for him on the street."

It was at this point that she give vent to strong emotion which I will not repeat the words of same.

I SUPPOSE that while we are talking about it I may as well report another incidence that come off on this special night though this time a star is the heroine instead of a chorus dame. It was about the middle of the 2d. act and Rodolph was the sole topic of conversation backstage. The star, dressed or vice versa for her next number, strolled up into the bunch and stood silent till the beautiful screen artist's name had been uttered 3 or 4 times. Then she spoke.

"—," she says, mentioning a biblical character, "just imagine a few years ago he was getting fifty bills a week dancing around tearooms and cabarets here in New York. And now look at him. That shows what a pretty face will do for you."

"Well," says somebody, "look what yours done for you."

"Mine!" she says. "I could cut off my head and the audience would never miss it."

Now I don't want to drive away no circulation but in the next issue I will try and say a few words in regards to some of the scenes that is in the show and some that ain't, in a effort to prove that a author's life ain't all baked Alaska.



*Mr. Bennett
understands
women—and
proves it in
this story*



Last Love

By Arnold Bennett

Illustrations by George Wright

"Have you ever been in love?" The youthful Minnie demanded. "No," said Miss Osyth in a smothered voice, looking steadily out of the window.

DON'T you hate ugly undies, Miss Osyth?" Minnie demanded vehemently, and without any warning.

The piano lesson was finished. Teacher and pupil sat at the window of Miss Osyth's small parlor, which looked out over Mozewater where the bright sea was creeping furtively in the dusk across the salt-marshes.

"I don't like anything that's ugly," said Miss Osyth cautiously in her soft, weak voice, and gave a characteristic little cough. She felt a responsibility toward Minnie's somewhat indifferent parents because Minnie adored her more than them. "You're not getting that edge straight," she added.

Their heads approached one another above the fine needlework. Though Minnie showed much natural facility upon the piano, more indeed than her teacher ever had, Miss Osyth did not enjoy the piano lessons, for the reason that the pupil seemed to be incapable of musical emotion. This was strange, seeing

that she was an emotional young girl. In the matter of needlework, for example, Minnie could be rapturous. At times she was quite obviously thrilled by the beauty of Miss Osyth's achievements in crocheting and drawn-thread work.

Needlework united them far more effectively than music; and Miss Osyth, who had a passion for needlework, was thereby made glad and proud and enthusiastic. Nevertheless Minnie's emphatic tendency to lavish ornamental stitchery upon flimsy garments invisible to the world disturbed Miss Osyth.

She glanced anxiously at the head of bobbed brown hair and at the down-turned pretty face, and at the slim, soft, flexible, apparently undeveloped body. A boyish body! A boyish quality in the face and in the free gestures! The girl was twenty and looked seventeen. The girl's attitude toward the world was one of frank, fresh, possibly rash investigation. Nothing

perverse or secretive or morbid in her! She was innocence itself. And yet this utterly unboyish preoccupation with unseen attire, which she never attempted to explain or justify! Miss Osyth was alarmed, and at the same time curiously conscious of an agreeable excitement.

MINNIE dropped the work, and leaned upon a third chair that was in the bay of the window. She was always adopting the strangest sprawling positions, and could seldom sit on one chair if there was a chance of sitting on two simultaneously; her body seemed to be more than she could manage, to be somehow superfluous and cumbersome, despite its frequent startling grace.

"Miss Osyth."

"Yes, darling?"

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?" Minnie intoned these words. When she was not quite at ease she would intone, chant, or even sing instead of speaking.

"Well?"

"I've been dying to ask you heaps and heaps of times."

Minnie lived in a violent and extravagant universe of her own. In this universe time existed in eons or it did not exist at all. The same with every other commodity. There were heaps, tons, stacks; or there was not a single scrap. In this universe Minnie died continually, from the mere acuteness of her

sensations. She did not like or dislike. She hated; she loved and adored; no intermediate degrees of feeling! In fact a superlative universe, and dangerous to inhabit!

"Well?" repeated Miss Osyth.

"Have you ever been in love?"

A short silence.

"No," answered Miss Osyth truthfully, in a smothered voice, realizing first how the girl was mysteriously growing up, and then the shock of the question to her own mind.

TO HIDE HER constraint she looked steadily out of the window. In a creek about fifty yards in front of the cottage were three yachts; the two smaller ones were already afloat on the rising tide; the third, and largest, dismantled, was still aground. Miss Osyth saw those yachts float and take the mud every day and often twice in a day. At any hour she could tell without looking whether any or all of them were afloat or aground. She lived day and night with the ceaseless tides. This evening, as she replied to Minnie, the largest yacht with its green sagging chain and weed-clad under-sides suddenly appeared to her forlorn and pathetic.

She knew that Minnie, misjudging her tone, thought that she was annoyed. She was not annoyed, but she could not say so because to say so would prolong the topic, which she wished to close at once. It was a disconcerting topic. She could not



Miss Osyth passed through White Flittering, calling out good night to the landlord of the inn as she went.



C All that Miss Osyth knew about the face was that it was fair and impossibly handsome; it was unique as the face of the angel Gabriel. She felt extraordinarily and absurdly young.

conceive herself discussing love with the blossoming girl. Instinct warned her against such a perilous course.

"I must rush home," said Minnie, after a moment.

"I'll go with you part of the way," said Miss Osyth.

"You are an angel!" (Minnie's universe was peopled with angels and fiends.)

They set out, shutting but not locking the door of the solitary cottage. Two hundred yards over hummocks of grass, and they reached the hamlet of Flittering—a row of white cottages, an inn, a larger private house, and on the rough cobbled quay two antique buildings in the nature of warehouses which were in process of demolition. From Flittering, as from all the coast villages and towns on that East Anglian peninsula, there was only one road inland, and the road from tiny Flittering was no more than a broadish track, nearly impassable by footfarers for days together in winter, but now dry and dusty.

Minnie nervously skipped and ran, playing round the sedate Miss Osyth as a porpoise round a ship. When they had passed the disused little eighteenth century lighthouse and come to the corner where the track mounted toward the village of Hoe (Flittering's metropolis) and the high road to the vast Babylon with a music-hall and three cinemas called Colchester, Miss Osyth stopped. Lilly's farm, the home of Minnie, began at the corner. Minnie leaped passionately at Miss Osyth and gave her an intense kiss.

"I do like you!" Minnie exclaimed, thus, and without another word, begging forgiveness for the indiscreet inquiry into her angel's past. Miss Osyth fondly returned the kiss. . . . The child receded, a glimmer of white in the dusk.

Miss Osyth faced eastward again. She passed through white

Flittering, calling out good night to the landlord of the inn as she went. She passed the beautiful antique warehouses, whose slow demolition, always painful to her, now struck her as unbearably tragic. A Thames barge, with all its sails lowered or brailed except the topsail, which hung like a ghost in the somber sky, was very slowly moving up the channel on the night-tide. And in this approach of a phantom to the quay soon to be deserted forever there was also a quality unbearably tragic.

She climbed over the hummocks of grass. The immense inlet which at low tide was a waste of land with little lakes had been transformed into a sea with little islands. The sea gleamed in a strange light. She entered her small garden, and looked at the roosting fowls. She opened the door and went into the five-roomed cottage, which was the end of the inhabited world, and according to her custom glanced into each room. Then, in the parlor, she lit a candle and drew the blind.

Her mother had bought the cottage after her father's death more than twenty years earlier. Mrs. Drine was a stern old lady, who would sit in the garden in black gloves. She talked very, very quietly, and had always expected and received absolute obedience and entire devotion from Osyth. They had kept a servant, who was the only human being with any power over Mrs. Drine. They had also a dog. Mrs. Drine died. Osyth was free, and had not the force to use her freedom. The servant ruled. The dog died. The servant died.

Osyth then became the slave of the cottage, which she could not sell without loss, and would not leave. She was afraid of servants, would not engage another one, and did everything for herself. She had a very small income and slightly increased it by giving piano lessons—and by the sale at low prices of her



lovely needlework. An appreciable part of the income was spent in small surgical operations on her nose and throat.

She was frequently indisposed, and often her face gave signs of the dyspepsia and neuralgia which everlastingly tortured her. The east wind which blew for two months each spring over the saltings was her enemy. She was thirty-nine. At Minnie's age she had been called pretty; and she was still slim, without being desiccated; only she was round-shouldered. Having good judgment and an unusually sound and detached sense of proportion, she knew the cause of her failure in life. She had never been able to assert herself, never had the strength to assert herself.

SHE would not have called her existence an unhappy one. But now Minnie's crude question seemed to have precipitated all the unperceived misery which her life had held in solution.

She was shocked by the swift vision of all that she had missed. Self-pity agonized her. She slipped on to the hard sofa, and cried in the loneliness as softly as she talked and as her mother had talked. She did not sob. The tears flowed quietly. She had the illusion of hearing Minnie's fresh, boyish voice: "Have you ever been in love?" No! She had never been in love. Rarely had she had the chance to be in love; and never the courage to take advantage of the rare chance.

In the middle of the night Miss Osyth was awakened by the noise of a quarrel in front of her cottage. She had, strangely enough for a woman of her timid temperament, not the slightest fear of solitude, but now the sound of men's angry tones frightened her; for never once in twenty years residence at the cottage had she heard any human voices in the night on the marshes. The cottage was indeed the end of the world. Nobody could safely wander at dark on the marshes intersected by innumerable creeks.

The night sounds round about Miss Osyth's cottage were the uncanny calls of birds, the wind over the rushes and in the chimneys, and during the great Christmas gales the fringes of the sea in the larger creeks. However, though she was alarmed, Miss Osyth did not bury her head. She arose and lit the candle for companionship. She dared not draw the blind aside and look out of the window. In one of the voices she recognized the gruff fierce accents of the landlord of the Flittering inn.

"And I tell you you've no business in that yacht," shouted the landlord. "I've had my eye on you for three hours past."

"Oh! Have you?"

"Yes, I have. That yacht belongs to Mr. Beaumont, and he don't want no dirty tramps in her."

"And supposing that my name's Beaumont?"

It seemed to be a young voice.

Miss Osyth heard no more. She listened for a long time to the hammering of her own heart, and at last blew out the candle and went to sleep again, thinking of the history of the Beaumonts. She was roused once more by a new and fainter noise which at first she thought was her heart, but which ultimately explained itself as an intermittent knocking on the front door. She now pulled the bedclothes over her head.

The sound would not be silenced; it was like a conscience penetrating the defenses of a shameful sloth. She sprang up nervously, relit the candle, put on a wrap, and looked out between the muslin curtains of the window. The night, which had been clear, was very dark indeed. Miss Osyth shook with apprehensions. But in a moment, as she listened, she seemed to say to herself; "I'm in a dreadful predicament. I may as well be in it." And she yielded, acquiescent and relieved, to the situation. There were steps on the gravel.

"Ah!" called a calm voice, of one who had probably noticed at last the candlelight above him and the shadow of a head on the muslin curtains. "Please come down, you up there! I'm all bleeding!" It was the voice of the landlord's late antagonist.

"I think I'd better light the big lamp, and I'd better warm some water before I begin on *that*," said Miss Osyth faintly and timidly, and yet somehow sturdily, too, facing the visitor whom she had let into her parlor, where only a candle was burning.

If not precisely ashamed of her little parlor, she was concerned about his probable contempt for it, with its queer bits of Victorian furniture—hand-painted tables, comic chairs, frayed glaring carpet, her mother's crewel work and water-colors, and incredible photographs and engravings. She knew that the room was enough to make a modern cat laugh. She knew that it was a pathetic exile in the implacable welter of the twentieth century. But she would not, could not, have had it altered. She would forlornly stand by it.

Also she was concerned about her own attire, which was very summary and incomplete; whereas the young man was fully and elegantly dressed, though a little ruffled. The young man had a waist-line which was created by the lowest button of his jacket and which became him admirably. Miss Osyth suddenly felt more virginal than she had ever felt. She was flushed and thrilling with virginity. She was eager and defensive. She seemed to dare and to run away, to invite and to repulse, to care and not to care. Extremely unused to men, chance had thrown her close against a man, and in the most singular circumstances.

However, as she had encouraged herself before, she was in a predicament, and there she was! And the roughly bandaged hand was enough in itself to reassure the sensitive primness of her virginity. The bandage had noticeably reddened. She wanted to look at the man's face, but looked at the bandage instead. All she knew about the face was that it was fair and impossibly handsome; it was as unique as the face of the angel Gabriel. In addition to feeling virginal, she felt extraordinarily and absurdly young.



C. Beaumont turned his face to hers and gently kissed her unresisting lips. The kiss was a sacrament to Miss Osyth.



"I say!" cried Alexis.
*"I must tell you you're
 a splendid girl. You
 positively are, you know."*

"Do sit down! Do sit down!" she urged nervously, and in her nervousness bungled the lighting of the lamp, which first smelt because the wick was too low and then smoked because the wick was too high. "Dear! Dear! . . . And I must warm some water."

Even alone in the kitchen igniting the spirit-lamp with which she always made her morning tea, she was flurried.

"What a ridiculous idiot I am!" she thought.

The young man followed her into the kitchen.

"I don't want to make a mess in your sitting-room," he said. He took off the bandage himself and held his hand under the tap at the sink. He didn't know it but he was being frightfully extravagant with her precious rain-water from the tank beneath the eave. The wound was on the back of the hand. A fairly bad wound, an inch and a half in length! The cold water soon stopped the bleeding. She was too diffident to inquire as to the origin of the wound, but she connected it with the inn landlord. Then she had to hold his wrist, and bathe the wound in warm water colored pink with Condy fluid. How unfortunate that she kept her cast-off linen and oddments in a drawer of the kitchen dresser, and so was forced to cut and tear the new bandage in his presence. Still, she was getting hardened now.

"I suppose you're Alexis Beaumont?" she ventured, after he had thanked her for the dressing, which indeed she had accomplished very well. She was quite sure of his identity.

He nodded, with a mysterious smile. The Beaumonts had bought a house and grounds near Hoe some fifteen years earlier. They had invaded Hoe from London, which is equal to nowhere. They were rich, and they were determined, in their ignorance of the fundamentals of English country life, to wake up Hoe.

Everybody above a certain station called on them and they called on everybody. They organized flower shows and tennis tournaments, and they gave dances and established a club.

Hoe accepted all. They were marvelous in the war and after the war. Then events compelled them to leave. They imagined

that the great departure would stir Hoe to its foundations. They imagined that the painted notice at the august front-entrance-gates: "This property to be sold," would cause Hoe to shed poignant tears. Not a bit! They left amid perfect calm. Their seven bright busy years of occupation had made no more impression upon Hoe than the passage of a strange motor-car down the village high-street. In the life of the indifferent and insensitive populace whose roots were buried centuries deep in the social history of the district, the sojourn of the Beaumonts had about the same importance as the picking up of half-a-crown in the gutter. It was better than a bat in the eye with a burnt stick, and that was all.

THE YACHT alone remained to testify that the Beaumonts really had existed. An agent from Colchester occasionally let it for duck-shooting on Mozewater, but he had never succeeded in selling it. Miss Osyth had caught sight of Alexis once or twice as a boy when he was home from school for the holidays. He then had the reputation of being a spoilt boy who created strife between his parents.

"I'll go back to the yacht now. You've been most awfully kind, and skilful." He said it neatly, in distinguished tones. He had a rather dazzling style with him.

"But are you going to try to sleep on the yacht?"

"Where else?" There's a bed. Two beds in fact. It's rather cosy." He smiled easily.

"But the beds must be dreadfully damp!"

"Oh no!"

"But they must be," Miss Osyth pitied the simplicity of the man, of all men, in practical details of daily existence.

"It's of no consequence," he said casually, and added: "But if you'd like to spoil me—" he uttered this phrase with a disturbing, irresistible confidence, ever so softly and gently—"I'll tell you what you might do. You might give me a bucket of water—there's soap and towels on board—and a candle."

"Yes," said she.

When the preparations were done Miss Osyth lit her outdoor lantern and they issued forth into the night. A loose punt was the means of transport to the yacht.

One push and they were alongside. They both moved quietly, as though afraid of being overheard. To Miss Osyth's surprise the cabin of the yacht actually did have an air of cosiness; when illuminated by the lantern and a candle it revealed all sorts of handy contraptions and some food, and it was roomier than she would have thought possible. She made up the bed; she poured the water into the brass-bound barrel which had a brass tap.

"Now have you got everything you want?"

"No, but I shall have. I shall run over to Colchester tomorrow and get a tooth-brush, and a razor, and some blacking, and a boot-brush and a clothes-brush and a shirt or two. I shall take the motor-bus."

Miss Osyth laughed, enigmatically excited by this glimpse into a man's private life.

"I can let you have everything for your boots," she said.

He shook his head in refusal. They extricated themselves one after the other from the close confinement of the cabin, Miss Osyth going first with the lantern. She got into the punt and in a moment was on the bank of the creek.

"I say," cried Alexis, low. "I must tell you you're a splendid girl. You positively are!" Enthusiasm was in his fresh, strong voice.

Girl! She blushed peacefully in the immense faintly rustling darkness of the reedy marshes. She thrilled peacefully. Well, she felt like a girl. She did not feel like thirty-nine, and could scarcely believe that she was thirty-nine. She said nothing in answer.

In the parlor she regarded herself in the glass, moving the lantern up and down. Of course the inadequacy of her attire was terrible, but it did not seem to matter. And honestly she was convinced that she did not look nearly her age. . . . She was a girl. She had all the sensations of a girl. How old was Alexis? She made a calculation and decided that he was twenty-five. In her bedroom she sat by the window, and gazed at the candlelight steadily shining through the cabin porthole of the yacht. Mysterious! Fascinating! . . . He had given no explanation at all of his visit to the yacht.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" she reflected. "What a good thing this kind of thing doesn't happen every day! It's most upsetting, and I don't know where I am. And I don't know *what* people would say!" She smiled very happily, expectantly, shakily. She cried.

"Oh, Miss Osyth!" cried Minnie the next day. "You look simply frightfully young today! I can't think how you do it. I feel a hundred."

Miss Osyth blushed slightly. Whereon Minnie added:

"And you look so charming. . . . Well, it beats me, that's what it does. It beats me."

MISS OSYTH blushed a little more. She felt inexplicably happy, but constrained too; she didn't know what to say. The sincerity and enthusiasm of the young girl's praise gave her a confidence in herself which she had never had before. Obviously Minnie would not burst out at first sight of her into these impassioned praises without some very striking cause. And Minnie's observations were richly corroborated by Miss Osyth's own feelings.

She indeed did feel young; and though she was tired and ought therefore according to custom to have been suffering from neuralgia, she had a strange new physical condition of good health. Had a miracle happened to Miss Osyth? Miss Osyth, being usually a person of strong common sense, had no belief in miracles. What she at the moment believed was that she had

got into the habit of regarding herself as old when she was not old. Thirty-nine! Thirty-nine was nothing. The phrase: "You're a splendid girl," glowed in her memory and heart, glowed steadily, beautifully, inspiringly; it was the magic phrase of rejuvenation.

Always, in her hidden happiness, Miss Osyth was disquieted by the visit of Minnie. This was not Minnie's day, and though Minnie did sometimes appear unexpectedly, why should she appear on just this day? Minnie had something on her mind, and she had to get it off; she had come with the sole intention of getting it off.

"Oh, Miss Osyth," she exclaimed, gazing through the window, "of course you've heard all about Alexis Beaumont? I see he doesn't seem to be on the yacht, now. In fact, I know he isn't, because I saw him go past the farm this morning. He took the motor-bus to Colchester in Hoe high-street. I think he's *too* handsome. I'd never seen him before, at least since he was a mere school-kid. But isn't it funny, him living in the yacht like that? I can't make it out. No one can. They say he's quarreled with his father about something, and he's waiting here till Mrs. Beaumont brings his father round.

"But how does he *manage*? I wonder if it's true that he had a fight with Mr. Cossange? I suppose he did, but I'm told they've made it up, and he's going to have his meals at the Maid's Head. Of course Cossange hasn't been in the district long enough to know who he was." Minnie had, without an effort, collected all the rumors connected [Continued on page 142]



C In the hollow Miss Osyth saw Beaumont and Minnie and their lips were joined in a long kiss. She turned and ran. She ran because she was ashamed before these two of her age and disillusion.

CORDELIA, *The*

*A Novel of
New York Life*

*by
Leroy Scott,
who wrote
Children of the
Whirlwind*

*Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell*

C. *Brief Review of the First Chapters.*

IT WAS hard lines for beautiful Cordelia Marlowe, New York society's favorite, to suddenly hear from her mother that their money was entirely gone and that she would have to earn her living. Among the many answers to her unusual advertisement for work was one from Mr. Franklin of Kedmore and Franklin, lawyers, asking that she call. He offered her \$30,000 a year in exchange for her services in helping him solve some of the mysterious problems that tie up the affairs of wealthy clients.

Mr. Franklin insisted on the arrangement being absolutely confidential; but he convinced her that she would really be aiding her friends in their difficulties. In reality Cordelia was playing into the hands of a pair of clever and unscrupulous blackmailers. Through her social connections she was able to procure invaluable information for them.

Cordelia was about to visit Gladys Norworth, a wealthy society girl who, it turned out, was one of Mr. Franklin's cases. There was some secret disturbing element in her affairs that had to be cleared up. Ever since Gladys, her stepsister and their adopted war orphan had returned from France, they had lived in seclusion at Rolling Meadows, Gladys's Long Island home.

Cordelia was not long at Rolling Meadows before she began to suspect Mitchell, the very superior looking butler. Then, almost at once she got Gladys's story. Gladys had quarreled with Cordelia over the rich young bachelor, Jerry Plimpton, and Cordelia, acting on her suspicions, accused Gladys of being the mother of the orphan, François. Gladys suddenly cringing confessed that she was, just as Esther came into the room. They decided to tell Cordelia everything. Then Mitchell the butler entered the room noiselessly. In answer to the furious glances from Esther and Gladys he explained with a mocking smile: "You will all excuse me, I'm sure. But I decided this little party would not be complete without me. I'm here to protect my own interests."

Gladys's confession started with the very unoriginal hasty war romance. She had met and married a young Canadian, a Ser-



C. *"I'll tell you how really wonderful you were a little later—when*

geant Grayson, in Paris during the war. Almost at once he had gone into action and was killed. Gladys in the first week of her marriage had realized it was a mistake and never spoke of it to anyone but her stepsister and Sergeant Farrell, Grayson's best friend, who resented her attitude very much.

Then Gladys realized with horror that she was to become a mother. With the help of her stepsister Esther this was all managed with great secrecy and they left for America with little François as their adopted child.

Farrell (Mitchell) followed them and installed as Gladys's butler was soon levying heavy blackmail on her.

After the confession Esther got Gladys off to bed. Cordelia then asked Mitchell who he really was and he answered that if he told her who he was and what he was doing she wouldn't believe it. François, he said, was the son of his dearest friend and who knew but what he was getting money from Gladys to invest for the boy.

Mitchell had had suspicions of Cordelia from the first but she finally set them at rest.

MAGNIFICENT



"we're away from this crowd," said Jerry, proud admiration in his eyes.

When Cordelia got this news to Mr. Franklin he gave her a \$5,000 bonus for her good work. He gave it in two checks—if there was trouble later he decided that two canceled checks would be more silencing than one. At this time he had shrewdly decided that Cordelia had all the assets of the girl he would want for his wife.

He urged her to leave Gladys's at once and to accept the invitation of Mrs. Thorndike. The Thorndikes were a "case" of his where he needed Cordelia's help.

Then he successfully arranged for a blackmail of Gladys Norworth.

The Story goes on:

CORDELIA was now playing the drama of her life upon a stage where unusual and dramatic action is not considered good social dramaturgy. The incidents of life must be inter-

esting; in fact, making them interesting is the chief motive and concern of such life; but the incidents must run smoothly, in their appointed order and according to the program of one's engagement book.

Furthermore, Cordelia was a lady; and her career which she never ceased to regard as a thing of growing splendor, had now apparently reached one of those pleasant, eventless stretches where a lady can only wait.

The days and weeks which now flowed by were of course exciting enough in their details, in their hopes, in their suspense. But whatever might be happening outside the boundaries of her knowledge, or whatever forces might be gathering, nothing of importance coming from without happened upon the surface of Cordelia's life. Every hour was interesting and full; she was seeing Jerry Plimpton almost every day, and she sensed that they were nearing a rapprochement; she saw Mr. Franklin every few days; Gladys was frequently at Jackie's place, and Cordelia often drove across to Rolling Meadows—for Gladys was insistently eager to maintain terms of friendship.

Cordelia was fully conscious that life for her had never been richer, more full of promise, than during these splendid days; that she herself had never been more able to meet life, manage life, and yes, adorn life.

In a thoroughly human way—a way that warmed her with kindness toward all and gave new strength and dignity to her splendid self-confidence, she was aware that she radiated ability, and charm, and graciousness, and glory.

Cordelia, the Magnificent! She was nothing less. . . .

OCCASIONALLY her soaring spirits fluttered to earth and she thought of Mitchell; in fact, her mind, particularly when she wasn't watching it, flashed down to him several times a day. Sometimes her thoughts were dominated by resentment of the man's cool insolence; again by curiosity. He had said that there was no mystery about him, that when she learned the full truth she would be surprised only by its simplicity, its utter obviousness. Perhaps he had not been telling the truth when he had said this; certainly he was no ordinary person. Who was he?

Not once during her several brief visits to Rolling Meadows did Mitchell again

break through his butler demeanor.

She was of course curious as to how Mr. Franklin was going to put an end to Mitchell's hold upon Gladys, his admitted blackmail of her; this achievement represented her cleverness, her effort. On one of Mr. Franklin's early visits to Jackie Thorndike's place—this was at the end of the afternoon following his bargain with Gladys—Cordelia drew him aside and questioned him upon this business of Mitchell.

"As I once before told you, the clearing of this matter will require time," he said. "But I am making progress. Excellent progress, in fact; for I am no longer merely working for Miss Norworth indirectly, as the attorney for her trustees. Miss Norworth has just placed all her personal affairs in my hands, as her attorney."

"Splendid! Is this arrangement a secret?"

"By no means. I'm sure Miss Norworth will confirm it, if you care to ask her."

Here was a real accomplishment which Cordelia felt was due

to her efforts. When, half an hour after his departure, Franklin's letter of praise with the enclosed check for twenty-five hundred dollars was handed her she felt that she really deserved the tribute he paid her.

The following day Cordelia was over at Rolling Meadows, primarily for an hour with François; and she managed a few moments apart with Gladys, during which she congratulated her upon entrusting her affairs to so able a man as Mr. Franklin.

"That must mean, Gladys," she ended, "that there'll soon be an end to Mitchell's bleeding you."

Gladys had been glaring since Cordelia's first word upon the subject. She now exploded.

"It means that I am being bled ten times worse than ever!"

"Worse than ever! How?"

Cordelia's appearance of astonished innocence was altogether too much for Gladys. "How? You know how! You hypocrite! You crook! I called you a crook the night you found this out—and that's just what you are, a crook!"

Cordelia stiffened. A dangerous gleam flashed from her eyes.

"Gladys, you'll please explain exactly what you mean!"

But Gladys did not explain. Courage and anger left her with panic abruptness. So once more she cringed; spoke of her uncontrollable nerves; vowed she meant no reflection against Cordelia.

CORDELIA went away puzzled. Also incensed against Mitchell. At the very least Mitchell should have been content with the tribute he was already exacting. Instead, Gladys had said he was demanding and receiving more! Yes, the man was a scoundrel; his behavior answered that doubt.

Notwithstanding this unexpected failure in the matter of Mitchell, or rather the delay in her success, Cordelia did not return Mr. Franklin's twenty-five hundred dollar check in recognition of services extraordinary. She did not return it for the compelling reason that she no longer had it; she had very promptly either spent it, or pledged herself to its expenditure.

It was just a bit annoying, even embarrassing, that she had spent this money, and had to forego the graceful gesture of returning it.

She had been at Jackie's a month or six weeks when Murray Thorndike amazed his wife and the servants by coming home to dinner; this phenomenon had a very simple explanation which Murray was not called on to deliver. The dancing lady was just then preparing to introduce a new number in the summer show, and what with the time and temper required for her rehearsals—well, Murray decided to take a little vacation and devote himself to domesticity.

His plump, good-humored, liquor-illuminated, yet essentially out-of-doors face had the eager light of one who bears surprising news. "Guess who I saw lunching in the Grantham Grill? All those grand dukes of waiters kissing his feet; and him taking it as easy as if he'd never done anything else with his feet except have them kissed by grand dukes."

They had their guesses, then gave up.

"That beggar that's been Gladys Norworth's butler. Mitchell's his name. I tell you he looked just about as top-hole as they come, and acted as if he'd always had butlers, not been one."

CORDELIA had expected Mitchell's reincarnation in human garb, and with a different status; nonetheless she was just a bit startled by the event now that it had come to pass.

Murray was going rapidly on, "He was lunching with old Bill Graham; with old Bill of all men—remember, Jackie, Bill was my best man. Mitchell took the introduction just as if he'd never seen me before; just as easy as that."

"What's he doing, if he's stopped being a butler?" demanded Jackie.

"Opened some kind of an office—don't remember just what sort. Believe he represents some western interests; I think he did say something about automobiles. On a very modest scale, he said. I gathered that he'd just recently come into a bit of money."

"Afterwards I saw old Bill Graham alone," Murray babbled on. "Seems old Bill had known Mitchell a bit over in France during the big scrap. Says Mitchell had a buddy he was nuts about; the buddy was wiped out in nineteen-sixteen, after which Mitchell started out to lick the Germans all by his lonesome. According to Bill this Mitchell was a humdinger; devil of a fine chap; cool, reckless, liked by everyone."

On a Sunday late in August, while out motoring with Jerry,

Cordelia suggested that they drop in at Rolling Meadows for tea; her private reason being a desire for a half-hour's visit with François. When they mounted Gladys's porch, there was Mitchell with the eager François on his knee.

Gladys introduced Mitchell, and since François refused to leave his perch, Mitchell had to acknowledge the introductions sitting, which he did with a courteous modesty containing no hint of mockery. Jerry, experienced man of the world, was perfectly at his ease in shaking hands with and being pleased to meet the former servant. Cordelia, watching, felt approval for the manner of both men.

Just then Gladys's new butler, with outraged superciliousness which it was beyond butler nature entirely to conceal, handed the ex-butler his tea; and François, insisting that the story he had been hearing be continued, Mitchell drew apart from the others and resumed the interrupted narrative. Presently Mitchell crossed toward the steps, François clinging to his hand; and François called to Cordelia peremptorily:

"Mother Cordelia, you haven't seen my rabbit for 'most a year. We're going out to see him, and I want you to come along."

Cordelia surmised that the visit and the demand upon her had been adroitly suggested to the boy by Mitchell, as a ruse to get her away for a private talk. Instead of being averse to such a meeting, she was flutteringly eager; and accompanied the two to the rabbit's private estate behind the garage. Sure enough. Jeanne, the boy's governess, soon appeared. Two minutes later Cordelia and Mitchell were face to face in the seclusion of the sunken rose garden. She was the first to speak; her tone was accusatory, contemptuous.

"So you decided to end the butlering masquerade, and become a man of affairs!"

"Yes. I thought I'd better make a change, for rather unexpectedly and suddenly I came into some money that had long been owing me."

"Don't think you deceive me by this story of having come into money! I know whose money it is. Gladys's money—and you came into it by blackmail."

"I should have thought," she went on with more scathing contempt, "that you would have been content with the amount of blackmail you have been making Gladys pay you. Instead, you make her pay more—ten times more!"

HIS SMILE was gone, he was soberly alert.

"One moment, please! Who said I was making Gladys pay me more?"

"Gladys!"

"Our dear Gladys has both a gift and an affection for lies. She's been lying to you. Or else—" He broke off, a swiftly dawning thought in his eyes.

"Pardon me if I seem abruptly to change the subject. Mr. Franklin is your lawyer. How well do you know him—how far do you think you can trust him?"

"He's my lawyer—that should be answer enough," she replied.

"But how far is he to be trusted. I had a little talk with him the other day, and from the way he spoke—" He checked himself, then shot out a sudden question: "Have you ever by any chance let slip in Mr. Franklin's presence any of the facts of Gladys's situation?"

This was distinctly note of Mitchell's business, he was most presumptuous; a lie was thoroughly justifiable. So she lied, and lied convincingly.

"I have not!"

"Then Gladys is lying. No one is extorting further money from her."

Against her will, Cordelia was convinced that Mitchell was speaking the truth.

"Pardon me if I intrude so far as to give you a bit of advice," he continued. "About Mr. Franklin. From his manner to me—well, he's a clever lawyer, but I wouldn't trust him too far. I suggest you don't mention anything about Gladys to him, and do not mention anything else to him that might ever be used against you or anyone else."

"I believe I am competent to form my own judgments, and guide my own actions," she returned stiffly.

He accepted her rebuff, and dismissed the subject of Franklin with a slight bow.

"While we are on the subject of my blackmailing of Gladys, I want to give you the full truth about the matter. Or at least, almost all."

"Including the mystery?"

"Including the mystery." He was smiling again. "Only, as



C. Cordelia was surprised and pained. "I had no idea you felt that way toward me, Mr. Franklin," she said. "I'm sorry I don't feel that way toward you!"

I once warned you, you'll find it a poor mystery. First as to the blackmailing of Gladys. I plead guilty. I've made Gladys pay me two thousand a month all the while I was with her. I did it for François's sake. Every penny of it is invested for him."

Again Cordelia was convinced he was speaking the truth. Suddenly she remembered the letter she had found the day she had searched Mitchell's room. The letter referred to money he was investing.

"Why have you got this money for François?"

His smile had once more returned.

"Haven't I already made that plain to you? Because I wanted some protection for François in case Gladys ever does some utterly wild thing, of which she is thoroughly capable. And because his father was the best friend I ever had, and I feel that it's up to me to look out for my friend's boy. That's absolutely all there is to my blackmailing story."

Reluctantly, she began to feel a hesitant, dubious admiration for this man; she rather liked his humorous smile, now bold, now teasing.

"Then that brings us to your own story. Remember a few minutes ago you promised to tell me!"

"The great Mitchell mystery?" He was laughing softly, with dancing eyes, at her sparkling excitement. She became aware that he had rather nice eyes.

"Yes. The mystery of why you became a butler!"

"All right. But sure you're all braced for a shock?"

"Yes. Go on!"

"Well, I became a butler because I was broke."

"Broke?"

"I was broke. I needed the money." He chuckled. "I told you the only real point to the solution of my mystery, was its utter simplicity, its utter obviousness."

HER FACE had gone blank. She felt as though something very large and brilliant had been deflated with dizzying suddenness; as though she had been cheated by some swift, amazing trick.

"But to—to go to work—as—as a butler?"

"Perhaps I'd better explain a bit. Remember what I once told you about how I paid my way through college, by working in eating clubs during the college year? That was all true. There's nothing a poor college chap can do which will pay as much, or at least enable him to save as much, as working in big resort hotels and summer houses. Menial perhaps—but it gets you the money. So you see at Rolling Meadows I wasn't a fake, and I wasn't really masquerading. I was just an honest-to-God butler working at his regular trade. Does this line of talk make things any simpler?"

She nodded slowly, still dazed. "But your going back to being a butler after—after being something better? For you had been a captain, hadn't you?—or something?"

"That brings me to a situation which a rich girl like you—a girl who has never been caught in a financial trap, and had to pull herself out—simply cannot imagine herself ever being up against. It was like this: When the war was over, I found myself with a bit of an income

"The money was all in securities, and I left it there. I decided to finish the technical education the war had interrupted. So I lived that life for a couple of years: took things easy, spending every cent; was quite a swell of about the third rate, had my smart little car—nothing like yours, of course—and things like that. Studied pretty hard, but otherwise I was one of the lilies of the field.

"Well, in the meantime a friend of mine had needed backing in a business venture, and I let him have all my bonds to put up as security. About a year ago, when I was at the height of my joyous glory—thump!—my friend was wiped out, there was I suddenly without an income, not a dollar in my bank, no idea where I was going to get a dollar, and with no end of social obligations. Imagine my fix, if you can. But you can't!"

He laughed at the memory of his predicament. Cordelia had a vague but most uncomfortable sense that this thing had somehow suddenly become acutely personal.

"I went to work at the one paying job I really knew, being a butler. Since I'd known Gladys in France, as I've told you, and had a certain influence with her, I made her take me on. I've saved, on the average, one hundred and fifty a month while I've been Gladys's butler—out of wages and tips."

"You mean to say—you've taken tips from Gladys's guests?"

At her shocked tone he chuckled again.

"I took tips from every one of them. Except from you. You didn't offer me any. That's one grudge I still hold against

you. Why shouldn't I have taken tips? I was a regular butler, and all butlers take tips. Besides, as I told you, I needed the money; I was saving toward a stake. Shocked, are you? That's because you rich young ladies of fashionable leisure, never having felt the need of a dollar, can't put yourselves in the place of a person who has simply got to have money."

He mistook her wide stare, her parted lips, for a look of bewildered pity. He hastened to reassure her.

"Don't feel sorry for me. I don't deserve it. The world's full of people doing more or less the same thing. If a fellow's caught in a fix like mine—why, if he's willing to work, and is able to see the points of the great human comedy—there's nothing he can't do, and have a good time doing it."

SHE AGAIN had the sense that his remarks were somehow personal. She made haste to veer away from this discomfort.

"It's really true, then, that your motive was to make money?"

"My dominating motive, yes; except for necessity I would not have taken up my old trade. Of course there were other motives. I'd long had it in for Gladys for her attitude toward my friend—her husband. Being in Gladys's house gave me a chance to make Gladys writhe. And believe me, I'm not through with her yet!"

His closing words came out incisively, almost with a vindictive snap. But instantly he was again smiling.

The next moment his smile had undergone yet another change: was challenging, daring, dancing, held direct upon her.

"And these last few weeks there has been still another motive for playing the man of mystery, and exaggerating the part a bit. Really the biggest motive of all."

"What was that?"

"To excite your interest in me."

"What!"

"From the day I first saw you I've been interested in you. A cat may look at a king, you know, and a butler may look at a—I haven't the right tag to finish that sentence with. But I couldn't expect you to look at a butler. Not unless the butler was unusual—say a man of mystery. Half the things I've done since you came to Rolling Meadows, I did with the great purpose of puzzling you, making you curious.

"Was it pity, or curiosity, that some poet once remarked was akin to love?" he went on. "As for me, I staked my chances on curiosity. I'm sure you get what I'm driving at, for you will recall I once listed myself as one of the men you might marry."

She had grown furiously red. "Of—of all the nerve!"

"Oh, I have nerve all right, I've admitted that. I haven't the money or the position of the estimable Jerry person and never will have, but otherwise I have just as good qualifications for a husband."

SHE TRIED to say something, choked, and lost her chance, for he was off again.

"And now you know all there is to know about me: my past, my present, also my future purpose. Oh, yes, I should have mentioned that the friend I loaned my securities to finally got himself untangled and has squared himself with me. So I have my little income back, and my sweating brain cells are going to add to it. No, you don't know quite all about me. There are two things you still don't know. First, my real name. That's not important. I'm merely holding my real name in abeyance for a little personal reason. Second, you don't yet know one detail of my relations with Gladys; that also I am holding back for a personal reason. Oh, yes, there is a third thing you don't yet know about me."

He flashed his bold, dancing, whimsical smile at her.

"You don't yet know whether I'm going to be your husband."

She stiffened, gasped, glared at this final outrage.

"If you feel I have not yet proposed to you in the proper set terms, please consider that I have now formally done so."

"I'm going to the house!" she exclaimed.

Smiling with whimsical delight, he followed her out of the garden.

In the ensuing days of industrious pleasure, Cordelia glowered inwardly whenever she thought of that scene in the sunken garden, and she thought of it often. If one of Mitchell's objects had been, as he had proclaimed, to make her think of him, he had in that purpose been an unmitigated success.

While life was sweeping onward for Cordelia with thrilling eventfulness, Mr. Franklin was regarding the development of his interests in these affairs with no such content.



C. Mitchell turned sharply about and gripped Cordelia's arm. "After all, I must say it!" he declared in a fierce whisper. "I must see you a few minutes alone!"

He was not pleased with the manner in which the lines of Cordelia's and Jerry's lives were moving. He could terminate this affair, could turn Cordelia from her course so that there would be no intersection—of this he had no doubt; but he recognized that limitations were now upon what he might have done, and upon what he desired to do.

One decision he did reach. Since he hoped to win Cordelia without resorting to extremes, it would be the part of wisdom to acquaint her now with his attitude.

Two evenings after he formulated this decision, he motored out to Jackie's and offered himself in marriage. He told

Cordelia of his love extremely well, simply and with feeling.

"I had no idea you felt toward me in any such way," she said honestly. "Of course I'm complimented. But I'm sorry—I don't feel that way toward you."

"Excuse my boldness in asking it—but do you feel that way toward any other man?" he asked with loverly eagerness. "No, I've no right to ask that. But may I ask this: have you given your promise to any other man?"

"No."

"Then I shall keep on hoping," he said.

"Please don't," she begged in distress. [Continued on page 136]

Q When we were fighting the war we distinguished between the imperialistic German government and the mass of the population. We are in danger of forgetting that distinction. The men and women who make Germany what she really is are now suffering more than the class the war was fought against

The Decent Germans

By Anna Louise Strong

Illustrations by
Walter J. Enright



Q Always he got more and more in marks and less and less in ropes, till at the end he had just one rope—with which he hanged himself.

I WAS one of those who skated round on the upper crust of hell, while the decent people beneath me slid ever more rapidly into the pit. And I couldn't help it. I had good American dollars, and suddenly they would buy twice as much German goods as they bought the week before. Day by day, as the mark kept sliding, sliding, I could buy up more of the labor of my fellow human beings—that labor which is the life of man. For I was an American, one of the victors; I was a foreigner, entitled to rule.

There were some of the merchants who knew how to protect themselves against me. They kept little cards with the value of marks in dollars marked on them, and they telephoned a dozen times a day to find out what their German money was worth. If I asked for a pair of shoes, they consulted that ticket, and shoved up the price accordingly. It was against the law to reckon their sales by dollars, but they didn't care. They knew it was their only safeguard against extinction.

As their prices, in marks, doubled and trebled, their old German customers could no longer buy; the aristocrats and the middle classes and the working people of Germany were every day farther and farther from the possibility of buying those shoes or that underwear. They hated these merchants; they called them profiteers. But the merchants, in the mad race for life, chucked their old customers, and relied on me and other foreigners to keep them going.

But the little merchants who depend upon their sales to Germans, were being slowly blotted into bankruptcy. They were the decent, thrifty folks, to whom the stamp of their government on a piece of paper meant real money. The law told them to charge only a certain percent above cost and to reckon that profit in marks.

And they obeyed the law. Also they obeyed custom and conscience, which said that when they had bought a paper tablet for one hundred marks wholesale, it would be wrong to charge more than one hundred and fifty retail. Even if the new tablets, wholesale, now cost two hundred marks.

So little by little, their stocks were disappearing. Only the profiteers were successful, the decent folks were going to the wall. When they sell out their goods, they cannot replace them with the money they have made. They have daily less and less, and at last they close out altogether. I saw it in the few weeks I spent in Berlin.

The shoemaker on the little side street who put rubber soles and heels on my shoes—he told me the price was a thousand marks. It was fifteen cents that day, and I protested: "Is that the cost of rubber soles and heels now?" I asked.

He did not understand. He thought I was complaining of

the cost. "I must charge also for the nails and the labor," he apologized patiently. I couldn't stand it. The man had given me well-soled shoes and had grown poorer by doing it. So I persisted: "But you are losing money, I fear. You cannot buy new rubber soles and heels for what I have paid."

"Oh, no," he said, "the new ones are sixty percent higher this week. I can buy all the time fewer soles, the prices climb so." I paid him the difference and he nodded his beaming thanks, and kept on working. All the time I was in the shop he never rose from his bench. He nodded to me, or called to his apprentice, but his own hands kept flying, flying always, working always against time, in hope of catching up with the ever-rising cost of life. And the more he worked, the more shoes he soled, the more it made him poorer. Every one of them he made cheaper than he could buy the raw material again.

That's what the decent, honest shopkeepers are doing all over Germany, working themselves feverishly into ruin. They tell, in grim jest, the story of a ropemaker who did a thriving business.

He made a thousand ropes and sold them quickly, but when he went to buy raw material, he had only money enough for five hundred ropes. So he worked even faster and made five hundred ropes, and stretched his conscience to sell them at a good profit. Lots and lots of marks he got, but when he bought material, he could only make two hundred and fifty ropes. Always he got more and more in marks and less and less in ropes, till at the end he had just one rope, with which he hanged himself.

It is only a fable, but it is a true one. It is happening to little retailers and small manufacturers all over Germany.

DAY BY DAY I see their shops depleted of wares that they can never get again. I buy a watch chain for two thousand marks and the same day the jeweler gets a new delivery of chains wholesale for three thousand. I go into a paper shop for linen tablets of blue and gold paper. One hundred and eighty marks, about three cents, and I know that new ones must cost at least five cents wholesale.

In a little Arts and Crafts shop, belonging to the Youth Movement, I ordered a corduroy dress, hand-embroidered. "But you must bring your own material," they said. "Last month we had also material here, but now we can no longer afford it." The shop was called "Work Joy," but they had worked themselves out of material. They also had been selling postcards and pictures of dancing youths and maidens for less than the cost of production. These beautiful things were growing daily fewer.

"But why do they do it?" I asked myself in exasperation. "Why don't they charge enough to keep their business going? They are an intelligent and thrifty people; why don't they organize themselves out of this mess?"

Because *we* will not let them do it. We have forged for them chains so devilishly ingenious that every one of them must choose, either to starve the friends of his boyhood or to starve himself. We have taken from them coal and iron and ships and farming lands; we have fixed a bill of reparations that all the world knows they can never pay. We do not even fix the sum exactly; we merely say to them: "We will take all you ever can make."

WE HAVE made them continuously bankrupt, so their marks sink ever lower. This in itself would not matter, if they were like Russia, economically independent at least in food. But they are an industrial nation, and they must come to us always for raw materials, paying for them in gold. So the price of what they need for life goes ever upward, sometimes steadily, and sometimes with great bursts, such as the one I saw, when bread costs were quadrupled in three weeks.

The little merchants and the farmers, and all who have goods, must make a bitter choice. I visited a friend of my girlhood in a little German town. I saw her baby, rosy-cheeked and happy, and told her "how well he looked." "Ah, yes," she said, "we have twenty-eight cows; but my sister's baby in the city does not look well. She can get no milk."

So I knew that I was talking to one of the lucky ones, who are damned by the poor because they own the supplies of food.

I asked her about the cost of milk. "It is very hard," she said, "to know what to do. We try to keep our prices down; we are selling now below cost to many of our old customers; we know their babies and cannot bear to take away their milk. But soon we must think of ourselves,"—here terror crept into her voice—"we are losing money every day."

The profiteers do very well, for they manage to sit in with us. But the hard-working, disciplined, methodical plain people—these are the ones who are going down. They are among the world's best workmen; they love putting things in order. A little lacking in individual push, and the knowledge of how to grab; a little too obedient, perhaps; but thorough and careful and efficient.

They could rebuild all the devastation of Europe; and how they would love the job. For they love fixing things up, and

making life convenient and comfortable; they are the good housewives of the world. They offered many times to rebuild devastated France, but the French profiteers did not allow it for they could make no money by it.

"If only there were anything certain," said a German to me. "If the reparations were fixed at an amount which was known to be possible to pay within a generation, then we could make plans and organize our life. The path would be a hard one, but hard work would count. But now, hard work merely makes us bankrupt, because of the indefinite debt which hangs over us."

Meantime I, who was one of the dollar kings, not even through the cleverness of speculation, but by the luck of my American birthright—I took taxi rides that cost me a dime. The charming room with bath in my little German hotel grew daily cheaper for me. They tried to shove up the price a little in marks, but they were too honest and decent to shove it up very fast; always the marks fell faster. At the first of the week I was paying sixty cents; at the week's end it was nearer forty.

I gave a little dinner for four people. The cost was thirty cents. The two German friends who shared the meal looked aghast at the bill. "How things have gone up!" they said. For the bill was written, not in cents, but in marks, to the number of two thousand. That was five hundred dollars before the war; even now, with the readjustment of prices, it was half the weekly wage of the man who sat beside me. And he was a responsible public official, head of a relief organization, just as good a citizen as I was.

He sat composed and sure, telling me about the problems of "the poor" and the vast sum of two hundred dollars that had been given him by an American and the hundreds of children it would feed. He could discuss the geography of New Zealand or the finances of Germany with intelligence. He told me, calmly, that the middle class in Germany was "dying out," and I knew that he himself was a member of the class he discussed. So at last I asked him, bluntly: "And what is your own salary?"

It had been ten dollars a month when Lloyd George resigned; a week later it was five dollars. "Luckily we got a few things to wear last spring," he said. "I do not know when we shall again be able to."

"My wife and I have been married seven years," he went on, "but we can never hope for a home. How can we buy even a single chair on that wage! Carfare and food—and then there is nothing left."

"But what food can you get on that sum," I persisted and his wife answered calmly: "Meat on Sundays, a slice or two of sausage in the middle of the week; otherwise potatoes and cabbage. It is getting worse every week. Something will break soon. It can't go on."

All over the land they were saying it: "It can't go on." I said it to myself a dozen times a day. I went into shops and they gave me fine goods, costing days of careful human labor, in return for a few dimes. I questioned the chambermaid and found that she got twenty-five cents a month in wages, and meals of lentil soup and dry bread.

NEARLY every morning in the paper I read of the housewives' riots, in market-towns and cities all over the country. In Hanover they had gone into the shop of a butter merchant and seized his goods; a seller of geese had been given police protection. The hungry, exasperated housewives, the quiet women of Germany who had been brought up on "cooking, church and children," were storming the shops and being arrested.

Only spasmodically, just little riots everywhere. Without hope or any plan of action, merely the outbursts of women whose nerves gave way at the sight of babies hungry. They go on every little while in Germany.

In Hamborn the pressure of the working people forced the merchants to reckon their selling costs in marks, instead of on a dollar basis. The merchants complied, until the stocks were gone, and then they closed down completely. This kind of petty class war, without aim or intention, goes on continuously. Both sides face ruin. For the little merchant it is the choice of two roads to destruction: to reckon costs in marks and slowly go bankrupt



Four thousand pawnshops have opened in Berlin for the buying of gold and precious stones; they buy from women of fine old families their last treasures.



C. *The hungry exasperated housewives, the quiet women of Germany, who had been brought up on "cooking, church and children," were storming the shops and being arrested.*

or to reckon costs in dollars and starve his customers into riot.

But the organized workers, the skilled unions, machinists and engineers and miners. The middle class tells you that these folks get fabulous wages, "for they keep raising their wages every fortnight."

It is quite true; their wage committees are constantly in session. The head of the clothing industry told me that they were changing wage scales every two weeks. "We have had to stop all our other union activities, all our social work, all our education; for every man in our office is busy computing wage scales. It is a complicated job and they change so fast."

But with all their computing and shoving up of wages, the skilled workers grow ever poorer. "When we got 2,000 marks a month in the shirt-factory," said a worker, "we could buy with this money ten of the shirts we made. Last month we got 15,000 marks and could buy four shirts. This month we get 18,000 marks and can buy just three shirts."

But a shirt is not a first necessity of life any longer, according to the German courts. Not long ago a workingman brought suit against a merchant who had "profiteered" in selling him a shirt, under the law which says that necessities of life must be sold on a cost plus basis, reckoned in marks.

The merchant's lawyer pleaded that a shirt was not a "necessity." "Look around," he said, "and see how many workingmen have now no shirts." And the court sustained him, thus giving legal sanction to the view that a German workman need not have a shirt.

THE MINERS are among the best paid workmen. Their wages go up fabulously in marks. But in dollars, they have dropped to seven dollars a month. Meantime the miner's life grows daily more hazardous. "There are always cables breaking," explained a miner, "because of the high cost of new ones." Tuberculosis gains steadily, for the standard of living goes constantly down.

Strikes come off all the time, from men who cannot live on their wages. "We are quite accustomed to being without water or lights or streetcars for a couple of weeks," said a German woman to me.

And all over the land the women themselves have gone to work, women of sheltered lives who never worked before. Some who are too old to work, are pitifully trading off their household belongings. Beautiful bronzes and statues—I have a friend in Charlottenburg who tells me that every week some woman of proud family tries to sell him some object of art from her home.

Four thousand pawnshops have opened in Berlin for the buying up of gold and precious stones; they buy from women of fine old families their last treasures, and sell to the profiteers.

Out in a little town where, long before the war, I spent a year learning German, I found the girl friends of my youth. They are all working in factories and thankful for the chance. They are thinner than I remember them, and careworn. They are making four and five dollars a month.

"But at least we still have work," they say, with a slight tremble in their voices. I know that fear; I have heard it everywhere in Germany. There is no reserve food in the cupboards, and no reserve strength in the bodies; there is nothing to hope for but work which brings in less bread every day. And now the work shows signs of slowing down. "When the workers stop working, then comes revolution," said several German women to me.

One of them was a charming girl whom I met on the train, brisk, efficient, well-dressed in a neat gray suit, leather hat and a coat of Persian lamb. "One of the fortunate," I said to myself. "You can't tell me she has any troubles."

She had been down in the Ruhr district on a business trip with her fiancé, trying to sell shirts for a Berlin firm. "But it's no use," she said. "Folks can't buy any more; they are going broke. The retailers say to me: 'What, your shirts are six thousand now and we just sold our last at three thousand retail. Mein Gott, we must close down!'"

"We managed a while on our foreign trade, though I hate to admit it. But now we have dressed up Holland and she won't buy. Our factory was running overtime last spring, but it's down to four days a week now, and this failure in the Ruhr will hurt still further. What's going to happen when we close—?"

She answered her own question. "There will be some shooting in Berlin," she said, "and then maybe things will get better. They couldn't get any worse."

As the day wore on she told me how she longed to get married. For five years she waited for her bridegroom while he sat in prison camp in France. Now she has waited two years more, for they cannot get a dwelling in Berlin. "We registered with the Control," she said, "but they had thousands ahead of us, folks who are already married and cannot get a home to live together. They don't bother much with engaged people."

IF YOU are a profiteer and live in dollars," she said bitterly, "of course you can get anything you like. But if you have to live in marks you must wait for the rooms where the prices are controlled. Even if you are already married and go to the Control for a room, they say: 'What! You live with your uncle and he has four rooms for the four of his family. There is room then in his house for your bridegroom.'

"But I will not get married like that," she cried with low, controlled passion. "So he lives in a boarding-house and I live with my uncle. Sometimes we take business trips together when the firm sends us. But I have cried salt tears for a home."

Next to us in the train sat a gracious gray-haired lady coming back from a trip to England. Thirty years ago she married a German and brought up German sons. She had much property in her English home, but when war came it was seized.

"I read in the paper," she said, "that the property of English women married to Germans was going to be restored, so I borrowed money from my sister in England and made the trip over. I came to my bank and they said I was just one day too late. My money had been credited to the German Government, to pay reparations."

"My lawyer can't find out," she smiled, "which paragraph of the Versailles Treaty my money was taken to pay. But he says when the reparations are paid, I will get my money," she laughed and went on with a touch of bitterness: "My house on the Rhine has been taken by Belgian soldiers. They leave me a couple of rooms in the attic. I know that all the reparation money so far paid has been swallowed by the army of occupation. So I think my money is paying those soldiers to live in my house."

"My son was in Southwest Africa, owner of a big farm. I thought to go to him there in my old age; it was a fine country. But the English threw him out when they took the country."

He had to come back here, and they won't even let him live in the house with me, for the Belgian soldiers need the room."

A million refugees like this woman's son have been cast back into Germany, from Alsace, from Silesia, from the German colonies. Often there were promises made of protection for private property, promises which were broken. These refugees were allowed to take nothing with them, but the clothes they wore and the baggage they carried in their hands. Even then, their bodies were searched for jewels and gold, that they might return quite poor to a poor country.

THE WAITER in one of the restaurants where I ate was once a prosperous hotel-keeper in Perth, but the English threw him out, and he lost his hotel. In a city refuge I have seen hundreds of penniless women, with babies at their breasts, who had been chased out of Upper Silesia when the Poles took it over. All of these expulsions happened after the peace, and under the treaty of Versailles.

A dozen large cities, with German industry and German population, were turned over to Poland by the Entente, after they had voted to belong to Germany; to the west a similar number of German industrial centers are held by France in the Saar Valley. The two largest agricultural provinces of Germany were taken away, and ancient Prussia, the home of Kant and of German philosophy, was split off from Germany by a Polish corridor.

And yet it is nothing that has happened in the past that the Germans resent, as I have talked with the quiet, decent folks across the land. It is the constant waste and uncertainty that goes on daily. They are the most orderly and thrifty and organized people on the face of the earth; and they are condemned to live under disorganization and waste.

They have accepted the old view that to the victors belong the spoils and that they must give up lands and wealth and labor. They had, it is true, a beautiful dream of world disarmament and peace that Wilson gave them, in answer to which they once laid down their arms.

But that dream went long ago, and even the resentment that followed what they called their "betrayal" is also far in the past. They are prepared to serve their conquerors for a generation. But what keeps exasperating their orderly souls is the horrible continuous waste.

The French and Belgian officers who come into their homes and take the best rooms, and wear out the household furniture, which costs so many millions now and can never be replaced; the cigarettes burning holes in their carpets; the tearing carelessly of fine old curtains they have cherished; the dislocation of industry in Upper Silesia, by a boundary line cutting in twain a unified industrial district, leading to endless confusion and friction; the waste motion of coal, which is delivered from the Ruhr to France and sold by France to England and then bought back by Germany for the needs of her own railroads.

"Our ships go one way carrying the coal out, and the other way carrying the same coal back," they have said to me in irritation. "You can see on the docks at the Ruhr the coal that goes and the coal that is coming back. France will not let us pay them with coal shipped direct from England. They demand that we keep our ships busy with all this waste motion."

THE FACT that the army of occupation and the Allied Commissions cost as much as all the reparation money to date—these things annoy the thrifty German almost more than the presence of the army and the control of the commissions. No nation I have ever seen has such a sense of social thrift. They hate waste, even waste that is to their immediate advantage. They are always trying to save things, even public things.

There was an old woman newsvender outside a big hotel where I stopped to buy an English paper. "That is yesterday's copy," she warned me. "Today's will be here in five minutes."

"I have seen no news for several days," I told her, "so I am glad to buy even yesterday's paper."

"I tell you what," she said advisingly, "you just stand here and read your paper, and when the new ones come you can



A woman of world renown is dying of tuberculosis; she has had neither butter nor milk for years.

trade it back for a new one." It hurt her sense of thrift to see my money wasted on yesterday's paper.

There were four of us at dinner one evening and I ordered four portions of coffee. The waitress brought me three in one large pot. "It makes nearly seven cups," she said, "and I think it will be enough. If not, I can get you the other portion; but coffee is very expensive." She was no acquaintance of mine, but she hated to see even a stranger's money wasted.

THESE are the thrifty, honest, decent folks who see, up and down their streets, millions of marks thrown away by rioting men and their women of the demi-monde, to whom a million marks is only a little more than a hundred dollars. They see the prices of clothes and shoes soar beyond their power to buy by the reckless waste of profiteer and speculator in foreign money.

No class on earth is more insolent than a Berlin profiteer. Even I, a dollar-owning American, have been forced to shrink from their remarks and invitations in broad daylight. And the rottenness of the night life in the city is a byword.

These rioters are the economic masters of life in Germany. Kept in power by American dollars and English pounds and the Treaty of Versailles. It is we who give them their strength. In the uncertainty which we have forced upon the German people, only those who can grasp a ladder of dollars can climb to safety. Only those who speculate in the ruin of their neighbors can succeed. The decent folks, the industrious folks, be they workers, or teachers, or small shopkeepers, go downward faster and faster into hell.

Every day I wait for an explosion. Every day I say: "It can't go on." I call on a woman of world renown, and find her dying of tuberculosis; she has had neither butter nor milk for years.

I visit a School for Social Workers and offer a ten-dollar bill in payment of room rent. The head of the school, a woman of charm and dignity, picks up the bill: "Seventy thousand marks," she says, "so much have I never seen. Can you change it into dollar bills so that we can cash it gradually? Our marks go down so fast."

I meet another woman, beautifully gowned, the daughter of a former rector at a great university. Before the war her home was one of the intellectual centers of Europe. She had an income of 400 marks, once a thousand dollars and now seventy cents. She depends for meals on the invitations given her by friends. She does not expect to live through the winter. But that beautiful last gown of hers, kept [Continued on page 123]



Q Old Protz got a peach when he selected Dora Marx as the model to show off his bum coats and cloaks to prospective out-of-town buyers. As she walked slowly to and fro, wearing one after another of the coats and cloaks piled upon the tables, the customer was sure to devote more attention to the trimness of her figure and the grace of her walk than he did to the wraps.

For the Girl in Business:

Be pleasant to a customer but Watch Your Step!

Love & Cloaks & Suits

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THE MAN who can understand the processes of a woman's mind or the impulses of a woman's heart is not to be envied. For, one of the greatest charms of the sex is the mystery of how their minds work and when you dispel the mystery, you lose the charm. Far better to marvel than to understand. So much for that.

Dora Marx stood in the showroom of J. Protz & Co. gazing disdainfully at the short, squat figure with a huge cigar stuck in the southeast corner of its face, that had disturbed her noon-hour resting spell.

"Mr. Protz is out to lunch," she said. "And all the salesmen are out, too. Can't you come back at one o'clock?"

"Lady," said the man, "wild lions couldn't drag me away from here. Besides I wouldn't know where to go. Besides I had my lunch on the train. I'm Sam Feinbaum of St. Louis."

No monarch ever proclaimed "I am the king!" with more pomp or finality.

"I'm sorry," said Dora. "Won't you take a seat?"

"Suppose, while we're waiting," suggested Feinbaum, "you try on some of the new styles. That'll kill two birds with one stone."

Without expressing curiosity as to the nature of the birds, Dora proceeded to display to him the latest creations of J. Protz & Co.

As she walked slowly to and fro, wearing one after another of the coats and cloaks piled upon the tables, Sam Feinbaum seemed to devote more attention to the trimness of her figure and the grace of her walk than he did to the wraps.

"I never seen you here before," he remarked.

"I've only been here two weeks," replied Dora.

"Well, old Protz got a peach when he got you," said Feinbaum, lighting a fresh cigar. "You make them bum cloaks of his look like the latest French fashions straight from Paris."

At that moment J. Protz himself bustled into the showroom with a toothpick between his lips.

"Well if it ain't old Sam Feinbaum himself!" he exclaimed, jovially. "Why didn't you let me know you was coming?"

"First because I didn't know it myself," replied Feinbaum, seizing the podgy hand that was offered to him, "and second because I'm getting on pretty well here without your company."

"Take good care of him, Miss Marx," said Protz, with a grin. "He's our best customer but he's a terrible flirt with the ladies. Anything particular I can show you, Sam?"

"Only your rear view as you get out of here," replied Feinbaum, with a grin. "Me and the young lady are getting on fine. I'll drop in your private office later and make you take fifty percent off the prices."

WHEN PROTZ had departed, Feinbaum winked at Dora.

"That's the way to keep them fresh bosses in their place," he said. "Now you show me some more goods and then I'll make up my mind what to buy. And I'll tell the old man you talked me into buying them. How's that?"

"I really don't care what you tell him," replied Dora, calmly. "What would you like me to try on next?"

"Oh, my! Ain't we hoity-toity!" mocked Feinbaum. "All right, princess. Try on one of them brown ones over there. But you needn't be afraid of me. Sam Feinbaum mayn't be much to look at but he ain't a bad feller when you know him. And d'ye want me to tell you something?"

He gazed at her quite belligerently. Dora returned his look with one of amazement.

"I'm not very much interested," she said.

"I'm respectable, I am," continued Feinbaum, tapping his stomach with his forefinger. "The boys would never believe it, but I am. They think I'm a regular devil with the women. But not me. Whenever I get lonesome in a strange town I always like to meet a pretty girl and take her out to dinner and theayter and have a nice talk with her. But that's all there is to it. Sam Feinbaum ain't none of them spooners. D'ye get me?"

All this was said with so much earnestness and eagerness that it quite took Dora's breath away. She hardly knew whether to laugh or to be indignant. She picked up another wrap and threw it over her shoulders.

"This is one of the prettiest models," she said. One of the salesmen, returning from his lunch at that moment, saved her from further confidences of Sam Feinbaum. After completing his purchases the buyer departed, with a friendly smile and a confidential wink at Dora. Later that afternoon J. Protz sent for her.

"Say, Miss Marx," he began, "you made a big hit with Sam Feinbaum. He's our very best customer."

DORA murmured her appreciation of the honor conferred upon her.

"He's anxious for you to go out to dinner with him," Protz went on. "I don't let our models go out with customers, as a rule, but this is a different case. Sam is a fine feller and he's always lonesome if he don't have a nice girl to go out with." Her eyes blazed.

"I wouldn't go out with him if he was the last man on earth," she said, quite calmly. "He's got an awful nerve asking me. And so have you."

Protz shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," said he, "forget it. Only if you understood the situation you'd understand that nobody is insulting you. You ain't as smart as you think you are."

Dora spent the rest of that afternoon in a state of virtuous indignation. The lot of a working girl was truly hard, she thought, particularly with J. Protz & Co., where squat, old men became impertinent to you and the head of the firm insulted you. For the next few days she treated Protz with icy contempt. Their conversation was confined to purely business remarks. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that, at the end of the week, the cashier handed her a slight increase in her salary.

"What's this for?" she asked.

"The boss's orders," said the cashier with a shrug of his shoulders. It was probably Protz's way, thought Dora, of making amends for the terrible affront he had put upon her. The least she could do in return was to thank him.

"It was very kind of you," she said, quite cordially. "And I haven't any ill-feeling toward you." Protz gazed at her over the rim of his spectacles.

"Kind?" he replied sarcastically. "I don't raise wages out of kindness. And you can feel any way you like about me. Only I notice you're improving in your work and I pay all my people what they're worth. Justice. That's the kind of guy I am, like Sam Feinbaum would say."

Whereupon, you may be sure, Dora hated him more than ever. Because women think more of kindness than of justice.

It was again at lunch time when, save for Dora, the place was deserted, that another customer came in whom she had never seen before. And this time she smiled, in a friendly way.

"Hello, there, Daughter of the Evening Star," he cried, "where are all the sharks that overcharge you for cloaks and suits?"

"Everybody is out to lunch," replied Dora, amiably. "Mr. Protz will be back in half an hour. Won't you take a seat, please?"

"I'd rather have you show me some models," replied the visitor. "I suppose you don't go out to lunch on account of your figure. Well, I don't blame you. My name's Wilson—Elmer Wilson of Detroit. And I'm buying all the lines in New York."

He was a straight, good-looking chap, with black hair that curled in clusters over his forehead and a diamond pin in his tie that blazed forth opulence to Dora. She wished that all customers were as pleasant as he. She showed him the latest models with much enthusiasm and took actual pleasure in pointing out their good qualities. He gave her a list of orders.

"I can't wait just now," he said. "I've got an engagement in fifteen minutes with a bank cashier and it doesn't pay to keep those fellows waiting. Tell old Protz I'll be in tomorrow but to put this order through in a hurry. What may one call thee, little one?"

"Miss Marx," said Dora, with a smile.

"You sort of reminded me of the evening star when I came in," he went on. "I guess I'm pretty fresh. Well, Miss Marx, if I can rustle up a couple of seats for a good show tonight and called you up on the telephone for the nose-bag, would you slam me in the eye?"

"Not over the telephone," replied Dora, laughingly, "but I never met you before and don't know anything about you."

"It's easy to see you're new in the business," replied Wilson. "That makes it more attractive. Anyway, ask the boss about me. He's sure to give me a bad name. I'll call you up and take a chance."

IT WAS with considerable pride that Dora handed her employer the list of goods which the young man had ordered. It would show him, she thought, what she could do with a customer if she wanted to and that there was no need of truckling to such undesirable customers as Sam Feinbaum. But her pride gradually sank as she watched Protz's face.

"Two dozen? Three dozen? Hm! Elmer Wilson?" muttered Protz. "A fat chance. And six dozen of number 328. He got his cheek with him all right." He glared at Dora over his spectacles.

"Did he say anything about paying the balance what his firm owes us?" he demanded.

"No, sir," replied Dora, faintly.

"His uncle is a bum," explained Protz, "but you ain't supposed to bother about them things. It's all right. I'll see him when he comes in and make up my mind how much he can have."

Dora decided not to speak to him about the young man's invitation. She also decided not to accept it. But—you know how it is. A large box of candy arrived by messenger, addressed to Miss Marx and containing a card which read, "From a fresh guy from Detroit." And when, shortly afterwards, he telephoned to her, she said, yes.

"So he wasn't very enthusiastic over my order, hey?" said young Wilson, with a grin.

"He didn't appear to be," answered Dora.

"Well, those New York fellows think all we have to do is to pay their bills in a hurry. We pay them all right but we've got other bills, too."

Seated across the table from her, in a snug corner of a fashionable restaurant, Dora thought he was exceedingly handsome and attractive. His dinner coat fitted him flawlessly. He shone in contrast with the kind of customers upon which she was accustomed to wait in Protz's showroom.

"Who is the uncle he was talking about?" she asked.

"That's my Uncle Oliver," he explained. "He's the boss of the store and I'm only an employe. But as I'm the only relative he's got I appointed myself a member of the firm. Gosh, I wish you were out there working for us. Couldn't you manage it? We'd give you the same salary you're getting here. You'd make a dandy manager of a department. How are you fixed, Evening Star? Living with the folks?"

Dora shook her head.

"My parents are dead," she said, "I'm living with my aunt."

But I've never been outside of New York and I don't think I'd like it."

"You don't, hey? Well, let me tell you——"

By the time he had finished, Dora began to believe that Detroit was the metropolis of the western world. The pictures of life that he painted for her were beyond anything that she had ever known in New York. And in every one of them figured this good-looking, merry young man whom she found herself liking more and more.

"You're not particularly stuck on old Protz, are you?" he asked.

To Dora's mind there came the repulsive image of Sam Feinbaum and the memory of her employer's intercession for him. The contrast between Feinbaum and Elmer Wilson made her shudder.

"I should say not," she replied. "And I hate the kind of people that come there."

"Well, you'd better think over Detroit," said he. "I'll talk to my uncle about it when I get back and write you. Now let's go to the show."

WILSON REMAINED in New York three days and Dora dined with him each night. She said nothing to her employer of this and he had no way of knowing of her growing intimacy with the good-looking young man. On the morning of the third day Sam Feinbaum appeared in the showroom. He greeted Dora cordially.

"Well, little Bright Eyes," he exclaimed, "here I am back again like a bad penny, with a broken heart. So you wouldn't go out to dinner with an old feller like me, hey? Well, if you knew how I've been worrying about it you'd be sorry for me. We old men—but that ain't business and I came on here special to talk business. D'ye mind putting on another one of them two eighty-eights? I got an idea about them."

With tightly pressed lips, Dora proceeded to show off Protz's latest model. During the exhibition she was glad to observe that the buyer's attention was completely concentrated upon the garment and not upon herself. She feared that he would make another attempt to engage her in conversation and, with the image of young Wilson so vivid in her mind, she knew that she would become furious if he did so. After she had paraded to and fro several times to show off the wrap to every advantage she heard him grunt with satisfaction.

"You look real swell for a silly kid," he remarked. "Now if you want to make a hit with Sam Feinbaum, just stand like that—don't touch the neck-piece—till I call in that fat boss of yours."

She glared at him and was rather disappointed to see that his gaze was fastened abstractedly upon the garment. There was no excuse for the outburst that was upon the tip of her tongue.

After dinner that evening she accompanied Wilson to the train.

"Look here, Evening Star," he said, as they were parting, "when I write to you it'll be all about business. But if you're smart you'll read between the lines that I'm thinking of you all the time. And when you get out there it'll all be different. Now shut your eyes. I'm going to kiss you good-by. No, don't get mad and don't make a fuss and don't say anything. Because I'm going to kiss you anyway and if you make a rumpus somebody'll call a cop."

Dora laughed and shut her eyes.

FOR THE SPACE of two weeks letters passed back and forth between them. His were glowing but businesslike. Hers were timidly inquiring. And the letters of each merely masked the thoughts that were uppermost in their minds. The correspondence culminated in a telegram which Dora sent.

"All right. Will take Saturday night train."

Page after page could be written upon the train of thought, the selfish and unselfish motives and the psychology that animated each of them. But, in the end, no one would be any the wiser and the conduct of both Dora and young Wilson would have been the same.

When she had drawn her weekly salary she left a note for Protz in which she told him that she had found another position where, she hoped, her employer would not suggest that she go out to dinner with a disagreeable buyer merely because he was a good customer. She had smiled when she wrote it, conjuring in her mind a picture of Protz filled with dismay and remorse. Fortunately she did not hear the grunt he gave when he read her note, nor his exclamation, "the little [Continued on page 140]

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF HENRY FORD



Q *Thirty minutes of Work a day will produce Everything that Life needs. But what of the other twenty-three and a half hours?*

FORD WON

By Doing the Impossible

By Allan L. Benson

WHEN MR. FORD takes over a factory, the first thing he does is to "clean up." He carries out the same idea on his farm. In the fall, he gets rid of all the weeds. Then in the spring there are no weeds to cultivate out. Once over with a tractor disc and he is ready to plant corn. When the corn is twelve inches high, he cultivates it just once. That is enough. The old practice of cultivating corn when it is high does more harm than good, he says, since it cuts the top roots.

Mr. Ford plants alternate rows of corn and potatoes, three feet, eight inches apart. The rows are run north and south to prevent the corn from shading the potatoes. The cultivation of the potatoes with a tractor also stirs the soil around the corn and makes unnecessary the cultivation of the corn itself.

"When farm work can be done so quickly and so easily with machinery," said Mr. Ford, "why should not people like it? The answer is that they will like it when they realize that the new era of farming has come. The monotony and the isolation of farm life have driven millions to the cities. But farm life need no longer be isolated or monotonous. Farmers should and can live in villages—not on their farms. In villages they can have the community life that they need. If farmers will but get rid of their horses, cattle and sheep there is no reason why they should live on the land they till. With no animals, there need be no buildings on a farm except granaries. Any farmer who is doing his farming in the right way can afford an automobile, and with a car, what difference does it make even if his home is twenty miles from his farm? A spin of twenty miles is only a pleasant beginning and a pleasant ending to a day's work."

Mr. Ford loses no opportunity to emphasize the necessity of utilizing any water-power that may be found on a farm.

"The smallest creek," he said, "may be large enough to light the house and a larger stream may do the cooking, too. On the River Rouge, a little stream not more than thirty or forty feet

wide that runs through my farm, I have nine dams from which I take between three hundred and four hundred horse-power. A little of this power is used to light my house and do the cooking, and the rest is wired over to the laboratory at Dearborn. The dams are not high—only eight or ten feet.

"As soon as I can get around to it, I am going to put in a dam, to demonstrate that with twenty feet fall I can produce from a rivulet one horse-power. One horse-power, working twenty-four hours a day, if desired, is worth having. It comes in handy around a farm.

"Of course, an engine must furnish the power for plowing and harvesting. Just now gasoline is being used as fuel, but the fuel of the future is alcohol. The supply of gasoline is limited, but fortunately the supply of alcohol is not; and alcohol is a very much better fuel for an engine than gasoline. Alcohol can be made from almost anything that grows. Enough alcohol can be obtained from an acre of potatoes to plow an acre of land with a tractor for one hundred years."

FORD SAID he quit farming when he was a boy because it seemed to be too unimportant an occupation for any man to have. There was not enough to farming to make it interesting. He feels the same way now. Farming interests him mightily during the short season when there is reason to practice it—but there is no reason why anybody should work on a farm more than twenty-five days a year!

"Agriculture," he said, "is destined to occupy a very small part of our time and thoughts. There is no reason why the business of producing what food we need should occupy much of our attention. It is a simple process, and practiced as it should be, and soon will be, it will fall in rank to one of our minor occupations. It will be as important as ever in the sense that it will

furnish us our sustenance, but we shall devote to it so little of our time that we shall not pay much attention to it."

Ford is as sure he is right as to what is about to take place on the farm as he was sure he was right when he said he could make a good automobile and sell it at a profit for less than \$500—a thing that all the automobile manufacturers in the world said that nobody could do.

The fact that he is a farmer is, of course, enough in itself to give weight to what he says.

But the thing that gives his prophecy real life is that it does not depend for its fulfilment upon the invention of things that do not exist.

The machinery that he would use is here.

The fences that he would tear down can be torn down.

The horses that he would dispense with can be driven away, and the cattle and sheep that he would remove can be sent to the Western ranches upon which he would raise the nation's meat and wool.

ALL THAT is necessary to do the nation's farm work in twenty-five days a year is to get the necessary machinery and tackle the job in the Ford way.

The village industries in which farmers might be employed eleven months in the year do not yet exist, but the fact that they do not exist is not sufficient to prevent farmers from raising as much on their farms in one month as they now raise in twelve months. And there are probably a good many persons in the cities who will consider living in the country as soon as they learn that they can make a year's living in the country by working less than a month.

Ford does not permit himself to doubt that the transformation of agriculture is at hand. "The Lord is working," he said, "and will clear the land of those who will not go ahead."

What is the building of a few million automobiles or the harnessing of a few rivers in comparison with the revolutionizing of the world's oldest and most important industry?

A thousand years hence Ford may be known only as the Father of Modern Agriculture.

One day at luncheon Mr. Ford dropped the remark that he believed the time would come when nobody need spend more than two percent of his time in producing the food, clothing and shelter with which to maintain himself.

"I am not sure," he added, "that we are now spending more than two percent of our time to produce the necessities of life."

Two percent of twenty-four hours is about twenty-nine minutes, and inasmuch as the men in Mr. Ford's own industries work four hundred and eighty minutes a day, I asked what he meant.

"I mean," said he, "that even with our very imperfect industrial organization, a small fraction of our time is enough in which to produce the bare necessities of life. Our men work eight hours a day for a living because it takes all they can earn in that time to maintain themselves and pay their share of the general wastefulness and inefficiency of the world. Our workingmen do not get full value for the wages they spend. Nobody does. Every time anybody pays more for a thing than it should cost to produce and sell it he is helping to support those who are not producers and also paying his part of the penalty for not organizing the world on a scientific basis. Earning a living will be the smallest part of our troubles once we have learned to do without parasites and without waste. Too many activities are now non-productive. That is partly because of our faulty industrial organization and partly because of parasitism."

MR. FORD'S mind was glowing with the vision of a world running at high speed on roller bearings with water-power turning the wheels and not a man doing a thing that a machine could do as well or better. The necessities of life produced in two percent of our time!

"What shall we do with the other ninety-eight percent of our time?" I asked.

"We can manufacture other things," he replied. "We want a good many things that are not necessities."

We were off upon deep waters. Broadly speaking, in asking



© Ford 1922

M. Mary Litogot Ford, wife of William Ford, to whom Henry Ford was born on July 30, 1863, at Greenfield, Michigan.

"What shall we do with the other ninety-eight percent of our time?" I had asked a master of machinery what effect machinery is destined to have upon the evolution of the human race? That is what the question amounted to. I think Ford did not quite catch the significance of the question when I first asked it. Masters of machinery, as a class, appear not to have given a thought to the most important thing about machinery which is the effect that it is destined to have upon human life.

"There is a limit to people's desire for luxuries," I said to Ford one day.

"I suppose there is—somewhere," he replied.

"And it is not conceivable that the people will keep on manufacturing goods that they do not want until the earth is cluttered up with manufactured things?"

He replied that it was not.

"Is it not, therefore, to be presumed," I added, "that when all water-power is used, industry scientifically organized and parasites eliminated, that the time will come when the people will prefer leisure to making of more things that they do not want?"

Ford gave an affirmative answer, but almost negated it by adding that work was a good thing. I asked him why work was a good thing.

"Because it keeps people out of mischief and makes them happy," he replied.

"But you and Edison do not get into mischief when you go away to play?"

"No, but we don't stay away very long. We come back and go to work."

"But do you work to create or to keep out of mischief?"

"To create, of course."

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"If you and Edison can keep out of mischief without working, is it not conceivable that everybody else can do so if he has an opportunity to learn how to use leisure wisely?"

"Oh, I think so," said Ford.

"Then work, after all, is a means to an end and not the end itself?"

"That's true, I guess."

"In other words, when we can maintain ourselves in two percent or ten percent or twenty percent of our time, it is probable that the remainder of the one hundred percent will not be spent at work?"

"Probably not."

ON ANOTHER occasion the question came up as to why people, as a rule, use leisure so poorly, deriving little good from it and sometimes suffering harm.

"I suppose it is because they don't know any better," replied Ford.

"But they know how to work, don't they?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And they have been working hard, since civilization began, to avoid starvation?"

"Of course."

"If they had had as much opportunity to learn how to play as they have had to learn how to work, don't you think they might have learned how to play?"

"Yes, but what do you mean by 'play'?"

"Social intercourse of any kind," I replied. "Getting acquainted, getting to know each other; running about as you and Edison do. There is no end of useful things that people might do if they had leisure and knew how to employ it usefully."

"I think there is something in that," he replied. "After all, human beings are the only things on earth that are worth while to human beings. Knowing each other and helping each other are really the only things that count. None of us has too many friends, yet there must be many all around us that we should like as well as we do our best friends if we only knew them."

Another day, when we were discussing the subject, Ford said: "The world we now live in is not the world that will always be. Our aims and our desires will change. We shall not always care for material things as we now care for them. We shall probably work only to satisfy our needs and nobody will care for money, or property, as such. There is really no sense in it. Money is of value only as a means of doing things. We could not run our industries without money, but that is all it is good for."

I asked Ford if he would give me his idea of what the world will be fifty years hence. I happened to ask him on a day when he was a little tired, or preoccupied, or something, as he did not give me much of an answer. With a kind of a weary look, he replied:

"I hope by that time workingmen will have recovered the ability to obtain joy from their work. That is the biggest thing I know of that could happen."

I asked him a number of questions to draw him out further on this point, but he was not communicative. He did say, however, that he believed a man working on a machine, performing the same operation a thousand times a day, could gain some happiness if he would study how to improve the machine.

"I used to enjoy my work," he said, "because I was always thinking how I could do my work better. It is the spirit of good workmanship that makes work a joy. A man should be interested in what he is doing."

Ford had hit upon the most dismal phase of the modern industrial problem—the joylessness of work in an age of machinery owned by corporations.

ONE DAY a Detroit man who had known Ford intimately told me that Ford expected to live to be one hundred years old. The next time I saw Ford I asked him about it.

"I don't know as I said just that," he replied, "but I don't see why I shouldn't live to be one hundred. It will be my own fault if I don't."

Here was a new glimpse of Ford. The master of materials had moved on to the mastery of his own life—up to one hundred.

"Why shouldn't I live to be one hundred?" he continued. "Cornaro lived to be one hundred. Did you ever read Cornaro?"

I replied that I was familiar with Cornaro's writings and Ford continued:

"Here was a Venetian nobleman, born in the fifteenth century, who at the age of thirty-five was a wreck. By the trickery of others he had been robbed of the advantages of his position as a nobleman, and through chagrin and disappointment he became dissipated. He ate and drank heavily, and finally, the doctors told him his only chance for life lay in leading a temperate life.

"All the world knows what happened. In a year he was well. At the age of eighty-three he wrote an article on 'The Temperate Life.' At the age of eighty-six he wrote another, at ninety-one another, and at ninety-five still another. He lived to be more than one hundred years old. If Cornaro could do that, why can't anybody? Cornaro had a poor constitution, which he abused. I have never dissipated."

Cornaro's theory was that each person should experiment until he discovered which foods disagreed with him and then confine himself to moderate amounts of the foods that experience had taught him he could eat without discomfort. While Ford was speaking, my mind went back to a morning, earlier in the winter, when Ford had said to me:

"I am not feeling quite right this morning. I ate some chicken last night for dinner. Chicken is fit for hawks!"



C. Henry Ford has only one son, Edsel, who is sole heir to the enormous fortune the automobile manufacturer has made. Edsel is now president of the Ford Company.

Ford does not often eat things that he knows disagree with him. He has the true Cornaro idea about moderation and has combined with it the no-breakfast plan. He appears to eat when he is hungry rather than because the clock is pointing to a certain hour. Sometimes he eats breakfast at one o'clock in the afternoon; at other times, he will leave the office at ten o'clock in the morning and have breakfast in the little dining-room that he maintains near the office for himself and a few of the office force. A waiter in Ford's private car once told me that at eleven o'clock the night before, Ford was going through the ice-box to see what he could find.

"Are you a fresh-air fan?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I don't bother about the air."

"You sleep with some of your windows open, of course?"

"No, except in warm weather. In winter I keep them all closed. I have seven windows in my bedroom and I get air enough around them."

Ford is a great walker when he wants to walk, but is not methodical about it. Sometimes he will not walk for days.

"I walked five miles yesterday," he said to me one Monday morning in midwinter.

I was happy to be able to say that I had walked eleven miles the day before.

"I skated from seven until nine last night," he added.

The competition ended there. I could reply only that I had not skated for thirty years.

"I am very fond of skating," Ford continued, "and skate a good deal—mostly at night."

A billionaire on ice in his fifty-ninth year, threading his way in the dark along the little River Rouge that runs through his estate.

Ford is thin and slim and trim; also light; admirably built for skating; not so well built, perhaps, to lose weight in the process of growing old.

"You will look like Rockefeller," I said, "if you live to be one hundred."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, you will be thinner than you are now, and your face will be lined with deep seams," I replied.

"I don't see why," he said. "It is easy enough to regulate one's weight by eating. I now weigh one hundred and forty-seven pounds. That is

about three pounds under weight for my height and age. I could make up these three pounds easily if I wanted to, but the little that I am under weight is not worth bothering about."

A few weeks later, I was talking to the vice-president of one of the great life insurance companies and the conversation having turned to Ford, I happened to mention that he was three pounds under weight.

"That is a very good thing," he said, "for a man of Mr. Ford's age. The men who are a little under weight as they approach sixty have a much better chance for life than those who are over weight."

Ford may or may not live to be one hundred years old, but he is the kind of a man who has a better chance to do so than most persons. The fact that he is careful as to what and how much he eats is, perhaps, of first importance. Next comes the fact that he is moving through the world with the minimum of friction. He never worries and he never storms. If, in the course of his business, he had to overturn a situation, he overturns it without increasing his blood pressure. Everything that he encounters is in the day's work.

When he enters his home at the close of the day, Mrs. Ford frequently greets him with the question: "Well, Henry, what kind of day did you have today?" Ford's invariable reply is: "The best day I ever had in my life." Ford is greatly given to the use of superlatives. He once told me that the miners who worked in his West Virginia mines were the "best people in the world." He had just been to visit them for the first time, had heard their tearful tales, and felt sorry for them.

A few weeks later, when we were at Muscle Shoals, he told me that the people who lived in that vicinity were "the best people in the world." With Ford "best" means mostly his own state of mind at the moment. Either he is happy or his sympathies



When on April 11, 1888, Clara J. Bryant married Henry Ford, she hardly could have dreamed that the young mechanic would one day be the world's richest man.

have been touched or his imagination has been aroused. When his mind is running to organization, he often says of this earth that it is "the best piece of raw material in the universe."

Ford uses neither tobacco nor alcohol. "If I were to put a cigarette between my lips," said Ford, "I could taste it the next day. I have tried it. I hate tobacco."

Ford dislikes tobacco so much that nobody in his offices, except visitors, is permitted to smoke.

THE TRAIT that will perhaps do most to carry Ford toward the century mark is his strong mixture of optimism, faith and good nature. Nothing, apparently, can depress him. I once asked him how he would feel if he were to lose his fortune. The question brought him up standing as if I had stuck a pin into him. His voice actually rang out through the room.

"Why, it wouldn't discourage me a bit to go broke," he replied. "In some ways it would be fun to go out in the world again and struggle as I once did. I wouldn't mind it a bit, I wouldn't mind it a bit," he continued.

The question seemed to arouse him more than any other question I had ever asked him—and I had asked him thousands.

"The trouble with most people," Ford continued, "is that they are filled with fear, which means that they lack faith in themselves, and in the world. Suppose I were to go broke? What of it? Is it likely that I should be compelled to go hungry or without shelter? When I was a young man I always earned enough to live on; I am sure I could find something to do that would be worth doing. Of course, it is different if a man cannot get a job. If the world were properly organized and the parasites were cut off, there would always be work for everybody. That is the way it should [Continued on page 141]

PLAY of the Month



"I cannot give you luxuries while people are hungry, Clare," said Gilchrist.

This Department
in Picture and Dialog,
Gives You
New York's
Latest Stage Success

The FOOL

By Channing Pollock

THERE was trouble in the fashionable Church of the Nativity. The assistant rector, Daniel Gilchrist, had told the rich congregation some unpleasant truths and resentment had flamed high. The fact that young Gilchrist was rich and prominent delayed the storm but it could not save him. Even George F. Goodkind, who held Gilchrist's money in trust and who had secured him his assistant rectorship, at last turned against him. The good Doctor Wadham, rector, tried to wean the boy from the madness of preaching love and brotherhood and Christ. The young minister was not to be dissuaded and in the end Doctor Wadham was obliged to say, "I think you may find a greater field of usefulness elsewhere. I'm sorry, but you saw it coming and you wouldn't turn aside." Gilchrist could not hide the fact that he was deeply hurt and at

that minute, Miss Clare Jewett entered. She explained that the organist had hurt his finger and she had been applying first aid, whereupon Doctor Wadham said, "Woman's traditional mission—to bind our wounds"; and with a look at Gilchrist he repeated significantly, "To bind our wounds. Well, I must be going." So Clare and Daniel were left alone in the chancel of the church with the Christmas tree, surmounted by the Star of Bethlehem, which wouldn't light, as background for their love scene:

CLARE—Got anything on your mind, Dan?

DANIEL—Oh, no.

CLARE—Take me home. Where's your coat?

DANIEL—Outside. That is—I lent it to a friend. Oh, I've got another somewhere.

CLARE—But you can't go out without a coat. Anyway I told

the taxi man to come back at half-past four. That's the worst of not having a car. Well, we might as well sit down and wait. What's the matter with you, Dan?

DANIEL—Nothing important.

CLARE—There will be if you insist on going around without an overcoat. You're too generous. How are we going to be married if you go on giving things away?

DANIEL—Is generosity a fault in a husband?

CLARE—That depends. Is it true that you have been giving away large sums of money?

DANIEL—Yes.

CLARE—Why?

DANIEL—Well, there's the strike, and a good deal of unemployment, and I've got so much. Why—I've—got you!

CLARE—You're so changed. I hardly know you. We don't seem to want the same things any more.

DANIEL—What do you want, Clare?

CLARE—I want to be happy.

DANIEL—So do I.

CLARE—How can anyone be happy without money?

DANIEL—How can anyone be happy with it? Anyway, do you think people are? Happier than the people who just have enough?

CLARE—In our day and age there's nothing worse than poverty. There's nothing more degrading than having to scrimp and save and do without and keep up appearances. I've tried it—ever since my father died—and I know. I can't do it any longer and I won't. I don't want to quarrel with you, Dan, I just want you to be sensible. I love you but I love the good things of life, too. I like to be warm and comfortable.

DANIEL—You can be sure of that.

CLARE—But that's only the beginning. I want good clothes

and furs and my car and money to spend when I like. I want my own house and my own servants and a husband who amounts to something. I'm no different from any other woman of my class.

DANIEL—I had hoped you were.

CLARE—A year or two ago people thought you were going to be a bishop. Today you've made an enemy of every influential man in the church. All that may be very noble; but I'm not noble and I don't want to pretend to be. I don't feel any call to sacrifice myself for others, and I don't think you have any right to ask it.

DANIEL—I do ask it, Clare.

CLARE—You mean you're going on like this?

DANIEL—I mean I can't give you expensive clothes and servants and a big house while other people are hungry.

CLARE—What do you propose to give me?

DANIEL—A chance to help.

CLARE—To help wash the dishes, I suppose, in a three-room flat in a side street.

DANIEL—And to visit the sick and befriend the friendless.

CLARE—A charming prospect!

DANIEL—It really is, Clare. You don't know how happy we can be with our work and our modest plenty. There's so much to do—and they won't let me do it here. We've got to get near the people in trouble and we can't with a big house and all that. I don't think we shall come to a three-room flat. We'll have five or six rooms and our books and each other.

CLARE—I can't believe you're serious. You've always been a dreamer but I can't believe you're going through with this fantastic nonsense.

DANIEL—I've chosen a narrow path, dear, but I hoped it might be wide enough for us both.

CLARE—It isn't. With your means and opportunities, you're offering me what any bank clerk gives his wife. I thought you loved me but you are utterly selfish and I think a little mad.



The Christmas tree that Clare had so happily helped to trim, with the Star of Bethlehem that wouldn't light, was later to be the background for her parting with Gilchrist.

You've a right to throw away your own life but you've no right to throw away mine. (She hands him his ring.) Our engagement is off. (A pause) Don't you think you are making a terrible mistake?

DANIEL—No. (Clare turns away and goes quickly and resolutely out of the church. Daniel puts the ring in his pocket and turning sees the Poor Man, to whom he had given his overcoat, standing just inside the door.) Are you looking for someone?

POOR MAN—I know you, Mr. Gilchrist. I'm wearing your coat.

DANIEL—Oh, yes, yes. Come in. Can I do anything for you?

POOR MAN—Perhaps I can be of help to you.

DANIEL—In what way?

POOR MAN—In my way.

DANIEL—My poor man, I wish you could. I was so sure of what I wanted to do, and now I begin to wonder if it can be done.

POOR MAN—It has been done.

DANIEL—But in this day—in this practical world—can a man follow the Master—can any man live like Christ?

POOR MAN—Why not? Is this day different from any other? Was the world never practical before? Is this the first time of conflict between flesh and spirit? If it could be done then, why not now? If it was ever worth the doing, why is it not now?

DANIEL—But how?

POOR MAN—We have been told how.

DANIEL—Take no thought of the morrow; sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor; love thy neighbor as thyself; bless them that curse you, do good unto them that hate you—But if a man did that today people would think him mad. [Continued on page 112]



Q. Above—The lame girl's loyalty never wavered even when they called Gilchrist mad.



Q. Joe Hennig, with his gang at his back, breaks into "Overcoat Hall" and accuses Gilchrist of abducting his wife. During the attack Mary Margaret, the lame girl, is miraculously cured.

ART
*of the
Month*

*Portrait
of an
American
Society
Woman
as*
Léon
Bakst
*Sees and
Paints
her*





Judith



The Sultan in a Rage



Ada

Bakst

and His Cup of Success

LÉON BAKST has succeeded greatly. In the beginning he chose the hardest course when he set out to paint what he wanted to paint regardless of what was conventionally expected of him. Bakst painted Russia as he saw it, a whole priceless world of memories, feelings, people, background that was always national. He expressed his own vision of the truth and what he saw and painted was vastly exciting to his fellow countrymen and to the outside world.

The fame of Bakst spread scarcely faster than his influence; Picasso, Matisse, Dérain, all did things which would never have been accomplished if Bakst had not painted and designed for the theater. Through Remisoff and Soudeikine the expression of Russian national feeling has now become so strong that when we see *Chauve Souris* we never think of individual painters and artists—we think only of Russia. What a movement to set in motion—natural, spontaneous, giving out life and joy!

Artists in their discussions say that this man or the other has gone beyond Bakst, has improved upon him by securing a more perfect harmony between stage set and costumes, has made them in color a more perfect whole. This is only as it should be; one

man introduces original ideas, invents a new type; others take his work as a foundation and aim to improve upon it.

AT THIS POINT of his career Bakst has been furnished with an excellent life of him, written by an admiring fellow Russian, André Levinson, from whom we learn many interesting facts. Contrary to the rule that artists spring from the ranks of poverty we find that Bakst came of a prosperous middle class family. He was born in Petrograd. The only bright spot in his dull home life was a peculiar grandfather, a Parisian beau, an amiable old gentleman who was fond of yellow tapestry and had a gilded drawing room in which Bakst as a little boy found it possible to dream of things to come.

Levinson's account of Bakst's passion for painting and of the adventurous journey he was forced to make to arrive at his true destination leads the reader straight into the magic world in which poets and artists and dreamers dwell, a world so often weird and hopeless, as well as magical, that a story like Bakst's, which has a happy ending, is as good as an epic.

Science discovers
the exact cause
of a disease
and furnishes
an exact remedy.
Fakers put
together a mass
of ingredients
in the hope that
some one of them
may hit the
trouble. The
more science goes
ahead, the greater
the number of
fakers who seem
to follow on
her trail.



Shotgun Cures

By Paul H. De Kruif, Ph. D.

Doctors
and Drug-
Mongers

Part VII

Illustrations by Rea Irvin

INCREASED precision in every branch of science has become the outstanding feature of civilization. The soldier today must shoot straight with a rifle that sends a single ball. There is none of the disposition to rely on chance as when the blunderbuss was used. A capable physician directs his drug straight at the seat of the trouble. . . . The complex mixture is just as preposterous in modern therapeutics as the blunderbuss would be on a modern battlefield.

Journal American Medical Association, March 2, 1918.

Shotgun cures! No term could more perfectly describe the most serious, most natural, most fantastic evil in the field of the treatment of disease. The principle is simple. Many doctors are not quite sure of the power of any one remedy. They are often not quite sure what may ail their patient. Therefore give a lot of remedies at one and the same time. One of the ingredients may do good. One of them may be suitable to one of the several diseases the patient may have.

In the old days shotgun cures consisted of concoctions of many roots and herbs, or of many organs of various animals. Today it is the same, despite progress of medical science. Complex and foolish mixtures of organs are sold to doctors by drug-mongers. Equally absurd and just as complicated mixtures of plants are peddled in the same manner. From the earliest times medicine men have liked to treat people with the organs of animals.

Did the ancient have liver trouble? He was dosed with the liver of a pigeon or a wolf. Had he lost his manhood? He was promptly given the testicle of a donkey. Or, mayhap, he wheezed horribly with asthma. The trouble was with his lungs. Fox lung, three times a day, before meals, was the proper thing for him. Balderdash of ignorant ancients, long ago discarded, you will say. Discarded for a time, perhaps, but because of modern genuine success with a very few organs in a very few diseases, it has been renewed today on a great scale, fooling thousands of doctors.

Remedies concocted from glands and other organs multiply daily,

reaching enormous numbers. The advertising campaigns of organ mongers and gland mongers are daring, fantastic, pseudo-scientific, full of false and preposterous claims.

Volumes might be written, denouncing and exposing them. Here there is space to reveal only a few of the more glaring ways in which the gland mongers attempt to exploit the doctor.

PROTONUCLEIN, Marvelous Panacea—made by the Reed & Carnrick Co., Jersey City. This is the "pioneer of pluriglandular preparations," in short, the father of all shotgun cures. It is advertised only to physicians. It is made from the following bewildering array of organs: *Thyroid, Thymus, Spleen, Pancreas, Stomach Glands, Salivary Glands, Lymph Glands, Pineal, Pituitary, and Brain.*

It is announced as a remedy for an equally bewildering array of diseases. Like electric belts and goat glands, it is a remedy for old General Debility. It is fine for imbecility. It chases neurasthenia. Like Peruna in its palmiest days, it has a remarkable effect on typhoid, measles, and scarlet fever. Testimonial is offered showing it has cured cancer. Like the notorious fake medicine, "Nature's Creation," Protonuclein "embodies to the fullest extent the ideas of nature." Nature's Creation "rebuilds wasted tissue cells." Protonuclein "builds up those cells which have lost their vitality on account of disease."

Protonuclein, according to its advertising booklets, also prevents diseases. It is an excellent preventive, so the testimonials say, of diphtheria! Venders of "patent" medicines peddled direct to the public, might be prosecuted for such wild claims were they made on the label. What happens to the mongers of Protonuclein? Nothing. The Government, solicitous for the public, makes some attempt to restrict the "patent" medicine bunco-game. Doctors, some of them equally gullible, are not so protected.

You may at least insinuate that your stuff is a cure, *So Long as You Insinuate It to Doctors Only.*

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Protonuclein, marvelous cure-all ten years ago, now takes a new rôle. Since the gland mania has set in, it is trotted out as a gland cure. Its specific action, say its makers, is to *Restore, Regulate, and Augment the Activity of Glands or Organs of the Internal Secretory System that may Be Deficient, Apathetic, or Deranged in Any Particular.*

Reed & Carnrick defend the shotgun in the following way. "Would you use a rifle to kill a flock of birds? If there were *one certain bird* in the flock, the destruction of which would cause the others all to die, then the rifle would be the gun to use—*provided you were always absolutely correct in your aim.*"

Fine reasoning! Following it to its logical conclusion, this writer wishes to suggest an improvement on the formula of Protonuclein. This remedy, as prepared at present, contains only *ten* different organs. It is clear that there may yet be some diseases not due to damage to these organs. Why not go the limit, and prepare a gun that will kill not only an entire flock of birds, *But All the Birds in the World?* Instead of taking ten glands, take the *Entire Body of an Animal*, dry it in the oven, extract it with ether, and make your pills or powder from it. In this way every conceivable disease of every possible organ would be provided for. *All Diseases Could Then Be Treated With This One Remedy, the All-Embracing, Immaculate, and Ultimate Shotgun—the Pooh-Bah of Therapy!*

Is Protonuclein really good for anything, you ask? This writer does not denounce it as worthless. But sweating through the mass of advertising literature and testimonials, he has not discovered one shred of evidence of curative power, acceptable to a careful and intelligent doctor. Perhaps, who knows, Protonuclein is an even more marvelous remedy than its makers dream. But before being made to buy it, doctors should demand evidence of a greater dignity than the patent medicine testimonial.

We know that a few glands make hormones, chemical messengers. When the doctor *knows* such a gland to be under-active in a given case, he uses common sense when he treats

such a case with that gland, *if it contains hormone.* But take the kidney. It does not separate urine from the blood by means of a hormone. It does this by means of the work of its living cells. These cells are just as much a mechanism as the motor of your automobile is a mechanism. Stalled on a country road, you would not put *ground up motor* into your gasoline tank to make your car go. But this is just what Reed & Carnrick tell doctors to do, when they recommend *Nephritin*, dried kidney, for all kinds of kidney diseases. The good mongers do not say *themselves* that their preposterous dried kidney will cure Bright's disease. Very cleverly, they let others say it for them, in testimonials. In a booklet, sent broadcast to doctors, they say:

"It has been said that Nephritin is to kidney diseases what 606 is to syphilis, or antitoxin to diphtheria. . . ."

Intelligent doctors, advising careful diet controlled by strict laboratory tests, cannot cure Bright's disease, but *may* prolong life. *Reed & Carnrick, Cleverly Advertising Powdered Kidney as a Cure, Are Little Different from the Notorious Doctor Kilmer, Maker of Swamp Root, Fake Kidney Cure.*

The claims of Reed & Carnrick are so wild, their methods so crude, that only the least intelligent doctors can be taken in by them. Enter now Doctor Harrower, of Glendale, California. *Here is a gland monger with no more science than Reed & Carnrick.* But he has a certain finesse. He is infinitely more plausible, because his methods are less lurid. Though less lurid, they are more effective, because vastly more voluminous. Appealing to the gullibility that is in all doctors, even the best, he calls his gland factory a "*Research Laboratory.*" Criticized by a sound scientist, like Professor Carlson, he sneeringly remarks "that in cases of this sort he prefers to believe practical clinicians."

At one moment he relies upon science, at the next remarks sanctimoniously that "it is not accorded to man to know all about the Creator's work." Harrower knows what God doesn't want the doctor to know. So he has built up a great business, helping the doctor to *guess* about things that God won't tell him. Attacked by The Journal of the American Medical Association



Q. Did the ancient have liver trouble? He was dosed with the liver of a pigeon. This balderdash of ancients has been renewed today, fooling thousands of doctors.

for his unscientific propaganda about glands, he claims entrance to the Hall of Martyrs. Before a meeting of doctors in New York he reads a letter from a friend, telling him to remember "They crucified Christ."

At a meeting of the good citizens of Glendale, celebrating the opening of his new "Laboratory," Harrower told the people he hoped he was a Christian gentleman, that he had written twenty-six papers on the acidity of the urine, and that he wished to express his appreciation to God for His assistance in materializing his business. Maybe God helped, but Harrower would be a little more accurate, were he to divide the credit with his postage bill, *which is More Than Sixty Thousand Dollars a Year* and carries wild advertising to 150,000 doctors.

God helps Christian gentlemen to succeed, provided such gentlemen help themselves by sending doctors, year in and year out, thousands of pamphlets, circular letters, post cards, books, "scientific" journals, brochures, follow-up letters. That is the way Harrower rises to wealth in a few short years. Not by the invention and sale of a sound remedy, like *Insulin*, but by his undoubted business genius.

ORGANOTHERAPY means treating disease with organs of the body. Harrower thinks that failures, heretofore, have happened because doctors have not given enough organs at a time. One gland at a time will not help much. Give them two, four, six, eight at a time. That is *Pluriglandular Therapy*. He has thirty-five or more remedies, made from twenty or more organs which are good for about eighty diseases.

Like the famous Dr. Munyon, the present-day quack, Ensign, and like Sherman, the vaccine vender, he numbers his remedies. No. 16 for bed-wetting, No. 24 for paralysis agitans, and so on. He puts many glands in one remedy because he maintains that the ductless glands are interdependent. True enough. The body is a community of organs and tissues; that is a platitude. But it is a far cry from this to asserting that ductless glands are *specifically* interdependent.

There is no good evidence, for example, that if a man's pituitary is sick you should feed him pituitary and *also* pancreas. Again, cretinism is caused by underactivity of the thyroid gland. So far as scientists know *only* by underactivity of the thyroid. There is no proof that underactivity of any other gland has anything to do with it.

And so with the other definitely established gland diseases. Scientists know that underactivity of the thyroid or the pituitary delays sex development. But this doesn't mean that there is a *specific* relation between these organs and the sex glands. Disease of them affects the whole body, why not the sex glands?

According to Harrower, you do not have to know that a gland contains hormone before using it for a disease, which you *guess* may be due to a trouble with that gland. The thing is to "educate" the gland you *presume* to be sick, by giving it some dried gland of its own kind. To support this absurdity, he quotes what he calls "Hallion's Law." This is a high sounding term, making doctors think of Newton's Law of Gravity. This "Law" of Hallion says that extracts of an organ exert on the same organ a stimulating influence which lasts a longer or shorter time. This is not a law, nor is it a theory, it is not even an hypothesis. It is a random guess merely, not even considered by serious scientists. If this foolish "law" were true, then it would be sound practice to eat brain to make you think better, to eat eyes to see farther, to swallow ears in order to hear more clearly.

SOUND scientists and careful doctors know definitely of a few diseases, surely due to underactivity of a gland. Harrower knows of dozens, scores, hundreds that have what he calls "a ductless gland aspect."

In his book Harrower solemnly advises doctors never to use glands for a disease unless they are sure the disease has a gland aspect. But how are they to know that it has such an aspect? Many times one cannot know, *until one has tried treating the disease with the gland*. Therefore, so far as Harrower is concerned, *all things may have a gland aspect*. This is good for Harrower, but hard on the public. It is a silly game of "ring round the rosie."

Any intelligent person, not necessarily a doctor, can see the idiocy of this kind of reasoning. For example, a patient suffers from neuritis, vague name covering many aches and pains. The doctor wrinkles his brow, says, "This may have a gland aspect. I will prescribe some of Harrower's Adreno-Spermin!" Presently the ache disappears. The doctor rubs his hands, says,

"Ah, this pain had a gland aspect." Had it? We do not know. The pain might very well have disappeared had *nothing* been done! *Any Intelligent Person Can See How This Kind of Reasoning Increases the Confusion That Tends to Make Medicine, Honorable Profession, a Laughing Stock.*

Harrower admits that in the myriads of diseases having a "gland aspect," it is almost always impossible to tell just how underactive a gland may be. There is no way of measuring the hormone. This does not bother him. He says there is no dose, "except dose enough." To support this convenient and dangerous idea, demoralizing to accuracy of doctors, he has pondered deeply, at last bringing forth an ingenious guess.

Says Harrower: All glands are interdependent. When one gland is sick, others will be hungry for its hormones. So when you give the missing hormone, the hungry gland will pick out just enough to suit it. The rest will float round harmlessly in the blood until it is needed, or will be conveniently destroyed. So do not worry about giving too much. Give a lot, and let the body pick out what it needs. *There Is Not Only No Experimental Evidence for This Guess, There Is Positive Evidence That Body Cells May Take Up Damaging, Even Fatal Amounts of Hormone.* What do you think of a doctor who says that there is "no dose but dose enough," of glands? Some ignorant physician might think Harrower included thyroid in this advice, and excessive thyroid feeding has been known to kill people.

Asthenia, fine medical word for loss of strength or peplessness, is most common symptom of medical practice, says Harrower. He has an ingenious explanation all ready for it. The chief cause of lack of pep, is underactivity of the adrenal glands. All infections cause the adrenals to overwork. So the thing to do is to encourage the staggering adrenals! Why are the adrenals important? Because they make a hormone that normally keeps up the blood pressure. So Harrower.

Again he spits in the face of the most careful work of scientists. *There Is No Evidence That the Adrenal Glands Secrete Enough Hormone to Keep Up Blood Pressure Under Normal Conditions!* You will ask, if this is true, how does Harrower manage to sell a product, probably valueless? That is easy to explain. In addition to giving his *Adreno-Spermin*, Harrower says you should also make your patient rest, give him a suitable diet, and remove toxins, et cetera, which might be causing the trouble. In other words, you are to do four things. *Of the four, which brings back the pep?* It might be one of the other three, just as well as the *Adreno-Spermin*.

HARROWER has a very clever way of making doctors believe that his glands will cure epilepsy, without making the crudely false assertions common to epilepsy quacks. Consider the following, taken from his book.

"Not-A-Panacea—I do not wish it to be understood that I am recommending this formula, or any glandular extract, as a 'cure' for epilepsy or anything else. I merely state that it has been used with distinct benefit in a number of cases. . . ."

Then, at the end of the chapter, as follows—"CONCLUSIONS—To put it succinctly, Epilepsy has been entirely cured by the administration of Antero-Pituitary Co. (Harrower). It is going to be again—often, I hope."

You see how he does it. The first paragraph gives him a chance to step from under if his nostrum doesn't work. Then, in case a sufferer *should* get better from epilepsy during or after his treatment (*This Might Happen Without His Treatment*) he can say, "I told you my remedy will cure epilepsy."

Vitalo-Testine tablets are recommended, under guarantee, by quacks who claim to cure *every* case of lost manhood. Harrower is much more clever in getting doctors to buy *his* lost manhood nostrum. As follows:

"Let it be said here, in no uncertain terms, that we have not discovered a 'cure for lost manhood.' . . . *We Do Feel, However, Judging From the Encouraging Letters and Appreciative Comments That Come to Our Desk From Month to Month, That Something Really Worth While Is Being Accomplished.* . . ."

Given his nostrum, some men once more become gay and sportive. But it is well-known that manhood comes and goes, just as general vitality, or pep comes and goes. How then, are we to know that Harrower's glands brought back the manhood?

His publicity methods are original and various. His propaganda is admirable in its insistence, its smoothness, its insidiousness. But the masterpiece, the ultimate *bonbon*, the crowning jewel of advertising, is the *Queries and Answers*. These consist principally in questions by [Continued on page 128]



New Wine

By B. B. Gilchrist

❧ *The Story
of a
Girl who
Understood
her Mother*

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

THE only way Evelyn Blaine knew to deal with the unpleasant was to ignore it. She had been brought up on this principle and until recently had found it both practical and agreeable. What you didn't see wasn't there.

But no mother could shut her eyes to Claudia. She was too patently present. She absorbed the center of whatever stage with her quick, bright, unfeeling conspicuousness.

Evelyn absolved her of intention. The thing was natural enough. Claudia went about her concerns with a cool indifference to observation that left her mother gasping.

And her notions were shocking. Shocking to Evelyn's evasive refined fin de siècle upbringing, Claudia's method of dressing, dancing, amusing herself, conducting her love-affairs.

"You're so quaint, mother," said Claudia. "I'll bet girls of your day pulled off lots of shady tricks on the side."

"Your expressions are so vulgar, Claudia."

"You mean I'm frank."

"There are ways of putting things."

"The things are the same, aren't they? What's the matter with my back? Isn't it pretty?"

Her mother blushed slowly. "If you don't understand, we won't discuss it."

Claudia laughed. "Mother dear, I gave you a beautiful chance and you didn't take it. I know what you ought to have said just there. Perhaps I know more than you think I do."

Evelyn gasped. "I haven't a doubt of it."

"The point about clothes," pursued Claudia, "isn't what they cover or don't cover. It's how many other people are wearing the same cut. Clothes are a convention."

"When young girls talk about such things in the way you do—mercy, I don't know what we're coming to!"

"Young?" Claudia's eyebrows shot up. "Isn't that a case in point? I'm not exactly *jeune fille*, though I look it. Honestly, I believe it's appearances you dote on. You wouldn't care how many men held my hand in a dark corner of a conservatory, so I didn't let 'em do it in public."

"The spectacle is rather nauseating."

"There you may be right." The girl's warm, throaty laughter gurgled again. "I wouldn't care for it much if I had to look on. That's the first point you've made, mother. But a rose by any other name? Don't you believe it. The name's the thing with you. The odor you can supply for yourself."

It was incredible. When had Evelyn ever spoken so to her mother, dreamed of so speaking? But you couldn't keep

Claudia down. She was beyond apron strings, beyond everything that Evelyn had ever contemplated as the natural bounds of discretion. She seemed to think the fact of having driven an ambulance in France gave her leave to do anything, say anything. And what didn't she know! Instinctively Claudia's mother preferred to leave those depths unplumbed. Before the fringes of Claudia's knowledge she drew back, blushing. Claudia didn't think of blushing.

Evelyn lay awake over Claudia. What Claudia said and did, a generation ago would have put her beyond the pale, but she wasn't alone in doing them. Girls were strange nowadays, supposedly "nice" girls. Was Claudia a nice girl? It was an agonizing point with Evelyn.

SHE had plenty of sympathy. After all, it was a comfort to feel you stood with your generation. Heaven knew there was little else to stand with in this chaotic world. It gave you confidence, however impotent you proved to stem the rising recklessness of youth. Girls went too far, whatever excuses might be offered for them on the ground of their ignorance or of the general breakdown of conventions. If you said youth was always prone to go too far, the retort was obvious that in this sense youth had hitherto been masculine. Girls, at least, had been expected to stand by the ten commandments. Somebody must support them. Otherwise—Evelyn couldn't envisage a world without the ten commandments. And weren't women their natural constituents?

She tried to bring the point to Claudia's attention.

"The ten commandments?" Claudia wrinkled her pretty nose. "They've never really had a tryout, have they? I don't hold by class legislation, mother."

"Claudia, dear, you are speaking of the Bible."

"So far as I can see," said Claudia, "its precepts are more honored in the breach than by observance. And there's nothing in the Bible that I know of that applies 'em particularly to women."

"Did I say there was? You mistake me. But women are the great natural conservative force——"

"I get you. They're to keep the laws that men break. Do you think that's fair, mother?"

"Is it fair to put words into my mouth I had no intention of using? You garble my meaning."

"Do I?" The girl kissed her. "Come now, be a sport. Stand by your guns. You know you were trying to say it's better to have the women keep 'em than nobody at all. Mr. Ridgway, Jane? Do you care to see him, mother?"

"Certainly. Bring him up, Jane."

"I asked because I'm going out. How d'ye do, Clyde! Just going out, you see. Mother will give you a cup of tea."

Evelyn's fingers, competently fluttering over the tea things, itched with suppressed desire. She had never countenanced the use of physical force. Yet it would have been a relief to box Claudia's ears. Little chit! Turning her back so pointedly on a Ridgway. It wasn't as though the Blaines were in a position, as once they had been, to disdain accessories.

BUT Clyde Ridgway stood in no need of accessories. With him the Ridgway millions were thrown in, so to speak, for good measure. Claudia's mother, surveying him on the hearth rug, cup in hand, fortified by a fastidious selection of small cakes, thought what a personable air he lent to a room. There was something about Clyde that made a woman, even the mother of a grown daughter, feel young and attractive and charming.

"It is exasperating about Claudia."

Clyde smiled. His smile was altogether delightful. "We'll call that all right today," he said. "It gives me a chance to talk to you."

Evelyn waited. She did not deceive herself.

"I want to talk to you about Claudia," Clyde said. "You must know—it's been plain enough—how I feel about her. I—well, I can't see how I am going to live without her, Mrs. Blaine. Doesn't she like me?"

"Because she ran away? My dear Clyde, don't you know that when a girl avoids a man there is no need for him to be downhearted?"

"Claudia makes rather a practice of it."

The lady laughed brightly. "Faint heart, my dear boy——"

He sat down by the tea table and Claudia's mother felt her pulses stir. He was so gloriously, radiantly young.

"I'm not used to being snubbed," he said. "Tell me she doesn't mean it."

"Mean it? Of course not." Evelyn would have told him anything he asked in that appealing tone. It didn't enter her head that Claudia could mean it.

"Clyde," she said, "she's a dear sweet girl, and a brave one, but sometimes I wish she had never gone across."

"The girls do feel their oats a bit, don't they?"

"You know how it is."

He nodded. "I know."

"This modern world—I'm old-fashioned, I presume—but the pace is so hot, and a girl must be up-to-date, or she thinks she must. If you have noticed anything about Claudia——"

"Oh, Claudia's all right." He patted her hand. "Don't you worry."

"Put it down to the fact that she hasn't yet found herself."

"I understand all that."

How reassuring he was. It was what men were for, to be reassuring. Under his competent handling, the tangle of the world resolved smoothly into its old familiar solution.

Throughout the evening Evelyn felt very happy. She thought tenderly of her husband, Claudia's father, her Tom, dead for twelve years now. Claudia had been a pretty child, uncommonly pretty. Dear little Claudia!

Some time in the middle of the night she heard Claudia come in.

"You were late last night."

Claudia buttered a breakfast muffin. "Rather. The car broke down."

"The car? I thought you were to dine somewhere and then go to the theater."

"We were and we did. But the play wasn't much good and as we all felt rather stuffy when we came out Jim proposed for a nightcap we take a spin through the country——"

"James Wainwright?"

Claudia nodded. "For one reason and another the others couldn't go. And as I say, the car broke down and dumped us in pitch darkness except for our own lights on a road that looked to be half mile from nowhere."

YOU and that Wainwright alone, Claudia?"

"Jim was a lamb." Claudia was enthusiastic. "I tell you I don't know a man who would have shown up so well under the circumstances. He didn't grumble or grouch once, mother, though it was plain enough how he must be feeling. There's nothing like an emergency of that sort to try a man out. A chap who can keep his temper when he's flat on his back in the dead of night under a car that won't go on a lonesome road——"

"And you tell me all this?"

"Why not?"

"Can you ask why not?"

Claudia looked puzzled. "Oh, I see! You're thinking the situation wasn't exactly conventional. Well, perhaps not. But so long as I tell you there's nothing to worry about. If I didn't tell you——"

"Confession cannot undo facts."

"Confession? Is that quite the word, mother? Description I would suggest as more accurate. It's what a girl doesn't tell that her mother need worry about."

"Wainwright, I suppose, may be counted on to prove equally indiscreet."

"If you mean, will he make a secret of it, of course not. Jim's a gentleman."

"I fail to discover your sequence, Claudia. What will people think of you?"

"Oh, that it's all right. To tell you the truth, mother, I was sleepy enough without the drive, but the play was, in a way—if you get what I mean—rather stirring and I thought a drive in the fresh air would be good for Jim. Let off steam, you know. And I knew I'd be the safest person he could have along."

"Claudia!" Conversation with her daughter, Evelyn had before this found liable to resolution into a series of staccato gasps. She snatched at the most expressible emotion of the many which surged within her. "I have never liked that young Wainwright."

"No? I do, mother."

"If you knew his reputation——"

"Why will you listen to stale gossip? I know all about that old story. Jim told me. It was over before he signed up."

Evelyn lifted her coffee cup. "You are more credulous than I had supposed, Claudia."

"I'm discriminating. Don't forget I met Jim in France."

"All our boys I fear were not saints in France, dear."



Q. "The first time I saw Jim Wainwright, mother," Claudia said, "was in a restaurant in Paris. He was with a French girl. He was the prey of circumstances and in mortal need of S. O. S. So I just happened to be leaving when they did and we met at the door."

"Saints?" Claudia laughed. "You can't tell an overseas girl much about 'our boys'—the ducks. Want to hear about the first time I saw Jim Wainwright, mother? It was at a restaurant in Paris. He was with a French girl. She wasn't the right sort, but it was plain as print that he was just up on leave and so tickled to be with any kind of a woman that he might as well have been standing on his head. As I sized up the situation, he was the prey of circumstance and in mortal need of S. O. S. So I just happened, of course, to be leaving when they did and we met at the door. 'Oh, how do you do?' said I. 'I'm so glad to see you again. It was in the Argonne last, wasn't it?'"

"And did he remember you?" Faint puzzlement appeared on Evelyn's brow.

"Remember me? *Mother!* When he'd never seen me before! The French girl didn't know it. I thought he'd shake my hand off. She faded away and we put in a jolly evening. All he wanted was a woman to talk to. He's never forgotten it."

"But surely you had met him, Claudia!"

"Never laid eyes on him before. You can't stick for a little thing like an introduction in an emergency. Our uniforms introduced us."

"I hope you have not told many people this—er—circumstance."

"Oh, that isn't my story. I told it to you only so you will understand I know what I'm talking about when I say I know Jim." The mischievous eyes twinkled. "I was sure you wouldn't repeat it."

Evelyn felt a trifle faint. "It would be the last thing I should think of doing. No girl can afford to let the breath of suspicion touch her name. Especially when there is another man for whose good opinion she cares."

"Another man?" Claudia looked up from her coffee. "Now I wonder—Thinking of Clyde, mother?"

"I think very highly of him. Clyde would never take you on such an expedition as this of last night."

"Good reason why. I'd never go with him. And if I did—" She blew a kiss lightly. "That *would* be good-by to my reputation."

"Claudia, of whom are you speaking?"

"Sorry, mother. We were on the subject of Clyde, weren't we?"

"WHAT you insinuate is—I am constrained to use plain speech, daughter—both disgusting and abominable."

Claudia looked at her curiously. "Don't you know *anything*, mother? All the town's talking. Remember the girl we saw in Stapleton's a month ago wearing the wonderful furs?"

"I refuse, Claudia, to listen to gossip."

"You listened to it about Jim, didn't you? Give me a man that plays square. Did Clyde tell you he wanted to marry me?"

"He made it sufficiently evident. He loves you very dearly, Claudia."

"Who's been credulous now, mother?"

"I wish you might have heard how feelingly he spoke of you."

"Oh, feelingly!" The girl snapped her fingers. "I'll give *that* for his feelings. Wants to open his house, I suppose."

"He wants you, Claudia."

"Well, he won't get me and I'll thank him to let my name alone. The new cook seems on to her job, judging by these muffins."

Evelyn failed to notice the comment. The incredible apprehension was sinking into her consciousness; Claudia meant it. Her eyes widened in mute dismay. Her tongue stammered.

"Don't—don't you *like* Clyde?"

"A very smooth proposition."

"Where do you acquire such language? A very charming young man. His father and yours were old friends, Claudia."

"So I've heard."

"I had always hoped—"

The girl regarded her mother curiously.

"You don't mean, mother, you *want* me, after you know, to marry him!"

"I certainly do not wish you to marry where you do not love, but neither do I wish you to poison your mind with such tales as you have hinted to me this morning. That a daughter of mine should credit, should *speak* of such slander! In my day there were things girls did not discuss, things we did not know."

"Poor mother!"

"Not at all. And if by any mischance we became aware, we avoided the subject, overlooked it—"

"Shut your eyes? How Victorian!"

"And we closed our ears to backstairs gossip. I do not believe a word of this—mud, Claudia."

"Clyde could stop the mud," said Claudia coolly. "I'm afraid you don't know much about men, mother."

"I know enough to distrust the opinions of people who think they know all there is to be known about anything."

Every once in a while mother said something. Claudia dabbled her fingers, dried them, dropped her napkin and, jumping up, kissed her. "That was good, mother. It really was, you know. But your mind's like a sundial. It records only pleasantness. Kiss the cook for me. Promised Jane I'd be over by nine. It's half after."

EVELYN sat shaken. The light words lingered forebodingly in her ears. Their very lightness outraged her. She trembled before a sense of her own inability. To stay her daughter she was as powerless as before a young spring cataract foaming where it will. Had a mother, then, no authority? And she liked Clyde. She wanted Claudia to marry him. Clyde, personable, charming, rich, was the sort of man she was used to. And she didn't believe a word of the gossip. Thank heaven she had kept her ears stopped.

That was the trouble with girls nowadays, the danger; they saw everything, heard everything. Claudia, now, in the talk this morning—Evelyn bowed her head in shame and horror. If Clyde should know of last night—Men were so particular. Even though the child had done no wrong, would he still want Claudia? Evelyn almost felt that it would be noble of Clyde still to want Claudia.

And marriage was so important. It was foolish for a girl to make light of it, to act as though she had the game in her hand. There were girls who didn't marry. Evelyn had heard of them. Seen some of them—women who went in for "careers" of one sort or another, mainly, she was convinced, whatever they might say, because no man had wanted them. Evelyn's husband had been convinced of this opinion before her. He had had a cousin—But Claudia wasn't in the least like shy little Marcia Bates.

You always felt sorry for Marcia, sorriest when Tom made fun of her. And dear Tom must have his joke. Evelyn could see now that the joke had come rather hard on Marcia. Today the independent woman was a fad. Claudia and her friends chattered of it a good deal. But, fad or no, Evelyn opined it was still an excuse; a confession, carried off it might be with bravado, but none the less a confession that your charms had proved insufficient. To have Claudia fall into that class would reflect, even more than Claudia's manners, or lack of them, on her mother. Everything in the end seemed to come back on the mothers. Rather hard when the girls wouldn't listen to you.

But Evelyn could see that it was going to make little difference what she wanted. Claudia would settle it—without even the traditional coolness. Claudia's good nature was disconcerting. If she had lost her temper at breakfast over either man—When a person let her temper fly at least you knew you were on the map. Evelyn had often found herself on the map with dear Tom. With Claudia she felt oddly as though she were not there. It was demoralizing to feel so. Claudia's good nature gave her mother a fairly terrifying sense of impotence. She didn't even matter sufficiently for a ruction.

BLITHELY Claudia went on about her affairs. They included the dressmaker, an hour at the Walter Bingham Clarke with half a dozen ex-service men, an interview with a professional hair-dresser about a possible beauty parlor partnership that Claudia was considering, half a dozen minor engagements of one sort and another. She took Jane's en route.

"Aren't mothers difficult!" breathed Claudia, exhaling cigarette smoke inimitably.

"You have to use a firm touch," said Jane, wishing she could attain such supremacy of delicate negligence.

"If you once get them well trained, they eat out of your hand," observed a third girl.

"Mine doesn't," said Jane. "Oh Lord, no. We maintain armed camps, mother and I."

"I wonder," mused Claudia, "whether *our* daughters will shock us! It's hardly likely."

"Mercy, Claudia, you're getting on. Picked the man yet?"

Her business accomplished, Claudia telephoned Wainwright to lunch with her.

"Jim," she said, "there's a lot of talk. Give it to me straight. Has the little Baynes girl gone away?" [Continued on page 124]

A BOOK of the Month

Certain People of IMPORTANCE

By Kathleen Norris

DIRTY, weary, but undaunted, Reuben Crabtree and his family arrived in San Francisco late on a brilliant August afternoon, in 1849.

San Francisco, lying upon her seven sandy hills, looked civilized to his wife, Lulu, and to her sister, Jenny. There were few women to be seen among the jumble of cheap wooden buildings, the Chinese "cook-houses" and "wash-houses," the saloons and gambling hells, the quarters where Mexicans and Indians and half-breeds of every type were housed together.

Reuben was in great spirits; every boyish longing for adventure, hidden in all men, was roused and satisfied at once. He and his women took possession of an empty, doorless, one-roomed shack, and the roof and walls seemed to give them a delicious sense of privacy, after the open plains. And the next day, with the extra barrels of sugar and flour, Reuben opened a grocery store.

Jenny, for two hundred dollars, bought two lots and an empty barn. The barn she floored and divided; it was one of the first houses in San Francisco to boast an indoor flight of stairs. The Mexican haciendas had stairs, to be sure, but they were flimsy outdoor affairs. Jenny developed an unexpected strength of character: no man could tempt her from her proud widowhood. But she and a derelict young colored woman named Carra, whom Lulu had annexed, boarded half the men that were later to be the railroad and the gold-mine kings of the infant territory. Crocker's Hotel was famous as early as 1853, and in 1865 Jenny retired, comfortably wealthy, and went East for a year, and to Europe, taking with her Lulu's Fanny, then a sprightly, handsome girl of twenty-seven.

By this time Reuben was rich, too. The sugar and flour that had crossed the plains safely in 1849 had made a trail for tons of sugar and flour, for teas and coffees and other luxuries. Reuben Crabtree brought the first pepper and cinnamon and ginger into the new state, and his children grew up with the town.

May and Fanny Crabtree had a glorious girlhood, with more admirers than a dozen girls usually can boast, and May was actually exhausted with conquests when, at twenty-four, she chose young Stephen Brewer, an "Eastern" man, and a trusted clerk in her father's firm, for her life partner. May was a beauty and a belle, then, and there was no door on Nob Hill through which her tilting hoops had not triumphantly sailed. She and her Stephen rented a small house in Powell Street, at O'Farrell; her father had offered to buy them this house as a wedding gift, but the price seemed to the young couple exorbitant—seventeen hundred dollars for a home that was not new!—and May very sensibly preferred a sealskin coat and cap, in which she looked bewitching.

Reuben, just before May's marriage, had built himself a magnificent home, across the bay. It was really a farm then, two hundred gracious acres on the slopes above San Rafael, and the house was so pretentious, with its bay windows and its upstairs porches, that actual expeditions were sometimes made, by interested San Franciscans, to view it.

MRS. NORRIS, who began writing in 1910, has fashioned a novel of early California days, the small pretensions of small people, the bitterness of hard conventions and the strong revolt of the younger generation against "home rule." The Crabtree family, with Reuben at its head, furnish the leading characters. The first years of the family in the new state passed quickly and grandchildren came to Reuben who, as the head of "Crabtree and Company—Spices, Teas and Coffee," was a dominant figure of the San Francisco of his day. Eventually he turned over the business to the control of his son-in-law, Stephen. Gradually

the second and third generations came to live in daily expectancy and half hope of the old man's death. Neither of his sons, Robert or Harry, was in the firm. Robert had gone East, married and was working in Boston. Harry married a widow, worked for an insurance company, was sent to England, came back and settled into routine quite apart from his relatives. May and Stephen had five children, four girls and a boy. Of these only Victoria developed real strength of character and to her it came late and after bitter disappointments. Victoria at twenty-one evinced an interest in a young Mexican and when this intrigue was discovered her father took her to task for it:

"**V**ICTORIA," Stephen Brewer called to his daughter.

"Yes, Papa." Victoria stepped to his side and kissed him as he came into the kitchen.

"Your mother and I want you, Vick," her father said.

"What for?" the girl asked innocently. But she followed him into the library, expecting no immediate answer to her question.

Here was her mother, just back from town, agitated, mysterious. The room was shaded, and on the north side of the house, and through the thick, dry honeysuckle vines outside of the window only a cold dim light penetrated. Damp leather bindings, and musty pages, and the smell of unaired upholstery scented the air. Victoria felt strangely uneasy.

"Vicky, love," her mother said, tremulously. "Why have you never told Mama about encouraging this Tasheira boy?"

The solid ground failed beneath Victoria's feet, and her mouth felt dry. She looked down, swallowed hard, essayed a grin.

"I don't know, Mama," she said.

"Then you admit encouraging him?" her father said sharply.

"I—well, I have talked to him," the girl faltered uncomfortably.

"You have met him, you have written him, and you have allowed him to get idiotic notions about you!" her father summarized sternly.

"Well——" Victoria cleared her throat. "I do like him, Papa," she said bravely.

Both parents eyed her aghast. Her mother's look became almost as coldly unsympathetic as her father's was.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the latter harshly. "You like this yokel," he said angrily, "you like this boor—whose boots smell of the stable—who can hardly read or write——"

"Oh, Papa—he had a grammar school education!"

"—who hasn't the faintest iota of an idea of what constitutes a gentleman," her father continued, "who very probably has no name——"

"Stephen, be careful!"

"I don't know what you mean by not having a name," Victoria said, in surprise; "his name is da Sã. Ruy Angelo Antonio da Sã. He's been baptized and confirmed—and as for having no name——"

"Never mind, dear, you'll understand what Papa means some day," said the mother.

"And this is the man my daughter chooses to marry!" Stephen groaned.

"But I haven't, Papa," Victoria cried, very much frightened and near tears. "I—I've just met him—places. And he brought me the lamb—you and Mama knew that! And—and—I know he likes me——"

"Listen, Vicky love," said her mother. "You trust Mama and Papa, don't you?"

"Of course I do!" Victoria was crying now.

"And you know that ever since you were a little, wee baby,

Mama and Papa have tried to do everything to make their little girl's life bright, and to make her a good and useful and lovely woman, don't you?"

Victoria sniffed; even Stephen was moved and silent.

"Now, dearest, don't you think you can trust Mama and Papa now? Don't you think they deserve it, after all their planning and care? Of course she does, Papa! Now, Vicky, Mama tells you, and Papa, who is a good deal wiser and older than you are, Papa agrees with Mama in this, that in letting yourself think of this poor boy—my gracious!" May interrupted herself agitatedly, "I had no idea of it!—you only bring sorrow to yourself and perhaps pain to him. He may be good enough, dear, but he's not a gentleman, Vicky. He doesn't know anything about family, dear, manners and customs that we simply must have. You see that, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," Victoria gulped, thoroughly ashamed of herself now.

"Well, then, we simply want you to go into the parlor and see him now," May said, triumphant and persuasive, "and tell him very kindly and gently that your father doesn't wish——"

"Is he here?" Victoria said, in consternation.

"Papa met him at the gate, dear, just now."

There was a short silence. Victoria looked down.

"I don't see why I can't be friends with him," she muttered sulkily.

"Because your father doesn't wish you to," Stephen said promptly and finally.

Victoria sniffed and pouted. Her father seized the moment for a brisk and masterly decision.

"Come with me now!" he said, extending his hand.

Still the girl hesitated. But he was her father, her unquestioned authority and oracle. May gave a great sigh of almost tearful admiration and relief as the two left the room.

RUY was in the parlor. He was still a great, overgrown, awkward boy. He was only a year younger than Victoria; he looked no more than an enormous seventeen or eighteen. But he was changed from the day of their first meeting; he wore his clothes more easily and his black hair was sleek above his burned, olive cheeks. He radiated utter rapture as the girl and her father entered the room.

Stephen responded to his silly ecstatic smile only with a brief, dry nod.

"No, I think we needn't sit down," Stephen said. "There seems to be a misunderstanding here, Mr. da Sã, and I think, for the happiness of all parties, the sooner we clear it up the better! I understand from my daughter here, that you have been annoying her with attentions——"

Ruy's face changed expression, darkened, lengthened. Victoria winced, and half-whispered a protestant "Papa!"

"You have been annoying my daughter with attentions that can lead to nothing," Stephen pursued firmly, "and I want my daughter to ask you, knowing that your feeling for her is only kindly and—and generous, to discontinue them."

There was the silence of consternation in the cold, orderly parlor. Ruy swallowed hard, and into his jocund, healthy, brown face an angry color crept.

"But Miss—Miss Brewer does not say thees," he said slowly and painfully, his eyes on her face.

"I think you will find she does, sir!" Stephen said, with warmth.

"What you say?" the young man asked, turning to her.

In the pause the nosegay of chrysanthemums and asters which he had been holding, slid to the floor. Victoria could smell the cold, wet, pungent chrysanthemums.

"Of course—I say what my father does," she said, almost inaudibly.

"She says that as a young lady with a social position—with a standard entirely different from yours," Stephen rounded it out, readily, "that attentions from you—however well meant! however well meant!—can only cause her—distress—and—and embarrassment. She asks me to ask you not to continue to annoy her. Am I not right, Vicky?"

Victoria's face was burning. She knew, if her father did not, that Ruy was remembering a score of deliberate acts on her part, meetings, notes, messages, between herself and this—she now saw—supremely undesirable boy.

"Of course you are, Papa," she murmured.

That was all. In another moment Ruy was gone, his horse's galloping feet dying away into the cold, quiet winter day. Victoria could accept her father's warm praise, his kiss, her

mother's tearful and grateful embrace, the flattering curiosity of her sisters. Her blazing cheeks cooled, her whirling thoughts quieted. Papa had felt no doubt about it, and a girl must trust her father. He had never praised her so much in all her life, and she delighted in his approval.

BUT THIS was not the end of the matter. Shortly it developed that Ruy was to inherit the ranch owned by Señorita Espinoza, whose age suggested a not far distant death. May and Stephen rather changed their minds about the young man when they learned this and it was tactfully suggested to the girl that she might write to her admirer. The injustice of this proceeding struck Victoria with cruel force. Nevertheless she went to Nelly, her Uncle Harry's stepdaughter, to get her help in composing a letter to the young man. On Sunday she gave the letter to her father to mail and later the same day her mother told her she had heard Ruy was ill.

ON TUESDAY her father called her, with a very grave face, to say that young da Sã was dead. Victoria turned ashen under her healthy tan. Dead! Big, strong, brown Ruy dead! It made her feel giddy and weak for a moment and she was glad to catch at her father's hand.

"But what was it, Papa?"

"His heart failed, dear." Her father was watching her closely. "Mama and I had not felt particularly happy about your attachment to him, Vick," he said tenderly, "although we had softened toward him, as you know."

"Since you knew he might have money!" something inside the girl said clearly and bitterly. But she did not speak.

"We can only hope, dear, that you will find you did not care deeply, and that as the months go by, and other happinesses and pleasures come into your life, it will be less painful for you!" Stephen did not often use this grave, considerate tone with his girls, and Victoria was impressed by it. She had had a lover, and he had died, and she was not twenty-two yet! Poor Ruy! Poor little dream of youth and love in the setting of the old ranch!

She went soberly back to the making of rice-pudding, the egg-spattered and greased-stained pages of the cook-book propped open against the spice-boxes. Her sisters and Bertie were mysteriously gentle with her; her mother showed signs of actual tears. It was sad, and dramatic, and strangely gratifying.

Suddenly the dream broke and she was awakened. Ruy had killed himself.

He had brooded, he had been silent, he had waited—waited—waited. And on the Sunday of Thanksgiving week he had cut his own throat, dying on Monday, without ever having mentioned her name.

Victoria almost lost her reason, in the first few minutes of suffocating shock. He had waited to hear—he had waited for just a word—and he had never heard from her! Oh—oh——!

"Oh, Nelly—oh, Mama—Mama! You never told me—you never told me! Oh, Mama—he waited and waited to hear from me—oh, and I wanted to write him—I asked Papa—oh—you wouldn't let me! And he never knew—he never knew—he lay there all those days—waiting—I could have gone to see him—I would have gone—I would have gone! He might at least have had that—I could have gone in, just for a few minutes—just to say that it was because Papa advised me—Papa made me—give him up! Oh, you didn't like him—but I did! You laughed at him, but I knew him better than you did—oh, my God, my God, my God!"

MEANWHILE Robert had returned, with his wife, from Boston and had gone to work in the firm. This was a shock to May who saw in her brother's move an attempt to get Stephen out. The prodigal was close to his father and it looked as though the old man's wealth might go to him. Then Robert's wife died after giving birth to a boy; a family conference was held at which Reuben's plans for the disposition of his property were made clear and all breathed freely again. But Robert and Stephen could not hit it off and the son finally got out and went to Sacramento to work. Then Nelly, who had gone through an impassioned love episode with Dave Dudley, a medical student, too poor to marry, quite unexpectedly married a rancher and began a life of toil and bitterness. Victoria developed an interest in Dudley who was going to Berlin for post-graduate work. Out of her imagination she built up quite a romance which was given some ground in fact when, just before he sailed, Dudley took her in his arms and kissed her. Thereafter she held his image close to her heart and spoke to her sisters of a mysterious lover. There



K. Kathleen Norris, whose writings have made her famous, has gone into California's early history for the characters and setting that make her recent popular novel, "Certain People of Importance."

were few letters exchanged between the two and there was no mention of marriage. One of the letters she wrote to Dave was as nearly a proposal as Victoria's restraint would permit her to frame. By the strangest accident the letter went to Berlin and back unclaimed and fell into the hands of the severe Stephen. May was in the city when she heard of the desperate epistle. She telephoned her daughter to come in and bring with her some money Stephen had left at home. The instant she saw her daughter, Mrs. Brewer began to upbraid her for the terrible letter, and ended on the note: "Well, you go and see your father and you'll find out what he thinks." Slowly Victoria turned away and walked toward the offices of Crabtree and Company.

SUDDENLY, miraculously, Vicky realized that she was not going to see Papa; she was not afraid of any of them. It was ridiculous—a grown woman of twenty-seven, trembling and fearing like a sick child! They could not harm her, they could not hold her. She was going to work!

Thrilled and exhilarated, she went back to the wharf; climbed upon a Market Street car, and went boldly up to the Palace Hotel. She had a hundred and seventeen dollars; and she was going away to find work.

Her mind was made up. She was going to Uncle Bob, in Sacramento. Uncle Bob had said that he would help her, if ever she needed him. She went briskly into the office; she must send him a telegram.

Half-past four o'clock now. Victoria bought herself a bunch of flowers at Lotta's fountain, and a bag of peanut taffy at Maskey's. Life flooded her deliciously; she was her own mistress for the first time in her life. She walked to the ferry down Mission Street; nobody one knew ever walked on Mission Street. A trembling excitement possessed her.

She sidled along the piers from Mission Street, past the little Post Office, into the Oakland line of the ferry sheds. Hay wagons, trucks full of thundering barrels, rumbled by her. Terror possessed her when she recognized the Kingwells, mother and sons from Mill Valley, running from the Howard Street car. Well—well—supposing they did see her, and did tell Papa on the boat that they had seen her, what could he do?

Five minutes past five. In ten minutes—in nine, she told herself, it would all be over. She would be on her boat, and Papa on his; after that every second would more and more part them.

She eyed the ticket-gate nervously. If it would only open and she might wait inside! But the Oakland boats were too crowded and too many; they never opened their gates until a few seconds before sailing.

Vicky stood in the protection of a post, nervously glancing to right and left. Her heart turned to water. Someone had come up.

EVERYTHING went black; her heart seemed to tear itself from her body. Everything was over. They had found her. She felt the muscles of her face stiffen into a terrified and sickly smile as she turned—

It was Davy Dudley who stood smiling beside her, his hat off and his hand held out. He had gotten home two days ago, he explained, with his first greeting, had seen them all at Napa, had come to the city yesterday, and was going home again now.

"Then we go on the same train; I'm going to Sacramento," Vicky said confusedly. All lesser emotions were lost in a deep flood of utter confidence and peace of spirit; here was Davy. She knew that she loved him more than ever, everything was all right now, nothing puzzled or frightened her, it would all be straightened out; here was Davy.

"You certainly didn't think I was going to leave you, no matter where you were going?" Davy said, meeting her mood in exactly her own spirit. He picked up her suitcase. "Come on, we'll go on the boat," he said. He glanced sidewise at her, as she quietly and contentedly accompanied him; smiled with so deep and sweet and entirely happy a smile that Victoria needed no words. The miracle had happened; they were together again.

Streamers of sunset light poured over the city; their long shadows moved ahead of them. Everything, everyone looked delightful to Vicky, she was not excited, she was not agitated and doubtful, as she [Continued on page 148]

Arthur Stringer Describes the Salvation of a Man—Continued from page 65

The Coward

against a fallen tamarack, sat a man. He sat with his rifle across his knees and his intent eyes on the man who stood before him in the filtered green light of the forest.

Philbrook returned that intent stare, with a slow hardening of the face. For the man squatted gray-faced in the mottled green light was Leigh Morlock.

"What's wrong?" Philbrook asked in an oddly flattened voice.

MORLOCK looked down at his partially unlaced hunting-boot.

"I'm knocked out," he responded quietly.

"How did it happen?" Philbrook finally demanded.

Morlock moved his head toward the dead moose.

"He charged, after my second shot. His fore-foot caught me on the ankle, in the mix-up."

"Can you walk?" Philbrook asked.

"No," said Morlock. "A couple of the bones in my foot seem to be broken."

"How far away is your camp?"

"It must be nine or ten miles."

Philbrook stood considering this. He was now the cooler of the two men.

"That's too far," he finally observed.

"Too far for what?" asked Morlock.

"For me to carry you," explained his enemy.

"I don't want you to carry me," retorted the other.

"Why not?" demanded Philbrook.

"You haven't the strength," Morlock explained.

"Haven't I?" Philbrook retorted, with the ghost of a laugh.

The silence was a prolonged one.

"You seem to have changed, Philbrook," Morlock finally observed.

"Not as much as you imagine."

"Then why do you suggest lugging me into camp?"

"Because it happens to impress me as the one and only thing that can save your life."

"But why should you want to save it?"

"Because it would be cowardly not to."

"All right," conceded Morlock, with his short and half-satiric laugh. "I'm at your mercy."

THE NEXT two hours were not happy hours for either of them. During that straining eternity Philbrook trudged down narrow trails and staggered over broken ground with his enemy's helpless body balanced on his back, with his enemy's arms about his shoulders, with his own hands linked through his enemy's knees. From time to time he was compelled to stop and rest. They spoke seldom.

The trend of Morlock's thought did not disclose itself until he had been carried into camp and his deliverance made certain. There was a look of embarrassment touched with humility on his face as he looked up from his blanketed seat beside Pierre's fire.

"This is a big thing you've done for me, Philbrook," he found the courage to say.

"Let's not get mushy over it," Philbrook said with unlooked-for curtness.

"But it's not a matter of getting mushy," contended Morlock. "It's a matter of

realizing you're a different man from what I took you for."

"I think I am," acknowledged Philbrook.

For a full minute Morlock sat staring into the fire.

"That old foolishness," he ventured, without looking up at the other, "that's over and done with, of course?"

"Over and done with?" repeated Philbrook. He laughed, short and sharp.

"Over and done with? Not on your life!"

"I'm afraid it will cost more than you expect," Morlock said after a pause.

"All right," said the younger man, with a deep breath. "But when the right time comes, Morlock, I'm going to knock hell out of you!"

"I'll be ready for you," Morlock said as he stared back into the eyes of his enemy.

PHILBROOK, as his train slid under the arches of the New York viaduct five weeks later, found himself less tranquil-minded than he had expected. He began to dread his return to the city. His dread became a double-edged one when he realized how great a mistake he had made in sending his Montreal telegram to Alicia Van Orden.

Yet he was able to breathe more easily when he caught sight of Benson, her chauffeur, watching for him beside the rope barrier, and learned that Alicia herself was awaiting him in the limousine beyond the cabstand.

Her face was paler than he had expected, but she looked singularly beautiful in her sables. And he knew, with an odd ache about his heart, that he desired her greatly.

"Hello, Allie!" he said, casually enough, stung by the thought that life's epochal moments can so often wear the mask of triviality.

"Hello, Clint!" she replied with an equal easiness of note. It was all quite non-committal, though she studied him with a quick and penetrating eye. "You've changed," she said as he sat beside her.

"I needed to," he retorted as the car swung up and out into the light of day.

"Your Uncle Darius tells me that you're going back into The Works again."

"Yes," he shortly assented, his thoughts obviously on other things. So she made no effort to go on.

"Have you seen Morlock?" he asked out of the silence.

"Yes," she told him.

He found the courage to face her.

"Are you going to marry him?"

She, in turn, found the courage to meet his gaze.

"Why should I?"

"It's something he's always wanted, isn't it? And he's the masterful type who usually gets what he wants?"

"That's a phase of his character I haven't fathomed," said the girl.

"Then what has he said? What did he tell you?"

"He told me you saved his life. He also said it was now my duty to save yours."

"And how are you to do that?"

"By stopping you from fighting him

He's afraid he may kill you," she told him.

Philbrook could afford to laugh.

"I'm not as delicate a specimen as I once was."

For a full minute the grave eyes studied his hardened face.

"But, Clint, you can't keep on at this sort of thing. You mustn't. It's all wrong. And you could never hope to— to whip a man like Leigh Morlock."

"Well, I'm going to try it!"

"Even if I ask you not to?"

"Even if you ask me not to!"

"That leaves me only one thing to do," she said as her narrowing glance met his.

"What?" he asked, his heart going down like a falling window-sash.

"To go to the man," she retorted, "who is strong enough to be weak."

Philbrook sat staring out through the blurred glass of the car-door.

"Then you would be the coward!" he proclaimed.

Her laugh was short and mirthless.

"I have at least the privilege of following my own light," she said with her gloved fingers clenched.

"And I intend to follow mine," he announced as he turned away from the woman he loved.

DETERMINED as Philbrook had been that no undue haste should mark his final meeting with Morlock, a creeping rivulet of fear began to thread its way through his valley of fortitude. It was something that had to be faced, the same as an operation would have to be faced.

Philbrook was puzzling over the perversity of fate as he galloped, early the next morning, along a bridle-path whitened with the winter's first snow-fall.

Then his thoughts stopped short and he found himself puzzling over something altogether different. He asked himself, as he mounted the long slope beside the reservoir, why a large man on a large horse should suddenly stop at the crest of that slope, wheel about, and stand directly across his path.

EVEN BEFORE Philbrook drew up in front of the rubicund face above the flaming waistcoat and the English cravat, he knew that the man was Leigh Morlock.

"I've been looking for you," proclaimed the man on the tall bay as Philbrook, without once taking his eyes from the other's face, reined in beside him.

"Why?" asked Philbrook. He spoke quietly. But his face was white, as white as the snow on the ground about him.

"To tell you that my suspicions have been confirmed," announced the ruddy-faced man.

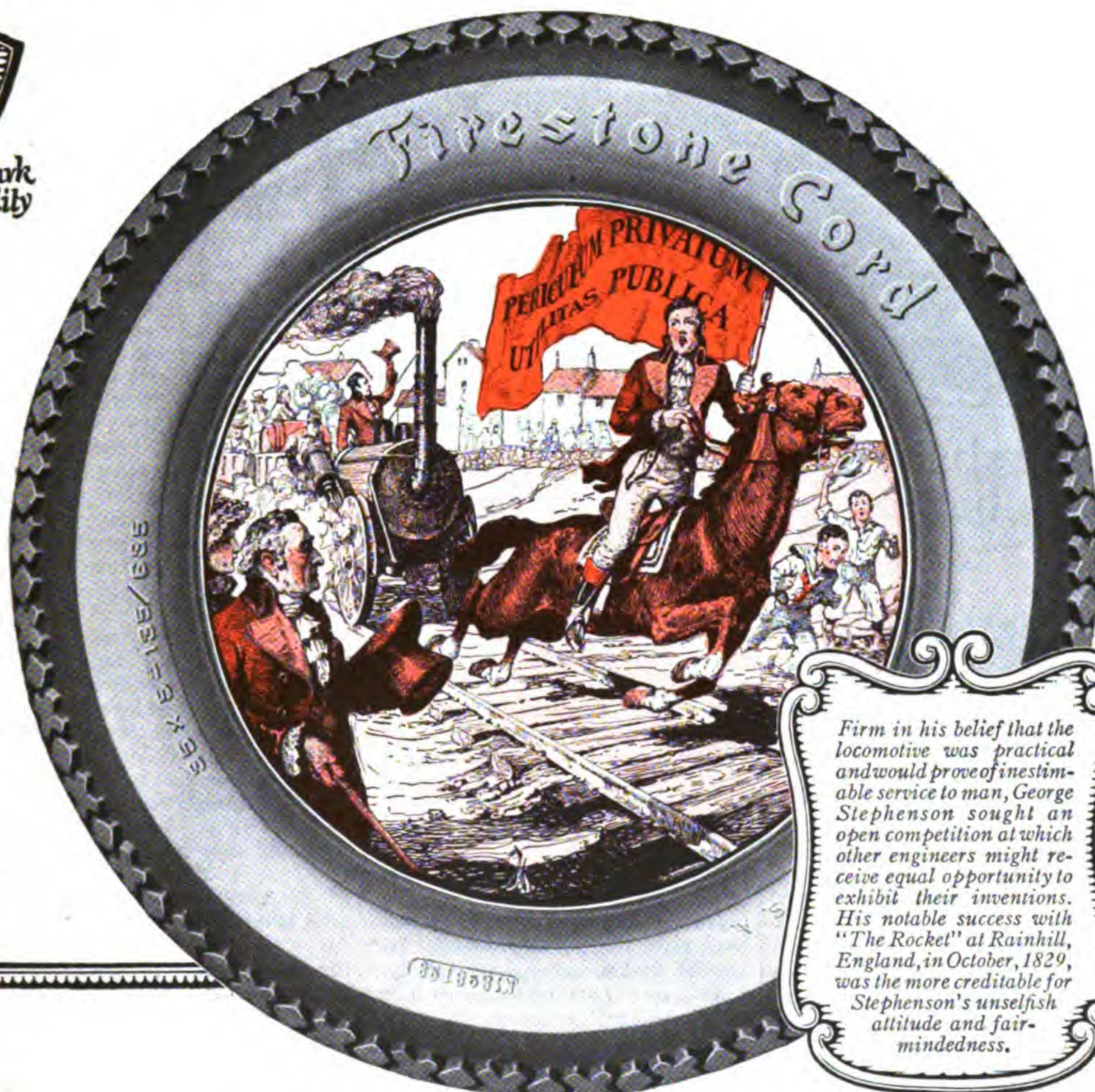
"What suspicions?" asked Philbrook, unconscious of the thinness of his own voice.

"That you always have been and still are a mucker!" said Morlock.

"Why do you say I'm that?" asked Philbrook, trying to keep the telltale tremor of passion out of his voice.

"Because you are trying to hide behind a woman's skirts," asserted the square-shouldered man on the high-shouldered bay.

"What woman have I hidden behind?" asked Philbrook, his hand shaking.



Firm in his belief that the locomotive was practical and would prove of inestimable service to man, George Stephenson sought an open competition at which other engineers might receive equal opportunity to exhibit their inventions. His notable success with "The Rocket" at Rainhill, England, in October, 1829, was the more creditable for Stephenson's unselfish attitude and fair-mindedness.

The Courage of Conviction



STEPHENSON, the untutored but far-sighted mine-worker, triumphed over adversity and found greatness through service because he was possessed of the courage of his convictions.

Faith in the ultimate accomplishment, strengthened by uncompromising standards, must invariably precede every great achievement.

It was the realization of the possibilities of pneumatic tires and the confidence of final suc-

cess that produced the present day cord tire.

In the performance of Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords, the Firestone organization sees the rewards of over twenty years of incessant effort toward better tire quality. Millions today are receiving mileage from Firestone Cords that seemed beyond the realm of possibility.

Belief in the standard of Most Miles per Dollar has brought acceptance of that standard from an ever-widening following.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone



It overshadows even beauty

WOMAN'S charm is a subtle thing. The slender fingers of its magic often cast a strange hypnotic spell. And then you hear people say: "What can he possibly see in her?"

But Mary was different. She was simply and obviously beautiful and every one said so; even the girls who envied her most.

Yet she had fox-trotted blithely through that period when a girl is supposed to pause over marriage as a more serious thing than it appears to be at twenty.

And now she was rapidly approaching those more serious years that pendulum about the thirty-mark when friends begin to be just a little concerned.

All of the girls of her set were either married or about to be. She was not—and, very apparently, not about to be.

In spite of all her charm, some invisible something was eclipsing her beauty and holding her back.

If any of her friends knew why, no one dared to tell her.

And she, least of all, knew the reason.

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



"Alicia Van Orden came to me and asked me to let you off. She would never have done that if you hadn't told her to. And knowing that, I want you to remember that I regard you as not even worth quarreling with!" And Morlock, with a wide gesture of repudiation, released the rein he had been holding between his fingers.

Philbrook sat staring at him for a moment of white wonder. Then he slipped down from the saddle and stood on the trampled snow beside his enemy.

"Get down," he curtly commanded.

"Why should I?" Morlock asked.

"Get down!" repeated Philbrook, catching at the polished bootleg as the tall bay wheeled in the bridle-path.

"Take that hand away," cried Morlock. "You're not the type of man I care to fight with."

"You've got to fight," said the man still clinging to the polished boot-top.

THAT IS more in your line," cried the man on the horse as he brought his crop down across the other's upturned face. But Philbrook jerked the stirrup away from the booted foot and sent the leg up with so sharp a jerk that the over-balanced rider rolled from the horse's back and fell half-sprawled on the snow.

Philbrook waited for him to get up.

"You'll get, my man, exactly what you're aching for," cried Morlock as he threw aside his hat and gloves. And Philbrook, as he squared for action, was even able to smile at the note of condescension in that cry.

But he had little chance to deliberate over such things, for Morlock, with his jaw set, had already lunged heavily at the intent pale face opposed to him. He struck savagely as he advanced, with all the weight of his body behind his blows.

But something seemed wrong with those blows, for all their force. They went, in a disturbingly mysterious way, wide of their mark, and when a fist hard as iron caught the heavier man on the point of the chin he awakened to the fact that the termination of the conflict was not so entirely in his own hands as he had imagined.

So he fought more guardedly, fortified by the knowledge of his own strength. That fortitude was somewhat shaken, it is true, when he felt blood running down his face and experienced an unexpected difficulty in breathing. But he was not of the breed that surrenders without reason.

But at last he went down and struggled to his feet and went down again before a quick left hook to the chin-bone. Philbrook stood over him and drunkenly demanded that he acknowledge he had had enough. A mounted policeman slipped from his saddle and belatedly but officially interfered.

"Stop it, lad, stop it!" he said as he caught at Philbrook's poised arm. "Don't be murderin' the man!"

"Is he licked?" panted Philbrook. "Does he say he's licked?"

Philbrook, during all the day that followed his encounter with Leigh Morlock, was far from a happy man. He knew that he had conquered his enemy but he found little joy in that triumph.

Now that the wine of violence no longer rioted through his veins, he awakened to the discovery that physical force was not, after all, the final solvent of his soul's unrest. For he began to see, as he thought

it over in cooler blood, that victory was coming to him at too great a cost.

Alicia Van Orden had been definite enough in explaining her attitude toward that encounter. She had, indeed, issued her ultimatum on the matter. And he, in his blindness, had disregarded her wishes. And in doing so he had lost her, had ultimately and irretrievably lost her.

He tried, in a misery of body which was trivial beside his misery of spirit, to imagine life without her. But that brought him only against the blank wall of despair. He had been foolish enough to fancy, all along, that he had been trying to put his house in order.

He had been thinking of her, in this respect, more than he had been willing to admit. And if he had now put his house in order, as he might have claimed, it reminded him more and more of those boyhood bird-houses of his, which, after being so laboriously prepared and so winningly placed, remained desolately empty of all life.

Then in the midst of his unrest he remembered the line out of Caedman: "Dark and true and tender is the North." That brought sharply before him the question of his immediate future. If this North had rebuilt his body, might it not in time rebuild his peace of mind?

He was still worrying when Alicia Van Orden called him up, and asked if she might see him at once. His heart thumped disturbingly at the sound of her voice, but he found the courage to tell her that he couldn't see what good it would do.

"I can't argue with you about that," the quiet-noted voice over the wire reminded him. "But when you asked me to meet you, that first morning you got back, you may remember that I ate crow and came."

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said, wondering why she should still have the power of controlling his heartbeats.

"Too late for what?" she demanded.

"Too late for me to eat crow," was his slightly embittered response.

"That, Clint, is what I want to speak to you about," she told him in the same unaltering quiet voice. "Will you come?"

"Yes, I'll come," he said after a moment of silence.

HE FOUND Alicia quietly solemn as she stood regarding him in the room which had so many memories for him, memories which now took on the wistfulness of a shore-line receding into the past.

She was in an effeminizing basque-frock of brown velvet with fur-trimmed panels that matched the pool-brown tones of her hair and eyes, and about her neck were globes of amber that graduated the olive whiteness of her throat into the duskiness of her dress. She seemed almost fragile-looking, in that artfully attenuating drapery, yet she suggested a sheathed strength that made him think of a figure of justice balancing in her hand an invisible pair of scales, a pair of scales on which he had already been weighed and found wanting.

"You know?" he began. But he broke off short before her coolly meditative gaze.

"Yes, I know all about it," she assented.

"But do you?" asked Philbrook, with a note in his voice that brought her slow gaze back to his face, to his face with the red welt that ran across it from temple to chin-point.

"What more is there for me to know?" she demanded.

"You said you were going to follow your own light in this," he reminded her. "And I told you I intended to follow mine. Whether it was right or wrong, it was the light as I saw it. I'm not going to split hairs over what is cowardice and what is—the other thing."

She looked away, at that, and sat for a full minute without speaking.

"You make me feel very insignificant," she said out of the prolonging silence.

"No, it's you who've made all this insignificant for me," he contended.

"I don't seem to have been able to change it much," she protested.

"No," he retorted. "We stay about what we always have been. And I'm afraid I haven't much of the stuff that heroes are made of."

SHE SAT for a time studying his none too happy face.

"I'm glad you said that," she quietly observed.

"Why?" he asked, struck by the momentary pallor of her face.

"Because if you'd come boastfully, Clint, I'd have been afraid of you. And now it's you who ought to be a little afraid of me."

"Why?" he repeated.

"Because it was really I who was the coward, all along."

"You a coward?" he queried, incredulous.

"Yes," she admitted. "Through it all I was afraid of what Leigh Morlock would do to you."

"You were afraid," he demanded as he crossed to her chair, "afraid for me?"

"I was afraid for both of us," she qualified. "I was afraid that if you didn't do what I dreaded to see you do I'd—I'd despise you. And I was afraid that, although I wanted it done, it in some way or other wasn't right. And I was afraid, too, that even though you won that absurd battle, it would harden and hamper you and go to your head, like the first taste of blood to animals that really live by such warfare. Then I was afraid—oh, it's all so muddled and mixed up that I could never make you understand!"

He turned sharply about on her.

"But you *have* made me understand," he cried out. "You couldn't feel that way—if you didn't care!"

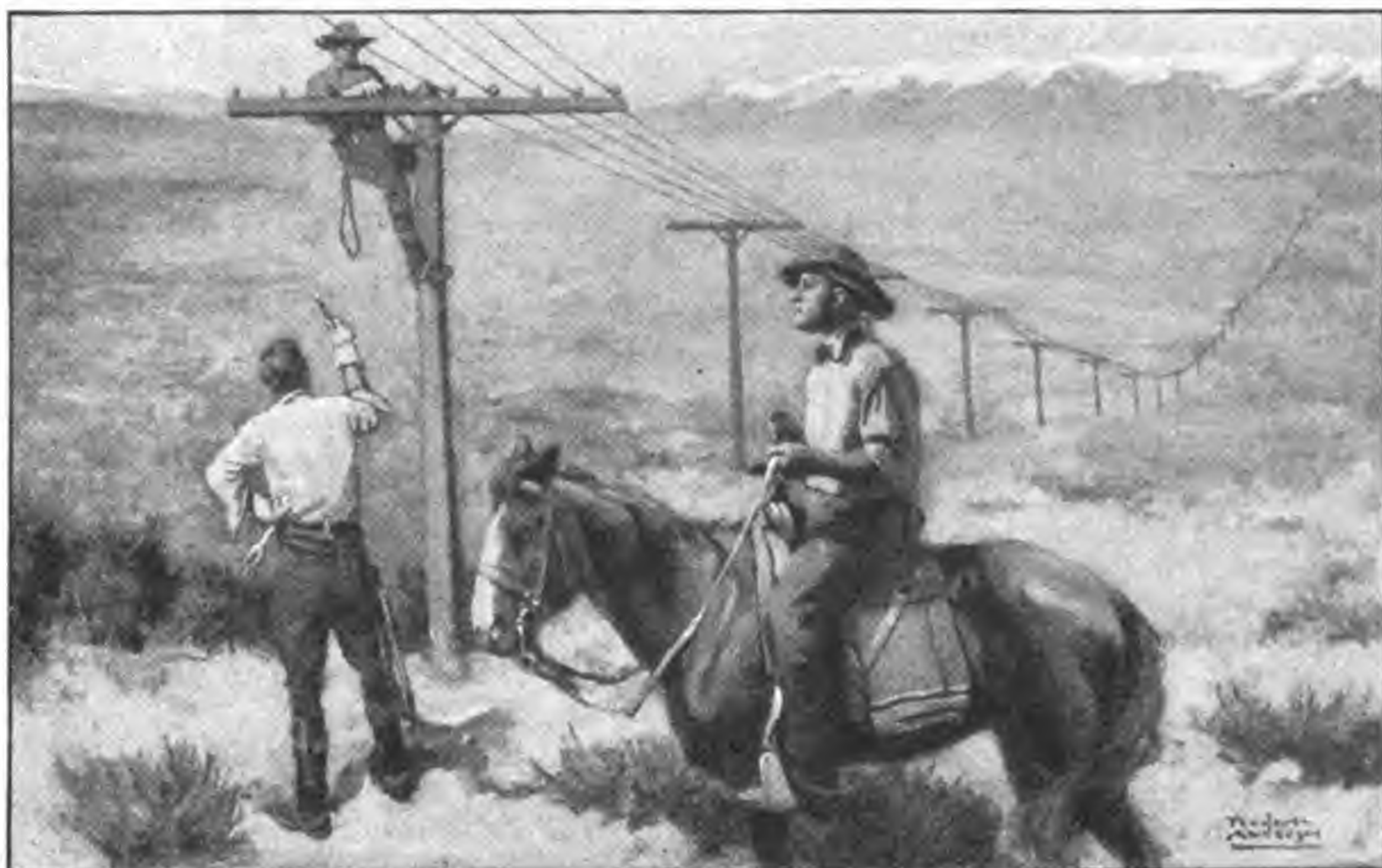
She made no reply to that. But she got up from her chair and stood before him, with her eyes on his face.

"Why can't you take me back?" he asked. And she smiled at the break in his voice.

"I can't take you back, Clint," she told him, "because I've never given you up. I couldn't! For we're much more primitive, we women, than men seem to realize. We hate fighting, but, in some way, we can't help loving a fighter."

"Then you don't despise me?" he asked with a humility that brought her still closer to him.

"Despise you?" she said with a smile as she placed her hands on his shoulders. "I love you so much," she cried as she caught at him and clung to him, "I love you so much, you misguided and muddle-headed and weak-hearted king of brutes, that I'm ashamed of it!"



The Bell System's transcontinental telephone line crossing Nevada

Highways of Speech

Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and in-

dustry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

The only telephone service which can fully serve the needs of the nation is one which brings all of the people within sound of one another's voices.



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HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

119 West 40th St.
NEW YORK

C Channing Pollock Furnishes the Play of the Month—Continued from page 95

The Fool

POOR MAN—What does it matter?
 DANIEL—He would lose everything.
 POOR MAN—And gain everything.
 DANIEL—What good can one man do?
 POOR MAN—Why don't you try and see?
 DANIEL—The Master tried and they crucified him.

POOR MAN—Did they?
 DANIEL—I don't understand.
 POOR MAN—And if they did, what does that matter? Is a man dead whose ideals live? Ye crucified me, but I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

DANIEL—In God's name, who are you?
 POOR MAN—I am a Jew! (As he speaks, quite suddenly the tree and everything beneath it is illuminated by the Star of Bethlehem. It reveals the face of the Poor Man and for an instant that face is seen to be the face of the Christ.)

SO DANIEL GILCHRIST was thrown out of his work in the Church of the Nativity but he did not give up the ideals that had caused his downfall. Mr. Goodkind needed a man to stand as a buffer between him and his dissatisfied employes and into that position he put the idealist. There Gilchrist, following the gleam, did really useful work—work that occupied all of his time, for he had no distractions. The break with Clare had been final and in quest of the luxuries for which she had pleaded she had married Jerry Goodkind.

In spite of Gilchrist's best efforts in West Virginia trouble could not be avoided with the miners and a strike was called. Daniel wired Mr. Goodkind that the strike could be settled on "satisfactory conditions," but before he could get to New York a delegation, headed by a spy, appeared and Goodkind was advised to try bribery on one of the committee members, Joe Hennig, whose pretty wife liked nice things—things that Joe could not afford. The third member of the committee was a Pole named Umanski and it was from him, when the committee was admitted, that Mr. Goodkind and Jerry heard the workmen's side of the case:

UMANSKI—Yes, work twelve hours a day and get enough to eat so can work some more. Always work. Get up, work; come back, sleep; get up, work. Never get time to talk to wife, never get time to talk to nobody; never get nowhere. Never save nothing. (Jerry takes out his cigarette case.) That little box, what you pay for him? Ah, I know; gold. You pay more for him than I got for swing pick for thirty years. Me and six families, we live in one house you own. We got one room upstairs; two down cellar. Sleep there. Eat, cook, wash upstairs. See nothing but brick-yard and clothes hang up to dry. Wife, she carries water from yard. Me, I carry potato-peeling—such things—out front. Him rot. If I don't like that, I quit—and starve.

Apparently Clare's chase for luxury had not brought happiness. Jerry had just given her a set of sables. "Whenever Jerry has been away longer than usual or done something he's ashamed of, he makes me a present," she said to her father-in-law. There was bitterness in her tone and dead hope and disillusionment in her eyes. She lingered alone for a moment to powder her

nose and it was at that instant that Daniel came in. But they were alone for only a moment before Jerry broke in upon them and later Hennig and Stedtmann, the spy, entered. Joe had lost his wife and seriously believed Gilchrist had abducted her. Jerry assisted Stedtmann in throwing the blame on Daniel.

Clare stood listening as the shards of her idol clattered around her feet and she lost faith in the one man in whom she had believed. Daniel refused to explain and Jerry in a fury struck him.

Obviously the returned Daniel had made a bad start and he made a worse finish. His plan for settling the strike conceded to the men practically everything they demanded. To this, of course, Goodkind flatly refused to agree and he and the young minister parted on bad terms.

In lower New York Gilchrist opened "Overcoat Hall" and there the waifs and strays of humanity found material help and encouragement. A little girl, lame from birth, took care of him. Into "Overcoat Hall" came Mr. Goodkind in a final effort to win Daniel back to his way of living. Of course the enthusiast refused to consider this proposal and Mr. Goodkind was moved to call him a "damned waster—or worse," and to threaten him with court proceedings to test his sanity. When Umanski came he told Gilchrist that rather alarming things were being said about him and the place he ran. He advised Daniel to arm himself. Their talk was interrupted by the little lame girl, Mary Margaret, who brought in Daniel's supper. They had been talking of Cinderella and Mary Margaret said:

MARY MARGARET—Gee, I love that story. When you tell it to me you make me believe I'm her.

DANIEL—If you believe it, you are.

MARY MARGARET—I guess believin' ain't never goin' to make me dance.

DANIEL—You can't tell—if you believe hard enough.

MARY MARGARET—Could God do that for me? It would be an awful big favor.

Then another warning came to Daniel. Pearl Hennig, who had fallen pretty low, came in hastily to tell him that Joe was on the war-path. Pearl had seen him and told him that Gilchrist had nothing to do with her going away, but the enraged husband would not believe her, and now he was drinking and talking wild and had got his gang together and Pearl had a hunch that something was going to happen soon. They were interrupted by the entrance of Clare. After Pearl left, Clare's pitiful story came out. Jerry had accused her of having an affair with Gilchrist and when she denied this he struck her.

CLARE—I've come to realize that you were right—that the material things are nothing and that love is all. . . . Do you still love me?

DANIEL—Yes.

CLARE—I knew it! Take me away.

DANIEL—Clare!

CLARE—Kiss me. I love you.

DANIEL—And I love you. The good in you. The good you are trying so hard to kill. I love you because you are big enough to do what is right.

CLARE—What is right?

DANIEL—Go back to your husband.

CLARE—I'd rather die.

DANIEL—I'd rather you died—than this.

IN THE end he won and Clare went out with a prayer on her lips that "sometime, somewhere, in this world or out of it, there must be a moment and place to retrieve mistakes." Gilchrist was badly shaken. He had been shown all the glories of love and life and he had put them away from him but the ordeal left him worn and wasted. It was in this mood that Pearl found him when she rushed in with the word that Joe with his gang was outside and that they were determined to beat him up and wreck the place. Hardly had she voiced her warning when the mob broke in. As the men raged, in a corner of the room, Mary Margaret, the lame girl, knelt in prayer. Above the angry roar of the intruders her childish voice could be heard, "Oh, God! Please, God. Please listen." But the lawless passions could not be controlled. Chairs were thrown and though Umanski struck out he could not save his friend who, unresisting, was struck down. As the men milled about him, prepared to finish him off, Mary Margaret, without her crutch, walked across the room. At the sight of her the tumult died down and she was heard to say:

"Look! God's answered your prayers, Mr. Gilchrist. God's answered my prayers. I believed hard enough. Look! I can walk. Oh, look! I can walk!"

The miracle saved Daniel from the mob, from the asylum and perhaps from himself. It made it possible for him to continue his work and ten months later, on Christmas Eve, he was still contentedly sacrificing himself for the world's outcasts. Into this genial atmosphere, Mr. Goodkind came. Jerry was with him but the sick and broken man remained outside. It developed that he wanted Gilchrist as general manager at a hundred thousand a year. His surprise was great when Daniel refused the offer, on the plea that "My work is here." Their talk was stopped by the entrance of Jerry.

JERRY—You've been the devil of a time. I came up to see what was keeping you.

GOODKIND—Mr. Gilchrist kept me.

JERRY—Hello, Gilchrist.

DANIEL—How are you, Jerry?

JERRY—Not so damned well. But I'll be all right in the spring. What I need now is a run down to Palm Beach. (Looks around the room.) So you're reduced to this, are you?

DANIEL—Yes.

JERRY—Going to take my job?

DANIEL—No. Your father understands.

JERRY—Yes, so do I. Didn't I always say you were a nut? That's it, a nut. Some failure you've made out of your life.

GOODKIND—I wonder.

JERRY—Wheels, by God. Wheels.

GOODKIND—I wonder, Daniel, if you are the failure, after all. Good night.

[Curtain]



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grapes. Washed, seeded by machinery, sterilized and packed while still hot.

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NAME

STREET

CITY..... STATE.....

C Roland Pertwee's *Story of a Woman's Awakening*—Continued from page 51

With the World in Between

Miss Caroline into a wild passion of righteous indignation, developing into a paroxysm of coughing which by a system of inverse reasoning, she argued, was clearly indicative of heavenly wrath at Virginia's blasphemies.

"Pray," croaked Miss Caroline, when she had sufficiently recovered, "pray, Virginia, to be rescued from sacrilege and idle fancying. Folly is at the root of all sin and sin is the companion of fools."

"Very well, Aunt," replied Virginia, and that same night she committed the first venial sin in her regularly blameless life.

"I cannot express what your story meant to me," she wrote, "and what you will think of me for writing to you I can only guess. In my heart I feel you will prove great enough to forgive a stranger who has never acted thus before, but who was compelled to do so out of gratitude for the message you brought to her. You see nothing has ever happened to me and it has seemed that nothing ever would. I live in the tiny circle of a tiny Australian town where I do and think and say the same things year in and out. Into this ever-sameness came your little story like a bird singing in the desert."

It was in the postscript that she wrote—"But those letters will always be of other folk and it is about you I would best like to hear."

LANDMAN BRAID took the letter from the postman and broke the seal as he strolled down the road. From a window above a voice called to him but he did not appear to hear. He read the letter in a leisurely way and laughed—rather a satisfied laugh.

Before a pair of wide swing doors he halted and his hand reached out to open them when his eye fell upon the postscript. A whimsical expression came over the corners of his mouth and puckered the lines about his eyes.

"H'm!" he ejaculated, "would you!"

He pushed open the door, then changing his mind let it swing to and turned away. On the Chelsea Embankment he stopped and, leaning against the stone coping, read Virginia's letter a second time. Then he took from his pocket a pencil and a pad of rough paper and giving his soft hat a tug over his right eye, he began to write.

"That was nice of you and I'm grateful. A generous reader is a rarity. They may enjoy but they seldom take the trouble to say so. When they do a reader is turned into a friend. When next I write it will be in the warmth of a new friendship. One might be great friends with an unknown—better friends perhaps than with a known. That's obvious enough in all conscience. All the way through your letter I liked you for you just spoke and asked no questions. Then came the postscript and, woe betide all philosophy, I liked you better for that. Conceit, you will say, but it isn't—rather let us call it that sense of intimacy which springs into being when one begins to wonder about another. But suppose I took you at your

word and told you all about myself—maybe you would like me so much the less. Shall I take the risk?"

Nine weeks later came the shortest reply imaginable.

"Please do."

The reply was written on a marble-top table at a convenient little haunt where Landman Braid not infrequently spent his mornings. He plunged into the task of self-description with frankness.

I HAVE squandered more hours thinking of the make-up of others than of myself," he wrote; then went on to say that he was six feet two, not uncomely by general comparison and gifted with a roving spirit which bore him in and out of the oddest European corners in search of he knew not what.

"Chance has thrown me on soft springs and along the sunniest lanes. I cannot remember ever having to worry. Dollars have ever fallen into my lap if not by heritage then by some skill of penmanship for which I can take no credit. No praise is due where a man merely writes down those things he is born to appreciate. What I write is written because I feel that this or that must be written—it is just a talking aloud to myself. I am selfish enough I fear, for in all the world there is no one else I care to talk with. I had a belief that one day I should find a someone but the belief is beginning to die. You may detect a touch of sorrow here but be at ease; there is all nature to admire and he is a poor wretch who is insensible to so great a charity. So I wander the world and am as content as a man need be—"

He stopped, raised his head to the yellow blurred windows and the fog-hazed street without. Rather a queer smile came over his features as he stooped to write the words—"and do not drown a half-formed disappointment in drink as other men have done before. There now, you have more of me than I have given to any other woman. Will you not repay the confidence in kind. There is a great clean air blowing across the Bay of Naples; from where I sit I can watch the smoke of Vesuvius trailing up to the sky in wisps of ragged brown."

He bought a stamped envelope at the postoffice by the top of Oakley Street, addressed and pitched it through the slot.

VIRGINIA read and re-read the letter by the light of her bedside candle. Then she pressed it to her cheek and lay watching the shadows play upon the ceiling, while a hundred delicate, exquisite thoughts entered into her soul and took possession.

Yet it was very hard for Virginia to exist in the rapture that was hers and never to speak a word of it to another. For eighteen glorious months the to and fro letters had passed between them. She felt she knew his every mood and was companion in all his travels—confident of all his secret thoughts. Sometimes she was almost disposed to seize the arm of the first passerby and pour out the wonderful

tale to her astonished ears. She forebore this extravagance, however, though at night she would whisper of her happiness to the moths which whirled and bumped against the walls and windows.

Then for no reason she could understand the letters ceased. The mail boats came and went but with them no word of the man she had come to love. One, two, three months passed and still silence. Virginia's step lost its springiness, her eyes their luster and her cheeks their bloom—a wretched vacant sadness enveloped her.

And then one day the driver of the rickety post-chaise pitched a bundle of papers and a letter over the hedge to the lawn.

Virginia snatched up the letter and ran away to the shade of the rosebush by the garden end.

His writing seemed shaky—he had been ill and it was then as he lay on his sick bed he had learned to know his real feelings.

"I love you with the realest love and want your love in return. But I dare not follow this letter and claim you—I dare not risk the disappointment I might prove to you. Let us be lovers with the world in between."

"It's real—real," sobbed Virginia.

AND FROM the house came the sound of her name in the peaked, thinning voice of Miss Caroline.

Virginia was carrying the letter quite openly when she entered her Aunt's room.

"Aunt, somebody loves me—loves me!" said Virginia. "For two years we have written to each other and now he has found out the truth. See, he says so—has written it a dozen times in his dear own hand. Oh, isn't it wonderful!"

"Thieves and liars men are! D'y' hear—hear. Bless the Lord's name I have kept apart from—from—what is it?"

"And the wonder of all, he doubts if he is good enough for me—me, Aunt!"

"Very good—cup of tea good enough for me—but you must warm the milk. how many times have I told you!"

"One day I shall cross the ocean and go to him. I shan't tell him who I am but sit perhaps at his table and we shall talk and in talking recognize each other—would that be a good plan d'you think? Perhaps he'd tell me about myself—ask my advice even about himself. Oh, Aunt—Aunt—isn't it wonderful to be alive!"

"Virginia—Virginia—hold me up—I'm—I'm—" The muscles of the old woman's throat tightened like wire stays, her hands set clawlike on the counterpane and Virginia dropped to earth to help another mortal leave it.

Virginia stepped from the liner at Tilbury Dock. It was an altogether startling experience. The general hustle made her breathless. Her slender belongings were slung and bumped through the custom-house and into the waiting train beyond, and presently she found herself steaming through the wastes of marsh and houses Londonward.

Arrived she took a room in the Liverpool



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Street Hotel, unpacked her boxes and sat on the bed to review the situation. From where she sat she could see the street veiled in a gray unfriendly drizzle.

The address—she had looked at it a thousand times—was in Chelsea, a gentle old-world part of the city. She would discover there where he might be found.

Before setting out she took some lunch. A matter of fact sort of meal it proved to be, but the waiter was a talkative fellow of good advice and told her how easiest to arrive at her destination.

Half an hour later she was in an underground train hastening westward.

At Sloane Square she alighted and thence made her way on foot.

Before No. 17 she stopped. It was a somber house of several floors with a flight of worn steps to the front door. A moment or two passed before Virginia pulled the bell. In reply a woman in a dirty print frock with tousled hair appeared in the rear and called out "Yes?"

"I wanted to see Mr. Braid?" faltered Virginia.

"Top floor. Door's open if you turn the 'andle."

So Virginia went inside and climbed the stairs. On the second landing she stopped at the sound of an altercation and the shrill reproaches of a female voice. "Drunken swine" rang out accusatively. Then a man speaking huskily:

"Damn you, I wish you were as good a friend as the drink is." Followed uncertain footsteps and Virginia pressed back into a corner as a man passed by. His face was inflamed, his hat pulled on carelessly and his clothes stained and disordered. One hand steadied himself with the banister rail and the other mopped his mouth with a slack, inert kind of movement. He took no heed of Virginia and continued his descent to the street. A child of about eight with an untidy head and a dirty pinafore came running down the stairs and leaned over the rail to watch him go.

"'E won't be 'arf blind when 'e comes in," she said.

"Who is it?" said Virginia.

"Farver."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Braid; 'e's a author," she added with a touch of pride. "'E could write

about anyfin' if it wasn't for the drink, but 'e's most always drunk. Muvver says he was a drinker 'fore she married 'im."

The child didn't notice how white the lady had become.

"Has he been ill?" asked Virginia.

"'E was in the infirmary for munce and munce las' year wiv D. T."

"Oh! how sad," said Virginia. "Oh!"

THIS is part of a letter Virginia wrote nearly six months later.

"You have made me happier than seemed possible. We are lovers with the world in between and the love that goes out from each of us and to and fro between us is purified and crystallized by the winds of the ocean and the clean breath of the hills over which it passes. We will ever remain so, each a mystery and a rapture to the other. The true ideal is the ideal which is never realized, for it has a charm that is unspoilable by time or truth."

Every mail day by the rosebush at the garden she waits for the answers which flutter over the wattle hedge to the green grass at her feet.

❧ *A. Conan Doyle Brings Sherlock Holmes Back—From page 13—In the Mystery of*

The Creeping Man

"No sir," Bennett answered, with a flush.

"That is conclusive," said the Professor, glaring angrily at my companion. "Now, sir——" He leaned forward with his two hands upon the table, "it seems to me that your position is a very questionable one."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"I can only repeat that I am sorry that we have made a needless intrusion."

"Hardly enough, Mr. Holmes!" The old man cried in a high screaming voice, with extraordinary malignancy upon his face. He got between us and the door as he spoke and he shook his two hands at us with furious passion. "You can hardly get out of it so easily as that." His face was convulsed and he grinned and gibbered at us in his senseless rage. I am convinced that we should have had to fight our way out of the room if Mr. Bennett had not intervened.

"My dear Professor," he cried. "Consider your position! Consider the scandal at the University! Mr. Holmes is a well-known man. You cannot possibly treat him with such discourtesy."

SULKILY our host—if I may call him so—cleared the path to the door. We were glad to find ourselves outside the house and in the quiet of the tree-lined drive. Holmes seemed greatly amused by the episode.

"Our learned friend's nerves are somewhat out of order," said he. "Perhaps our intrusion was a little crude and yet we have gained that personal contact which I desired. But dear me, Watson, he is surely at our heels. The villain still pursues us."

There were the sounds of running feet behind but it was, to my relief, not the formidable Professor but his assistant who appeared round the curve of the drive. He came panting up to us.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Holmes. I wished to apologize."

"My dear sir, there is no need. It is all in the way of professional experience."

"I have never seen him in a more dangerous mood. But he grows more sinister. You can understand now why his daughter and I are alarmed. And yet his mind is perfectly clear."

"Too clear!" said Holmes. "That was my miscalculation. It is evident that his memory is much more reliable than I had thought. By the way can we before we go see the window of Miss Presbury's room?"

Mr. Bennett pushed his way through some shrubs and we had a view of the side of the house.

"It is there. The second on the left."

"Dear me, it seems hardly accessible. And yet you will observe that there is a creeper below and a water pipe above which give some foothold."

"I could not climb it myself," said Mr. Bennett.

"Very likely. It would certainly be a dangerous exploit for any normal man."

"There was one other thing I wished to tell you, Mr. Holmes. I have the address of the man in London to whom the Professor writes. He seems to have written this morning and I got it from his blotting paper. It is an ignoble position for a trusted secretary, but what else can I do?"

Holmes glanced at the paper, and put it into his pocket.

"Dorak—a curious name. Slavonic, I imagine. Well, it is an important link in the chain. We return to London this afternoon, Mr. Bennett. I see no good purpose to be served by our remaining. We cannot arrest the Professor because he has done no crime, nor can we place him under constraint for he cannot be proved to be mad. No action is as yet possible."

"Then what on earth are we to do?"

"A little patience, Mr. Bennett. Things will soon develop. Unless I am mistaken next Saturday may mark a crisis. Certainly we shall be in Camford on that day. Meanwhile the general position is certainly unpleasant, and if Miss Presbury can prolong her visit——"

"That is easy."

"Then let her stay till we can assure her that all danger is past. Meanwhile let him have his way and do not cross him. So long as he is in a good humor all is well."

THERE he is!" said Bennett in a startled whisper. Looking between the branches we saw the tall erect figure emerge from the hall door and look around him. He stood leaning forward, his hands swinging straight before him, his head turning from side to side. The secretary with a last wave slipped off among the trees, and we saw him presently rejoin his employer, the two entering the house together in what seemed to be animated and even excited conversation.

"I expect the old gentleman has been putting two and two together," said Holmes, as we walked hotelward. "He struck me as having a particularly clear and logical brain, from the little I saw of him. Explosive, no doubt, but then from his point of view he has something to explode about if detectives are put on his track and he suspects his own household of doing it. I rather fancy that friend Bennett is in for an uncomfortable time."

Holmes stopped at a post-office and sent off a telegram on our way. The answer reached us in the evening and he tossed it across to me. "Have visited the Commercial Road and seen Dorak. Suave person, Bohemian, elderly. Keeps large general store. Mercer."

"Mercer is since your time," said

Are You Ever Tongue-Tied At a Party?

HAVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about?

Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease?

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady or a young man, at a dinner table and not be able to converse in a calm well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips.

Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests, saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart?

Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

The difference between being a calm, well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening.

Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

THE man who does not know exactly what is expected of him at a party or a dance feels alone, out of place. He imagines people are noticing him, thinking how dull he is, how uninteresting.

The woman who does not have a pleasing, engaging manner invariably has the "panicky" feeling of a wallflower. She is afraid of making blunders, constrained and embarrassed when she should be entirely at ease.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to be tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. The man or woman who is able to do the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

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quette, which is one of the most useful arts in daily life can be mastered in almost one evening.

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By telling you what to say and when to say it, by explaining exactly what to do under all circumstances, etiquette gives you a wonderful poise and ease of manner. Instead of being tongue-tied, it shows you how to be a pleasing, interesting conversationalist. Instead of being "alone" it teaches you the secret of making people like you and seek your company.

Mistakes That Condemn Us As Ill-Bred

There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who mutters "Pleased to meet you" again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.

At the dinner table, in the ball-room, with strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit.

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Holmes. "He is my general utility man who looks up routine business. It was important to know something of the man with whom our Professor was so secretly corresponding. His nationality connects up with the Prague visit."

"Thank goodness that something connects with something," said I. "At present we seem to be faced by a long series of inexplicable incidents with no bearing upon each other. For example what possible connection can there be between an angry wolf-hound and a visit to Bohemia, or either of them with a man crawling down a passage at night! As to your dates that is the biggest mystification of all."

HOLMES SMILED and rubbed his hands. We were, I may say, seated in the old sitting-room of the ancient hotel with a bottle of the famous vintage of which Holmes had spoken, on the table.

"Well now, let us take the dates first," said he, his finger-tips together and his manner as if he were addressing a class. "This excellent young man's diary shows that there was trouble upon July 2nd, and from then onward it seems to have been at nine-day intervals, with so far as I remember only one exception. Thus the last outbreak upon Friday was on September 3rd which also falls into the series, as did August 26th which preceded it. The thing is beyond coincidence."

I was forced to agree.

"Let us then form the provisional theory that every nine days the Professor takes some strong drug which has a passing but highly poisonous effect. His naturally violent nature is intensified by it. He learned to take this drug while he was in Prague and is now supplied with it by a Bohemian intermediary in London. This all hangs together, Watson?"

"But the dog, the face at the window, the creeping man in the passage?"

"Well, well, we have made a beginning. I should not expect any fresh developments until next Tuesday. In the meantime we can only keep in touch with friend Bennett, and enjoy this charming town."

In the morning Mr. Bennett slipped round to bring us the latest report. As Holmes had imagined times had not been easy with him. Without exactly accusing him of being responsible for our presence the Professor had been very rough and rude in his speech, and evidently felt some strong grievance. This morning he was quite himself again, however, and had delivered his usual brilliant lecture to a crowded class. "Apart from his queer fits," said Bennett, "he has actually more energy and vitality than I can ever remember, nor was his brain ever clearer. But it's not he—it's never the man whom we have known."

"I don't think you have anything to fear now for a week at least," Holmes answered. "I am a busy man and Dr. Watson has his patients to attend to. Let us agree that we meet here at this hour next Tuesday and I shall be surprised if before we leave you again we are not able to explain even if we cannot perhaps put an end to your troubles. Meanwhile keep us posted on what occurs."

I saw nothing of my friend for the next few days, but on the following Monday evening I had a short note asking me to meet him next day at the train. From what he told me as we traveled up to Camford all was well. The peace of the

Professor's house had been unruffled, and his own conduct perfectly normal. This also was the report which was given us by Mr. Bennett himself when he called upon us that evening at our old quarters in the Chequers. "He heard often from London; each letter with the cross under the stamp which warned me not to touch them. There has been nothing else."

"That may prove quite enough," said Holmes grimly. "Now, Mr. Bennett, we shall I think, come to some conclusion tonight. If my conclusions are correct we should have an opportunity of bringing matters to a head. In order to do so it is necessary to hold the Professor under observation. I would suggest therefore that you remain awake and on the lookout. Should you hear him pass your door do not interrupt him but follow him as discreetly as you can. Dr. Watson and I will not be far off. By the way where is the key of that little box of which you spoke?"

"Upon his watch chain."

"I fancy our researches must lie in that direction. At the worst the lock should not be very formidable. Have you any other able bodied man on the premises?"

"There is the coachman, Macphail."

"Where does he sleep?"

"Over the stables?"

"We might possibly want him. Well, we can do no more until we see how things develop. Good-by, but I expect that we shall see you before morning."

It was nearly midnight before we took our station among some bushes immediately opposite the hall door of the professor's house. It was a fine night, but chilly, and we were glad of our warm overcoats. There was a breeze and clouds were scudding across the sky, obscuring from time to time the half moon. It would have been a dismal vigil were it not for the expectation and excitement which carried us along, and the assurance of my comrade that we had probably reached the end of the strange sequence of events which had engaged our attention.

IF THE CYCLE of nine days holds good then we shall have the Professor at his worst tonight," said Holmes. "The fact that these strange symptoms began after his visit to Prague, that he is in secret correspondence with a Bohemian dealer in London, who presumably represents someone in Prague, and that he received a packet from him this very day, all point in one direction."

"What he takes and why he takes it is still beyond our ken, but that it emanates in some way from Prague is clear enough. He takes it under definite directions which regulate this ninth day system which was the first point that attracted my attention. But his symptoms are most remarkable. Did you observe his knuckles?"

I had to confess that I did not.

"Thick and horny in a way which is quite new in my experience. Always look at the hands first, Watson. Then cuffs, trouser-knees and boots. Very curious knuckles which can only be explained by the mode of progression observed by—"

Holmes paused, and suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead. "Oh, Watson, Watson, what a fool I have been! It seems incredible and yet it must be true. All points in one direction. How could I miss

seeing the connection of ideas! Those knuckles—how could I have passed those knuckles! And the dog! And the ivy! It's surely time that I disappeared into that little farm of my dreams. Look out, Watson! Here he is! We will have the chance of seeing for ourselves."

The hall door had slowly opened and against the lamp-lit background we saw the tall figure of Professor Presbury. He was clad in his dressing-gown. As he stood outlined in the doorway he was erect but leaning forward with dangling arms, as when we saw him last.

NOW HE STEPPED forward into the drive and an extraordinary change came over him. He sank down into a crouching position and moved along upon his hands and feet, skipping every now and then as if he were overflowing with energy and vitality. He moved along the face of the house and then round the corner. As he disappeared Bennett slipped through the hall door and softly followed him.

"Come, Watson, come!" cried Holmes, and we slipped as softly as we could through the bushes until we had gained a spot whence we could see the other side of the house, which was bathed in the light of the half moon. The Professor was clearly visible crouching at the foot of the ivy-covered wall. As we watched him he suddenly began with incredible agility to ascend it.

From branch to branch he sprang, sure of foot and firm of grasp, climbing apparently in mere joy at his own powers with no definite object in view. With his dressing-gown flapping on each side of him he looked like some huge bat glued against the side of his own house, a great square dark patch upon the moonlit wall. Presently he tired of this amusement and dropping from branch to branch he squatted down into the old attitude and moved toward the stables, creeping along in the same strange way as before. The wolf-hound was out now, barking furiously, and more excited than ever when it actually caught sight of its master. It was straining on its chain and quivering with eagerness and rage.

The Professor squatted very deliberately just out of reach of the hound, and began to provoke it in every possible way. He took handfuls of pebbles from the drive and threw them in the dog's face, prodded him with a stick which he had picked up, flicked his hands about only a few inches from the gaping mouth, and endeavoring in every way to increase the animal's fury which was already beyond all control.

In all our adventures I do not know that I have ever seen a more strange sight than this impassive and still dignified figure crouching frog-like upon the ground and goading the maddened hound which ramped and raged in front of him by all manner of ingenious and calculated cruelty to a wilder exhibition of passion.

And then in a moment it happened! It was not the chain that broke but it was the collar that slipped for it had been made for a thick-necked Newfoundland. We heard the rattle of falling metal and the next instant dog and man were rolling on the ground together, the one roaring in rage, the other screaming in a strange shrill falsetto of terror. It was a very narrow thing for the Professor's life. The savage creature had him fairly by the throat, its fangs had bitten deep, and he



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was senseless before we could reach them and drag the two apart. It might have been a dangerous task for us, but Bennett's voice and pressure brought the great wolf-hound instantly to reason.

The uproar had brought the sleepy and astonished coachman from his room above the stables. "I'm not surprised," said he, shaking his head. "I've seen him at it before. I knew the dog would get him sooner or later."

The hound was secured and together we carried the Professor up to his room where Bennett, who had a medical degree, helped me to dress his torn throat. The sharp teeth had passed dangerously near the carotid artery and the hemorrhage was serious. In half an hour the danger was passed, I had given the patient an injection of morphia and he had sunk into deep sleep. Then, and only then were we able to look at each other and to take stock of the situation.

"I think a first-class surgeon should see him," said I.

"For God's sake, no!" cried Bennett. "At present the scandal is confined to our own household. It is safe with us. If it gets beyond these walls it will never stop. Consider his position at the University, his European reputation, the feelings of his daughter."

"QUITE so," said Holmes. "I think it may be quite possible to keep the matter to ourselves, and also to prevent its recurrence now that we have a free hand. The key from the watch chain, Mr. Bennett. John will guard the patient and let us know if there is any change. Let us see what we can find in the Professor's mysterious box."

There was not much but there was enough—an empty phial, another nearly full, a hypodermic syringe, several letters in a crabbed foreign hand. The marks on the envelopes showed that they were those which had disturbed the routine of the

secretary, and each was dated from the Commercial Road and signed A. Dorak. They were mere invoices to say that a fresh bottle was being sent to Professor Presbury, or receipts to acknowledge money. There was one other envelope however in a more educated hand and bearing the Austrian stamp with the postmark of Prague. "Here we have our material!" cried Holmes, as he tore out the enclosure.

"HONORED COLLEAGUE," it ran. "Since your esteemed visit I have thought much of your case, and though in your circumstances there are some special reasons for the treatment, I would none the less enjoin caution, as my results have shown that it is not without danger of a kind."

It is possible that the Serum of Anthropoid would have been better. I have, as I explained to you, used black-faced Langur because a specimen was accessible. Langur is of course a crawler and climber while Anthropoid walks erect, and is in all ways nearer.

I beg you to take every possible precaution that there be no premature revelation of the process. I have one other client in England, and Dorak is my agent for both. Weekly reports will oblige,

Yours with high esteem,
H. Lowenstein."

Lowenstein! The name brought back to me the memory of some snippet from a newspaper which spoke of an obscure scientist who was striving in some unknown way for the secret of rejuvenescence and the elixir of life. Lowenstein of Prague! Lowenstein with the wondrous strength-giving serum, tabooed by the Profession because he refused to reveal its source.

In a few words I said what I remembered. Bennett had taken a manual of Zoology from the shelves. "Langur," he read, "the great black-faced monkey of the Himalayan slopes, biggest and most human

of climbing monkeys." Many details were added. "Well, thanks to you, Mr. Holmes, it is very clear that we have traced the evil to its source."

"The real source," said Holmes, "lies of course in that untimely love-affair which gave our impetuous Professor the idea that he would only gain his wish by turning himself into a younger man. When one tries to rise above Nature one is liable to fall below it. The highest type of man can revert to the animal if he leaves the straight road of destiny." He sat musing for a little with the phial in his hand, looking at the clear liquid within.

"When I have written to this man and told him that I hold him criminally responsible for the poisons which he circulates, we will have no more trouble. But it may recur. Others may find a better way. There is danger there—a very real danger to humanity. Consider, Watson, that the material, the sensual, the worldly would all prolong their worthless lives. The spiritual would not avoid the call to something higher. It would be the survival of the least fit. What sort of cesspool may not our poor world become." Suddenly the dreamer disappeared, and Holmes the man of action sprang from his chair. "I think there is nothing more to be said, Mr. Bennett. The various incidents will now fit themselves easily into the general scheme."

THE DOG of course was aware of the change far more quickly than you. His smell would insure that. It was the monkey not the Professor whom Roy attacked, just as it was the monkey who teased Roy. Climbing was a joy to the creature and it was a mere chance, I take it, that the pastime brought him to the young lady's window. There is an early train to town. Watson, but I think we shall just have time for a cup of tea at the Chequers before we catch it."

Norman Hapgood Submits New Data in His Expose' of the Hooded Order—From page 67

The New Threat of the Ku Klux Klan

admitting racial and religious lines. In reply to a question I received the following telegram:

"Reference your recent wire the constitution of United Mine Workers carries provision prohibiting its members from being members of the Ku Klux Klan.—John L. Lewis."

There is now going on an attempt to extend the Klan to other countries. Organizers have been sent abroad to look over the ground. This plan apparently began in January, 1922. This expansion, which may possibly have future consequences, has become the dream of E. Y. Clarke, the Klan's chief organizer. We reproduce on page 66 the original letter, enclosing the suggestion. Part of the suggestion follows:

(Brotherhood of Man)

"Altho' Our Invisible Order, the Knights of The Ku Klux Klan, is for White American Born, 'Protestants' and of which every Klansman is proud;

we must not overlook the fact that to obtain as near as possible the 'Brotherhood of Man' (we must expand).

"Let us consider the Anglo Saxon race, for instance: Norway, Denmark, Sweden, England, Scotland, Wales, North Ireland, and Germany?"

"Let us consider the naturalized American, of the Anglo Saxon race and a Protestant?"

"Take the Statistics on the number of Protestants and the number of (Roman Catholics) among the Anglo Saxon race, of the above mentioned countries.

"In this way, we can readily give an estimate as to the number of prospective Klansmen we could enroll.

"Let us expand our noble order, across the seas, to those of them who would be worthy of becoming a 'Noble Klansman' of the Anglo Saxon race.

"Our Noble Order could be introduced in each and every one of the above mentioned countries by a slight change in our charter.

"When one of our Anglo Saxon Klansmen migrated to America, he would

undoubtedly call at one of our Temples or endeavor to seek out his American brother and Klansman.

"After he had resided in America as per the required period which our government requires of every person who desires to become an American citizen, he would automatically become an American Klansman and defender of our glorious flag 'Old Glory' a protector of our American womanhood and an enemy of the (Church of Rome).

"If Our Noble Order 'Knights of the Ku Klux Klan' could be extended to these outstretched hands across the seas, each country having the same beautiful ritual. The only change being, that the Klansmen of the countries as herein mentioned would swear allegiance to the flag of the country of which they are a citizen, with the provision that they would all be Klansmen: One for all—All for one.

"We would if necessary add one more degree to Our Noble Order, which would have to be conferred upon an Anglo Saxon Klansman at Atlanta, Georgia, or any



Drawn by Ralph Barton

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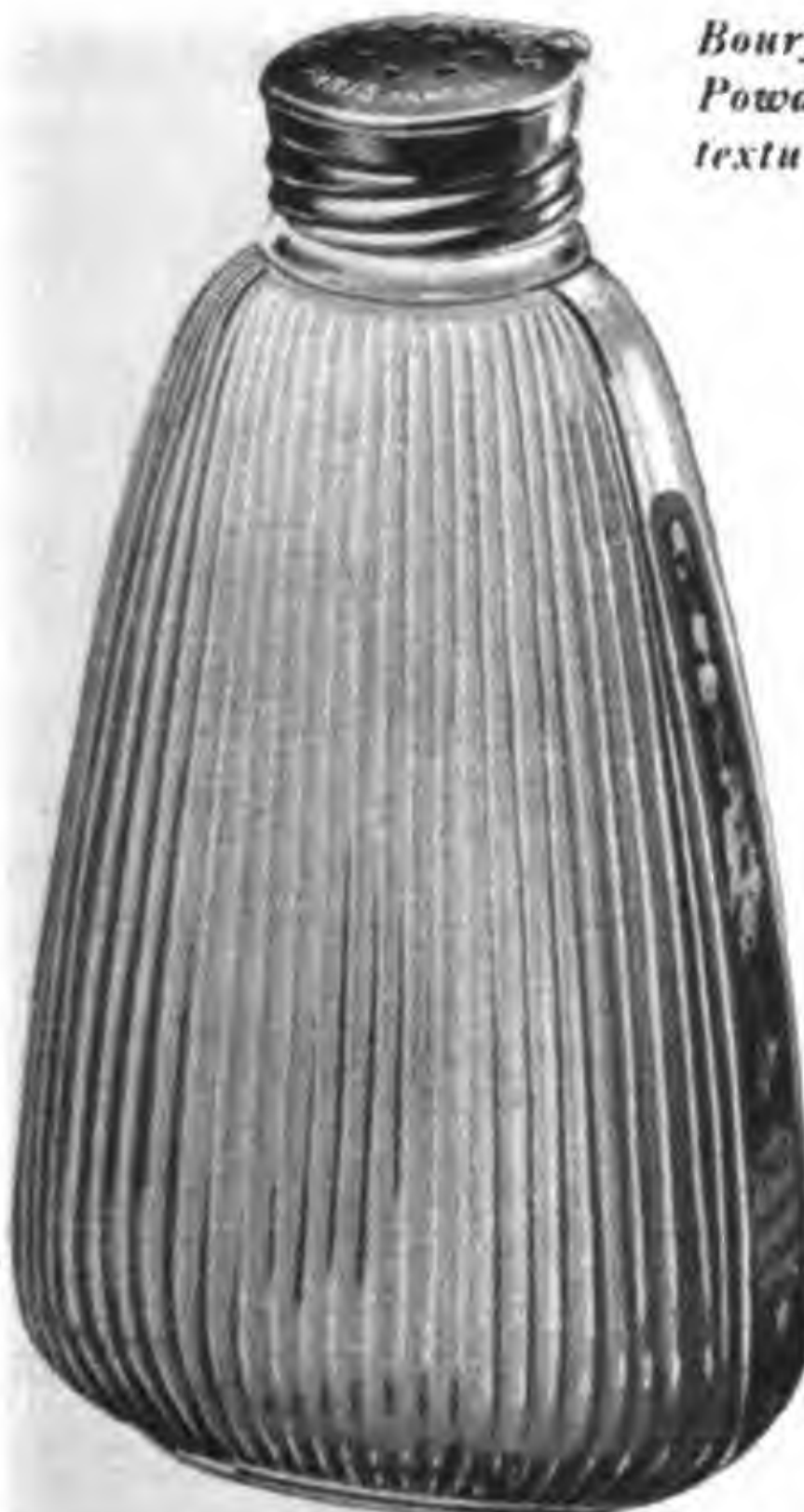
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other appropriate state which our Grand Exalted Cyclops would designate.

"If this change could be brought about, think of the power, prestige, brotherly love and what this closer relationship with our Anglo Saxon brothers would mean to our beloved America and all Noble Klansmen?

"Think what the combined strength of all these white men of Protestant faith would mean?

"Think of the things that could be accomplished, the good that would eventually come. A better understanding between all white men of the Protestant faith. The links in our chain, which are weak, would be doubly strengthened; they would be strengthened by new and stronger ones. A chain in time of need which could not be rent assunder.

"We could have better schools for the white race of the Protestant faith. A better world to live in. And, above all, the most powerful organization of white men of the Protestant faith the world has ever known.

"We would come as near attaining, the true, 'Brotherhood of Man' as it would be possible for the white race to attain; which God grant 'Our Invisible Order, Knights of The Ku Klux Klan', will endeavor to carry out.

Klansman—Theo. Doyle."

Clerical hatreds still exist in the old country, although they are nothing to what they were in the past. It is doubtful if the Klan could tell the Europeans much about religious hatred they do not already know. Ulster, for example, needs no Klan to keep the fires aflame.

On the Jewish side, also, it will be hard for the Klan to interest our friends abroad. They *made* the Jewish question, by the persecution of centuries. They have it in their systems deeper than the Klan can ever get it into this country. There is scarcely a reactionary movement in all Europe that has not an anti-Semitic drive as a principal part of its hating strength.

An oddity of the movement is its growth in localities where Jews and Catholics are few in number. The explanation is not clear. It may be that in small, remote towns where the schooling is bad it is easier to get up a scare along historic lines. Here is one report:

"Reports from Montana and Wyoming show the Ku Klux Klan is gathering members in large numbers in even the most remote townships and villages. A recent letter from the King Kleagle of the latter state shows that in a small town of less than a thousand population a Klan was chartered in January with one hundred and twenty-five members. Since that time the membership has more than doubled.

"Both Montana and Wyoming have increased their Klan membership so rapidly within the last few weeks that both shortly will be declared Realms with their own state organization."

Our files are crowded with documents of the most intense violence along religious and racial lines, but we do not wish, by using them, to distract attention from the topic of our exposure. We started, not to discuss heated superstition, but to give

an exact and documentary picture of the drive for political power carried on by this secret organization. That method is in accord with our policy. In the series on Henry Ford's Jew-Mania, we did little more than tell the story itself by presenting documents. The results have been already excellent. In the series on Dope, now running, the important part is the collection of proved facts that Mr. Howard presents. In the Jews in Our Colleges, beginning in this issue, Mr. Gleason tells this month exactly what is the position taken by a certain element in the Harvard faculty, and practised less frequently by other colleges, while next month he gives with equal exactness the case against discrimination.

So in this case of the ambitious secret society, we have shown that it not only carries on the bigoted political pressure familiar to us in certain foreign countries, and in certain short periods in our own history, but that it has recently organized a triply secret branch for public men and judges. Having gotten these general principles off my mind, I will come back in the next instalment to certain specific and striking information.

Next month's Ku Klux Klan article will deal with the question of outrages. It will take one of the most conspicuous outrages in which the Klan has been mixed up and tell the story from the Klan's own records. See Hearst's International for April.

Q. Anna Louise Strong—Continued from page 85—Throws Light on

The Decent Germans

immaculate through eight years of war, gives no hint of her tragedy.

I meet petty civil officials, who before the war were the most incorruptible public servants in Europe. "Now," laugh the men who have corrupted them, "you can buy them for the price of a meal." I meet German journalists, who have sold their old connections, working at a price to gather material for foreigners, and the foreigners use it as they choose.

So I wait for an explosion, and wonder what form it will take. Others wait for it too. The waiter in a restaurant told me of a strike they had a year ago which brought relief for a moment, "but now things are worse than ever."

"Will there be another strike?" I asked him. He looked me straight in the eyes. "More than a strike," he said.

The charming girl in the train who counted on shooting in Berlin this winter, was neither a communist nor a socialist; she belonged to the nationalist right; she hoped for no revolution. "But some of these profiteers will have to get shot," she said, "then the rest will be scared for a little."

"Vienna is plundered out; Berlin is getting it now," that is what they are saying. And they tell me, when hunger riots start in Berlin, a red velvet curtain is dropped at the Hotel Adlon, the center of the profiteers' quarter, so that the hungry people may not pass by and see the men who fatten on their hunger. If the unrest

grows, the government throws a cordon of police around this section. For the orderly German police protect even the profiteer.

Some day, perhaps soon, this government protection will be insufficient. Some day the little food riots will merge into one big riot. But what hope is there in that. The German workers to whom I talk see none. "Then France will seize the Ruhr, and Poland will come from the east. We have no arms. The arms are in the hands of the Entente and of the profiteers, who are their tools."

IT IS QUITE true. The best that could be hoped from any revolution in Germany is European civil war. Poland and France advancing from both sides; Russia coming in to help a worker's republic. And all the little countries thrown up by the Entente as barriers between Germany and Russia would be fighting both ways at once, with revolts in their centers. It might be European Revolution, if Germany went; it might, on the other hand, be merely the blotting out of a few more million Germans.

In no direction is there any picture of happiness or peace. The great order-loving mass of the German people hold giant demonstrations over the murder of Erzberger and Rathenau, voicing their protest against violence and their demand for settlement by means of law. The youth of Germany wave banners in favor

of peace, declaring "Nie Wieder Krieg." The guns and arms of Germany are melted away into iron at the will of the victors and without protest from the people.

But all these gestures of peace avail nothing against the relentless pressure of economic conditions, which force even now a continuous round of explosions, assassination, food riots, demonstrations ending in shooting. In the bad winter coming, the explosions will be bigger, but not on that account more hopeful.

Yet if one stays long in Berlin, any struggle, however hopeless, even unto death, comes to seem better than this sliding, sliding, sliding of the decent population into hunger and death, while the speculators riot through the streets.

I can still remember the quiet old lady in that little town, where once I went to school, in those peaceful days before the war, to learn German. She was, and is still, a dear conventional soul. She loved the kaiser even in his fall, until he got married again, "so soon after the death of our dear empress," after that she stopped praying for him. There was not a breath of radicalism in her; I never ventured to tell her how many socialists I knew; we talked of the price of bread and butter. But when I said good-by to her in the station and wished her better times, she startled me by saying:

"Who does not die this winter of cold, or next winter of hunger, or the year after by violence—he shall see happier days."

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B. B. Gilchrist's Story of Today's Girl—From page 104

New Wine

He nodded. "Guess it's true, all right."
"Chucked out?"
"So they say."
"I think," said Claudia, "I'll look her up."
"Good work. She may be up against it. A man—well—his hands are tied."
"Of course. How'll I find out where she's living?"
"I may be able to help you there—as soon as I can lay my hands on a telephone."
"Go to it now, then. I'm going this afternoon."
"Always knew you were a bit of all right, Claudia."

HER CALL—the clue Jim procured had been a bit difficult to follow up—made Claudia late to dinner. And Clyde was there. It was Evelyn's gesture of faith in him, an eloquent pantomime, but at the moment ill-timed. Claudia sat down calmly. She treated Clyde with bright negligence. It made Evelyn's blood boil. There was something insolent in Claudia's carelessness.
"When I particularly asked you to be prompt tonight, dear."

"I'd forgotten, mother, that you spoke of guests. You didn't mention names, you know. And I've been calling."

"Really? I thought you considered the payment of calls a relic of barbarism."

"Oh, I do, common calls. But this girl was charming. A Miss Baynes—attractive little thing—Clyde knows her. I found her rather up against it."

"Out of work?" Evelyn lifted the question with more animation. If Clyde was interested in the conversation—

"It amounts to that, mother. I've got her a new job. She's going to like it, I'm sure, much better than her last. Besides, it's more certain. Did cook happen to mention what she calls this concoction we're eating? I'm gone on cook, Clyde. She's a jewel."

Evelyn wondered what Claudia had said. She never could be quite sure of what Claudia might have said. Evelyn knew she often missed points. Claudia had a way of baiting people—her very coolness was insulting. And she wasn't afraid of anything.

The point dropped and talk slid along smoothly. The little passage just over meant nothing intelligible either then or later to Evelyn, though her trained social sense was acutely aware that there had been about it something off color.

Clyde kissed Evelyn's hand when he said good night, but he never came to the house again. Claudia's mother thought he had heard gossip about Claudia.

"A man wants to worship the girl he loves, dear. It may sound old-fashioned, but if she loses the glamor that a name above reproach gives her—"

"You mean, don't you, mother, if he thinks she knows too much?"

"In my day it was the same thing, dear. Young people seem nowadays not to understand the value of mystery. Men don't like women soiling their fingers poking into everything."

"All right. We don't have to suit 'em."
"I don't understand you, Claudia."

"Don't you, mother? Marriage was the whole thing with you, wasn't it? Plenty of other interesting things to do now, you know."

"Don't make the mistake of belittling a man's love, Claudia. You may be lucky to get it."

"Oh come now, mother, isn't that a bit sweeping? Like saying you're lucky to get butter on your bread. It depends on the butter. I've seen times I'd rather eat my bread clear. And I don't fancy myself, blindfold, slipping my head into a noose while the man's eyes are free."

"What do you fancy, Claudia?"

The answer took Evelyn's breath away. "My children," said Claudia, "are going to own a father I won't be ashamed to have the boys be like or they won't be my children. Oh golly, mother, I believe you're blushing!"

"The topic is a trifle—er—unusual, Claudia."

"Very likely," assented the girl carelessly. "But I've got them to look out for, haven't I? They're supposed to be rather my job, you know. That's conventional enough, I'm sure. Not that I'd marry for 'em, though it's a reasonable thing to do if you want 'em that bad. The man I marry needn't worship me—I'd feel awkward enough if he did—but he's got to be square with me."

"May I ask, Claudia, whether you converse on topics like this with young Wainwright?"

"There isn't much Jim and I don't talk over."

"Claudia! Claudia! What must he think of you!"

"Jim? Oh, that's all right, mother. He thinks well enough of me to want to marry me."

"And you——" she couldn't finish the sentence.

"I think so," said Claudia calmly.

IT MADE Evelyn sick. She went to bed over it. To forbid the marriage would do no good. Her disapproval she perceived would count for as little as had her favor. Mothers didn't forbid nowadays. That too had gone out. Daughters, that you had expected to get some pleasure out of—what a swindle! Boys were much more satisfactory. How could Claudia reconcile her wild talk of a square deal with what she had herself confessed so brazenly about the man? Evelyn knew herself hopelessly confused. If Claudia had made up her mind to marry him, at least she need not have told that Paris story. Yet that was Claudia all over, wasn't it trusting to throw dust in your eyes by brazening the thing out?

Evelyn's heart ached with pity. Claudia! Her little girl! Who might have had anyone. Putting up with the best she could get because what she might have had, her own recklessness had cast away. That was what Evelyn made of the affair in the end, where this modern freedom landed you—but the girls couldn't see it—in compromise, with men slightly shopworn—it

wasn't likely that Paris story was all there was of that sort of thing in Wainwright's experience—and with nothing in particular to live on. Probably the man earned a competence. Claudia had spoken lightly of having to be careful for a few years. What did Claudia know about carefulness?

But Evelyn hoped she understood her duty. She said as much. Claudia had proposed to go to a justice of the peace or a minister. She was willing to suit her mother in the detail.

"I knew you'd hate to make a wedding because you don't like Jim, so I thought——"

"You will be married from your mother's house."

"Really, mother? That's awfully decent of you." The girl kissed her.

Evelyn trusted herself to one last appeal. "Are you quite sure, Claudia? Marriage is so—so final." At least Evelyn hoped so.

"That's just what it isn't nowadays," Claudia gurgled. "Oh, we're not planning on the divorce court, mother."

Really, Claudia's taste was execrable. What Evelyn said was, "when I married your father, it was all a mystery and so wonderful. That Paris story troubles me a bit, dear."

"It needn't," said Claudia. "Jim knows he won't keep me a minute, if he doesn't play straight. And I—well, I can't lie down on my job, either. If I let myself grow a nasty temper or get unattractive, I'll deserve to lose him. A girl needs jacking up too, mother. It's a good thing to know what the dangers are."

Evelyn sighed. Claudia was too cool about it, altogether too cool. "A girl in love doesn't see dangers."

"I suppose you mean"—good-humoredly—"that I'm not in love."

"Are you?"

Deliberately Claudia turned her eyes on her mother. A sudden warm, irresistible color flooded her cheeks. She glowed like an exquisite chalice.

"I'd not give much for a love that can't stand knowing what it's up against," said Claudia.

"THAT'S sporting of your mother," was Wainwright's comment when Claudia told him about the wedding. "She doesn't like me, you know."

"She will," the girl assured him. "Once you're the man of the family you'll wear a halo. I should, if I'd been a boy."

"Thank heaven you weren't a boy."

"Then you really think it's safe for you to marry me? I could laugh if I didn't want more to cry, Jim."

"Steady, old girl." He patted her. "I'll risk it."

"Mother's had a horrible life. Just one long stretch of seeing black white. Ghastly, isn't it?"

"We can't call her bluff," said the man. "If it is a bluff."

"It isn't. I don't pretend to understand mother's mental processes, but she's honest."

Jim wasn't vitally interested. "Honest but deluded? Old stuff," he said. "Do we have to talk about her now?"

"What shall we talk about?"

"The future. That's going to be new, dear."

"New!" Again she glowed like an exquisite chalice. "And that's up to us."

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A-12

Should a Bank Loan Money for Advertising?

by FESTUS J. WADE

President, MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY of St. Louis

WHEN we strike at advertising, meaning, of course, efficiently applied advertising, we strike at salesmanship, and the heart of business. For the banker to do anything to retard business right now is suicide.

When the merchant pulls down his shingle and waits for business to come to him in a buyers' market, we laugh at him, and call him a poor business man.

When he is forced to cut down one of his best methods of selling because his banker considers advertising an unnecessary item of expense and refuses an otherwise deserved loan purely on that principle, it is my humble opinion that we should laugh at the banker, and feel sorry for the merchant.

Don't mistake my meaning. It is a basic banking principle that a loan must be well secured, and a firm cannot borrow merely because it is a big and successful advertiser. But the fact that it is a believer in advertising and wants to use a portion of the money for that purpose should never stand in its way when it calls on the bank's credit department.

[Published by Hearst's International in Co-operation
with The American Association of Advertising Agencies]



“The White Wonder of Her Hands”

IT is a long cry from Shakespeare and the hands of his Juliet to the prosaic drug store man, who is usually so busy helping allay human ills that he has not time to see beauty in a woman's hand. But “The white wonder of her hands” has been forced on the attention of 26,000 such busy men.

It came about through a decision of these 26,000 druggist-partners of the A. D. S. to produce a compound that would bring quick relief to women suffering from chapped hands. Through their State Formula Committees every druggist voted on each ingredient. They received laboratory reports on experiments and tests, and gave a majority approval of the final compound. It was named A. D. S. Almond Cream.

In the course of time deliveries were made to A. D. S. stores from Coast to Coast and the druggists began to sell it. Carrying their own trade mark as it did, they guaranteed its results, though that was seldom necessary, as the A. D. S. man is much closer to his customers than the average retailer. His word, as a rule, is as good as a guarantee.

Every woman who entered a store and showed a sign of chapped hands or any kind of smarting hands from exposure to wind and weather, was invited to try a bottle of this new remedy. Because it really was as good as they promised, it did relieve the soreness and restore the skin. The women came back for more, and talked about it to their friends. Sales were more than satisfactory from the beginning.

Then, inside of three months from the time it was first marketed, sales actually doubled their most optimistic hopes. In six months sales were doubled again. Their factories were swamped with orders.

Hundreds of reports from druggists to A. D. S. Headquarters at Long Island City, N. Y., said that women and girls who bought this Almond Cream for chapped hands came back for more *after their hands were fully restored to normal*. The explanation came from the women—from their hands.

When the druggist asked why, the woman would show him her hands and with pride would call his attention to a clear white color and softness of the skin, entirely new to her. She could definitely trace the beginning of this new beauty to the druggist's Almond Cream. She told how it had worked wonders in such a short time—removed all traces of housework.

A census like investigation throughout their territory bore out these early reports. Drug store after drug store supported this new development with accounts verbatim and general of testimonials from enthusiastic women.

With conclusive proof in the hands of so many women, the A. D. S. now make another claim for their Almond Cream. They say that it will not only relieve the smart from chapping or any other such soreness of a woman's hands but, if she will keep on using it, will call other peoples admiring attention to “The white wonder of her hands.”



It is natural for the skin of a woman's hand to be delicately white, and pleasingly smooth to touch. But exposure to weather and housework are factors which mar that natural beauty.

Will Keep Your Hands as Beautiful as Nature Intended Them to Be

One application will relieve the soreness almost immediately. It removes the smart, closes the tiny cracks, soothes the skin, and brings back the normal color.



The housewife whose hands are in and out of water many times a day, and the girl who works, will appreciate the soft white color which it maintains with only one light application a day.

In cold weather when children's hands are subject to chapping and frost-bite A. D. S. Almond Cream will prevent pain. Apply it at the first complaint, or sign of inflammation on little hands.

Get a Bottle Today at Any A.D.S. Store

Doctors and Drug-Mongers—Continued from page 100

IT Does the Cleaning —NOT You!

Sani-Flush cleans it for you. Don't scrub the toilet bowl. Nor scour it. Nor dip out water.

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! Watch stains, discolorations, incrustations disappear. See how the bowl shines. There's nothing like Sani-Flush. It's patented.

You can't reach the trap—hidden, unhealthful. Sani-Flush does! Cleans it thoroughly. Destroys all foul odors. Won't harm plumbing connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farrington Road, London, E. C. 1, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



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Shotgun Cures

doctors, from all parts of the land, in regard to the possibility of using glands in this or that disease. Are glands good for St. Vitus' dance, or morphin addicts, or sleeping sickness, or chilblains, or cancer? Then Harrower answers—almost invariably in this manner: "Glands are not a cure for cancer, and so on, but . . ." and then he launches into an ingenious explanation of just how this given case has a gland aspect, and ends up triumphantly, recommending one of his products. Here is an illustration of how Harrower might answer a question:

Question—by Doctor B. I have a patient who has just been run over by a truckload of Swiss cheeses. He is in a deplorable condition, not seeming to improve. Might his trouble have a gland aspect?

Answer—by Harrower. Of course, glands are not a cure for the condition you mention. But Professor Le Fou, of Paris, reports some very promising results in the treatment of four people run over by a truckload of Dutch cheeses.

Professor Hanswurst, of Leipzig, has proved that glands regulate the body chemistry. Therefore I know of no better treatment than my *Thyroid Pancreas Pituitary Kidney Thymus Spermin* compound. I do not say it will cure your patient. But Dr. Le Fou reports that all of his patients recovered completely after operations, resting in bed for nine months and administration of glands. This result is very promising, in view of the fact that they were run over by a ten-ton truck.

SOME drugs are spoken of as *specifics*. That means that they have a definite curative effect on a definite disease.

Until recently it has been universally believed that a serum or a vaccine always has to be specific, to be effective. If you hope to cure pneumonia with a serum, that serum has to come from an animal made immune to pneumonia germs, and no other germs. But lately a new idea has sprung up. It gains adherents every day. It rises to the might of a universal fad. Though it may have a germ of truth, it really rests on very shaky foundations of careful science. This new rage, very congenial to the shotgun idea, is called *non-specific therapy*. The best way to explain what this means is to give an example of it.

It is well-known that until recently there has been no cure for rheumatic fever. The disease had to run its course. It was nature that finally brought about recovery.

But some years ago, Miller, well-known Chicago physician, treated a series of rheumatism patients by injecting into their veins a vaccine made of *typhoid fever* germs. Severe effects followed such injections. The sufferer's temperature might

rise alarmingly, he might shake his bed violently with chills, he might sweat, and feel extremely uncomfortable for a time.

But in many cases, a day or so after this heroic treatment, the rheumatic pains might disappear. It appeared that in many cases the course of this painful affliction was greatly shortened by such injections. This is strange, for typhoid germs have nothing whatever to do with rheumatic fever. This is what is meant by non-specific therapy.

THE non-specific reaction, dubiously valuable, results from injecting any of the great array of things just mentioned. It is supposed to aid the body in combating not one but a large number of diseases. That is why it is called non-specific. Proteogens are hawked to doctors by the Wm. S. Merrell Co. of Cincinnati. Proteogen No. 2 is recommended for one definite disease, Proteogen No. 8 for another, and so on. In a word, each Proteogen is alleged to have a specific purpose. In spite of this, and idiotically, each one is called non-specific by the manufacturers. Probably because the rage just now is for non-specific cures.

Proteogens are announced to be "extracts containing the protein decomposition products of various plant seeds, leaves and so on. . . ." They are numbered like the nostrums of our good friends Dr. Sherman, Dr. Munyon, Dr. Harrower, and Mr. Ensign. No. 1 for cancer, No. 8 for pernicious anemia, No. 14 for diabetes.

. . . In all of the advertising literature, no shred of *controlled* evidence of the value of a single one of them. Plenty of wild, sometimes false statements, such as "Proteogen No. 12 is a rational and effective treatment of influenza and pneumonia. . . . Proteogen No. 4 uproots the cause and is a remedy for hay fever."

There are many other claims, more absurd than these. But let them pass, let them be, and turn to Proteogen No. 1, called Plantex, sold as a remedy for cancer.

This wonderful shotgun nostrum is said to be prepared from a dozen or so different plants, including pansies, liver leaf, rhubarb root, buck bean, nettle and hedge hyssop. This marvelous stew is claimed to be destructive of cancer cells, to benefit cancer that is too far advanced for operation, to cause *clinical recovery from cancer when administered early*.

Mark the last phrase. No evidence, acceptable to good doctors or to sound scientists, for any of these claims. But the last statement, that Proteogen No. 1 may cause *clinical recovery when administered early* imposes a serious burden upon the Wm. S. Merrell Co. That burden is the necessity to prove this claim to the satisfaction of competent authorities on the treatment of cancer.

"Go and Sin Some More" is the title of an article by Frank Lord, formerly of the New York District Attorney's office, on how our present prison system forces criminals to remain criminals, and how easy it would be to have in place a system that would encourage a better life. See Hearst's International for April, ready March 20th.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Q. *Holworthy Hall Pictures a Man's Rise—From page 35*

The First Ace

slate perfectly clean. So let's not look back any more—ever. Let's look forward. I've set up a trust fund for you. You're independent. Well—what do you want to do? Stay in the Regular Army? Go back to college? Go into business?"

Blackburn looked up quickly. "Why—business, I guess. There's a reason." "So? What is it?"

The younger man stood up and walked absently about the room. At length he halted. "Ainsworth, you've done more for me than—well, it's no use even to try to tell you. But somehow it wasn't quite enough. I mean—I needed something else before I could feel quite—*whole* again. And I found it in Paris. A—a girl."

Ainsworth surveyed him gravely. "What sort of a girl is it, George?"

"A nurse. I only knew her a week. But that was enough."

"You—asked her to marry you?"

The captain flushed. "Yes."

"And she said——"

"Well—she cried. It seems there's another man she's interested in. She didn't say one thing or the other. But she's coming over on the next transport."

Ainsworth was judicial. "It might be the best thing in the world for you. Tell me some more about her."

"Well, her name's Standish. Marguerite Standish. She——"

"*What!*" said Ainsworth, and leaped to his feet. "What did you say?"

"Ainsworth! What in the devil——"

The older man controlled himself. "It's my own fault. I never really told her about you. I never talked about her to you. But that doesn't make it any easier."

Blackburn's eyes were wide with horror. "Easy? It's easy enough for you! You've got the club in your hands—*use* it."

"Do you think I would, George? Do you think I'd take that much advantage of any man?"

"**W**HERE CAN you send me? I'll start the minute I'm discharged. I'll write to her. You've got oil concessions in Haiti, haven't you? Well, I'll start for Haiti—or Hell!"

Ainsworth shook his head. "Didn't I promise you four years ago I'd treat you like any other gentleman? All I insist on is that she knows everything I know. After that, she can make her own choice. She's got a right to it. You've got an income—and you're a man. The only point is, who's going to tell her."

"I will. I——"

Ainsworth stopped him. "Wait! . . . Because if *you* do, you can't make the case so bad that she couldn't still be a woman and not forgive you. You'd be romance and drama personified. And if I do—no matter how I tone it down—Don't you see how it makes *me* look, George? Like a little tin god on wheels. The man who tells her—is insured."

"Ainsworth, I can't go through with this! I'd rather jump off the map."

"I know. But am I going to be out-done in fairness and decency by *you*?"

Blackburn flushed heavily. "Well?"

"Why prolong the agony?" Ainsworth went swiftly to the library, and came back with a deck of cards, which he flung on the table. "That'll do the business. There's no other way to settle it. Chance! There's yours, and there's mine. An even chance. Could *anything* be evener? Shuffle them and deal. The first ace loses. The man who gets it doesn't happen to be in town when she lands. The other one meets her—alone—and tells her. Go on and deal."

BLACKBURN'S mouth was mobile, but his eyes suddenly hardened. "All right," he said, very slowly. "The first ace—loses."

For the sake of his nerves Ainsworth turned to take a cigarette; and at that instant he saw in the mantel mirror what made him turn back again in a flash. And his ears were ringing with Blackburn's boast of four years ago. "You got me wrong, Jack. I don't never gamble. When I play cards it's a sure thing."

"Put down that deck," he said coldly. "Put it down on the table." The Captain hesitated and presently complied. "George, I saw you. Don't deny it." They stood motionless, gazing at each other. "After everything that's happened, you could do that—to *me*. You could try to cheat me out of the even chance—that I was giving you because I thought you were worth it. Because I thought you'd earned it." He pounced on the cards and dealt them rapidly. "So it would have been a king to me—a seven to you—a ten to me—a jack to you—a nine to me—a king to you—a four to me—an ace——"

And now, once again, they stood gazing at each other, but this time Blackburn was smiling a little.

"And an ace to me," said Blackburn, under his breath. "The first ace to me, . . . I thought I hadn't forgotten that pass. But you keep your mirrors in damned inconvenient places." Almost timidly he put his hand on Ainsworth's arm. "My dear fellow, did you honestly think I'd stand in your path? Did you think I'd raise a finger to keep you from anything you want? Don't you realize that there isn't any sacrifice on earth I wouldn't make for you—*gladly*—even when it's as big as this is? . . . She probably wasn't meant for me anyway, Ainsworth. Over there was one thing, but when she comes home, back to her own people—and when she knows the kind of man *you* are—why, it'll be the way it ought to be. . . . There's only two favors I want to ask you. One is to let me work for you always. The other——" He moved toward the door; Ainsworth was still transfigured and hunting for speech. "The other," said Blackburn, with a faint tremor in his voice, "is just to credit me—with part of that—one millionth of one percent."

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YOU can now learn to speak and write masterly English without memorizing rules, without tiresome exercises, without drudgery.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Few persons realize how many mistakes they make in the vital points of English. Sherwin Cody, in thousands of tests, found that the average individual is only 61% efficient. The reason for this, he felt, was due to the old methods of teaching English by hard rules and by dry exercises. Mr. Cody then determined to apply scientific principles of teaching the correct use of our language. His great problem was to find your mistakes, correct them, make the RIGHT WAY stick in your mind, and do all this in fifteen minutes a day.



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Mr. Cody finally evolved a new invention, on which he was allowed a patent. This invention was tried out in the schools of two Western cities; it was tried out by big corporations; it was tested with thousands of individuals. The results universally showed greater improvement in English in SIX WEEKS than was often formerly secured in TWO YEARS with old methods.

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Another important advantage is, you waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the mistakes you are in the habit of making, and through constantly being shown the *right* way, you soon acquire the *correct* habit in place of the *incorrect* habit.

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A polished and effective command of the English language not only denotes education and culture but wins friends and impresses favorably those with whom you come in contact. Many men and women spend years in high school and years in college largely to get this key to social and business success. And now a really efficient system of acquiring an unusual command of English is offered to you. Sparetime study—15 minutes a day—in your own home will give you power of language that will be worth more than you can realize.



If you are efficient in English it will give you greater confidence; if you are deficient you surely want to know it. For this reason Mr. Cody has prepared a simple 15-minute test which you can take in your own home. The correct answers are given so you can tell at once just where you stand. Write to-day for this test—it is free. We will also gladly mail you our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or postal card.

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On the Trail of **BUFFALO QUALITY** *By James Wallen*

MANY years have rolled into the scroll of history since Cornelius Vanderbilt issued his famous order to paint the freight cars of the New York Central Railroad "any blasted color you wish as long as it's red." Since the Commodore's reign, transportation lines as well as householders, architects and builders have become extremely discriminating with regard to tints, tones and textures in paint.

Paint used to be just paint. It has since been discovered that there are as many grades of paint as there are brands of Volstead beverages, with as much variation in quality. The tendency of large paint users today, is to find a line that may be trusted as implicitly as the stars and to cling to that make as a sound policy. Hoary-headed experience is the father of this doctrine.

This growing idea has enabled the McDougall-Butler Company, Incorporated, of Buffalo, New York, to build and maintain an ever expanding market for twenty-eight Buffalo Quality Paints, Varnishes and Enamels. Once a user employs a Buffalo Quality product, he will automatically call for others. An important distributor says that one order for Buffalo Quality breeds another, and so the process goes on with profit to user and dealer.

Mr. Andrew S. Butler, head of the house, cherishes an ideal for his family of products which has a noble

precedent in American business. As the house of Heinz fulfills its promise with 57 varieties of edibles, so McDougall-Butler keep faith with 28 paints, varnishes and enamels.

The group idea in manufacturing and distributing is the natural outcome of good-will building. Folk like to buy where caution is unnecessary. Keats may have been right when he spoke of the transitory nature of names "writ in water." McDougall-Butler have learned the potency and permanency of a name written in good paint.

The trail of Buffalo Quality has extended across the eastern half of the continent with great rapidity. Like the forty-niners, Mr. Butler and his sturdy helpers push on and on. Mr. Frank D. Smith, the field manager of the McDougall-Butler Company, the fine Old Roman Senator of the paint trade, has his kit packed at all times to visit wholesale paint distributors who desire information, assistance or advice regarding the Buffalo Quality line. Frank D. is the Noah Webster of paint and varnish facts and the Daniel Webster of paint salesmanship.

When the mammoth task of redecorating Luna Park was planned the McDougall-Butler factory prepared the seas of fine paint specified. The Steamers S. M. Clement and F. H. Goodyear, which traverse the Great Lakes in ugly weather and fair, are Buffalo Qualified.

The beauty of the classic Greek structure of the Manufacturers and Traders National Bank of Buffalo, the museum building of The Buffalo Society of Natural Science, the Security Mutual Life Insurance Building of Binghamton and the Lucas County Court House at Toledo, Ohio, is emphasized and preserved with Buffalo Quality products. It is interesting to observe, by the way, that the mayors of two Empire State cities, Niagara Falls and Malone, are, aside from their public offices, Buffalo Quality dealers.

The stately loveliness of the Barron Collier residence in its setting of emerald at Useppa Island will re-bloom this season in Buffalo Quality paints. When the motors are singing their way to East Aurora in the Spring, the Roycroft Inn will be softly resplendent in a new dressing of McDougall-Butler Buffalo Quality Paints, Varnishes and Enamels.

Buffalo Quality Paints and Varnishes have the approval of many eminent architects whose experience with McDougall-Butler products has extended over a long period. McDougall-Butler manufacture paints and varnishes for every conceivable use. The house has aimed, for many years, to surprise architects and professional painters as well as householders by the versatility and extent of the line. There are, however, five products to which architects seem to give the golden award of professional preference and I will treat briefly of them here, because the public is always interested in expert judgment.

BUFFALO QUALITY FLOOROLEUM—FLOOR VARNISH. A varnish as clear, clean and hard as Chinese amber, Flooroleum gives the maximum toughness, luster and durability in floor finishes. The natural gloss may be rubbed to a beautiful dull finish if desired. It will not mar white and is indifferent to thorough scrubbing with soap and water. By using Flooroleum on hardwood floors treated first with Buffalo Quality Whitelex Paste Wood-Filler, effects can be produced which have the flavor of originality and unusual beauty.

BUFFALO QUALITY PERMANITE WOOD FINISH. Permanite is an ultra-durable varnish for all interior work in public and private buildings, where quality is the prime consideration. The richness and depth of mahogany and walnut can best be accent-

uated by the use of Permanite Wood Finish. Permanite can be rubbed and polished.

BUFFALO QUALITY ZANZITE ENAMEL. Zanzite is the lily among white enamels. It provides a finish comparable to the oldest and finest porcelain. It is extremely elastic and when dry displays no brush marks. Zanzite is made in three shades—white, ivory and grey, and in two finishes—gloss and egg-shell. Though the gloss may be used on both interior and exterior woodwork, Zanzite egg-shell is recommended for interiors only. Zanzite is warranted to retain its original tone. It will not turn yellow. Zanzite undercoat for foundation coats completes the Zanzite group.

BUFFALO QUALITY FINEST SPAR VARNISH. Finest Spar was evolved to provide a superior finish for exterior woodwork such as spars, cabins and decks, doors, frames, window sills, vestibules, and halls where wear and weather have full play. It dries with a brilliant lustre and its quality is recognizable at first glance.

BUFFALO QUALITY MATTONA FLAT WALL FINISH. Mattona is a true mat finish. It is an oil paint which has the depth of color necessary to rich interior decoration. It is made in white and sixteen pastel shades to be used on walls, ceilings and woodwork and on interior metal work where a flat finish is desired. Mattona is not to be confused with the ordinary flat wall finish, because it lends a quality of permanency and refinement that is peculiar to itself and withstands washings.

Listed here is a catalog of the constellation of twenty-eight Buffalo Quality products, each the star in its class: Buffalo Quality House Paint, Buffalo Quality Mattona Flat Wall Finish, Buffalo Quality Mattona Sealer, Zanzite Enamel, Zanzite Enamel Undercoat, Flooroleum Floor Varnish, Permanite Wood Finish, Cabolite Colored Varnish, Auto Service Finish, Utilivar General Purpose Varnish, Colors in Oil, Whitelex Paste Filler, Finest Spar Varnish, Decorao Enamel, Decorao Enamel Undercoat, Floor and Deck Paint, Inside Floor Paint, Porch Floor Paint, Frontier Barn Paint, Standard Metallic Paint, Japanite Dryer, Electric Graphite Paint, Anti-Rust Graphite Paint, Oil Stains, Whitelex Liquid Filler, Painters' Ground Color, Wagon and Implement Paint, Linsote Shingle Stains.

*"The stroke of the pen" may make or lose a fortune.
But every stroke of a paint brush, dipped in Buffalo
Quality, magically increases property values —J. W.*

CL *Sidney Howard Describes the Drugged Underworld—Continued from page 29*

The Inside Story of Dope in this Country

and address of a drug ring chief, it may have talked with him on the street and called him by his Christian name. It isn't often the law has any evidence against him.

A thousand petty pedlers are arrested, every one of them for selling dope. Every one is asked the same question: "Where did you get it?"

From the court testimony of a narcotic seller's trial, I take question and answer.

"Where did you get the drugs that you sold?"

"I bought in Philadelphia, I bought in New York, but I will not mention the name of the party I bought from."

HE WILL almost never tell where he gets it. Ralph Oyler says that unless you surprise him into confession at the first shock of his arrest, further questioning is useless. He will not tell because it is the game not to tell, because his master has put the fear of death into his heart to prevent his telling. He prefers to plead guilty. He knows that bail will be provided. He knows that his prison sentence will be healthier for him than his liberty if he turns state's evidence.

To convict a real leader of a *drug ring* requires the imagination and ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes.

The Federal agents worked on an Italian called Tony Serpia, alias Tony Shaw, alias "Dago" Tony, for months. They worked in New York, Chicago, Winnipeg and St. Paul which was Tony's home town.

They knew that Tony was probably the most important dope dealer in the middle west. After a time they learned how Tony got his dope. A gentleman named Beaulieu, a Canadian of great wealth who owned thousands of acres in Nova Scotia, stood behind Tony. Another gentleman named Rosenblatt, a wholesale druggist of New York, furnished the supply. It would go from New York on Beaulieu's order to Montreal to a group of druggists on Notre Dame Place. One of them was the same Farley whose price list I reproduced last month. Beaulieu took the drugs from the Montreal druggists and did something mysterious about them and presently they appeared in St. Paul.

The federal agents managed to derange this connection and Beaulieu came to New York to adjust matters. He decided to do his future business at closer quarters. He wired to St. Paul for Serpia. When Serpia arrived he packed \$17,000 worth of dope in two boxes for shipment by express to a drug house in Winnipeg. Then an agent of his explained to an agent of the American express that the boxes were not supposed to leave New York at all and enforced the explanation with a \$500 bill. The agent was to call for them in good order, take them to the express office, bill them for Winnipeg and then, by mistake, return them to Beaulieu.

Unfortunately for the scheme, the expressman reported it to the Federal Narcotic office. Agent Oyler directed him to accept the bribe. The boxes were taken

to the express office and Beaulieu did call. He came in a taxi and was arrested as he drove away. He confessed that Serpia was, at the moment, waiting for him under the Brooklyn Bridge. He had in his pocket the seventeen thousand dollar bills which Serpia had paid him.

Serpia was staying at the Belmont Hotel and the agents waited there for his return. He came in due time and was also arrested. He had only thirteen thousand dollars.

Three juries disagreed on Rosenblatt. Beaulieu went to Atlanta until President Wilson pardoned him. Serpia served two years.

As soon as Serpia got out of prison he gathered up the threads of his organization and resumed business on a larger scale than ever. With headquarters in Minneapolis he became the acknowledged leader of the dope trade in the Northern Middle West. His territory included Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin. He had pedlers in Superior and Denver and in many "Main Streets." Again his dope came to him from Montreal, through some national distributor in New York City (name unknown this time), and from Vancouver, B. C. He dealt in the three standards, C., H. and M. and operated a parlor for smoking opium as a side issue. He shipped dope out to his underlings in letters, by parcel post and by express in trunk loads.

THE personnel of his headquarters was limited to strict intimacy. No one knew where he stored his wares. For a time he took some of his lieutenants into his confidence. Then one of them robbed him of one hundred and sixty-five ounces of morphin. After that he kept his own counsel.

His brother Sylvano was his partner, his nephew Joe Passarella was his chief of staff. His legal wife, Angie Serpia, worked with him on forming connections. His common-law spouse, Marjorie Shaw, retailed under his direction. His brother's woman helped her. Chauncey Bernard, alias "Dewey," occupied the post of "chef" to his household and cooked the opium for the smoking parlor. He directed a score or more of pedlers in Minneapolis and St. Paul. He carried from three to ten thousand dollars in cash always, drove a fine, new Roamer car and kept two bulldogs in his home at 1424 Washington Avenue, South, in Minneapolis.

A cobbler repaired shoes in the basement of this house. Federal Agent Bransky of St. Paul got one of his men a job helping the cobbler. He watched the packages which Passarella and Serpia took from the cabinet in back of the cobbler's shop. Presently he arrested Passarella in the act, and other agents, awaiting the signal outside, broke into the house proper and arrested Serpia. The cabinet contained dope worth some ten thousand dollars. The Serpia family and a good many of its employees and representatives have gone to jail.

So, in one instance, a *drug ring* really was broken. But note two facts. The man

in New York who supplies the dope still goes unidentified, and the Federal agents of the district are frank to admit that they have found only a fraction of Serpia's store.

Sam Perlon was one of the large operators of Minneapolis before Serpia's day. He kept his supply in safety deposit boxes in two of the largest banks. After his arrest by the Federal officers the boxes were opened. They contained only fifty ounces of morphin and cocain but investigation identified a \$28,000 bank account as the profits on three months' sales.

THE BUSINESS card reproduced on page 28 advertises a Philadelphia trio. The very existence of such a card gives ample evidence of the dope pedler's bravado. Of the three, Mock has done his time, Happy awaits trial and Steve is dead lately of tuberculosis. At the time of their arrest they had \$157,000 on deposit and their horde of dope still holds its own as the largest ever seized in Philadelphia.

Even the street pedler takes extensive precautions. The addict seeks him out. He stands on his usual corner and lookouts cover all avenues of approach to warn him of the least danger. He employs a lieutenant. He keeps his dope in a hiding place which he calls his *plant*. The addict, after identification by the pedler, gives his money to the pedler's lieutenant. The lieutenant gives the money to the chief. The chief gives the dope to the lieutenant. The addict and the lieutenant then take a walk together in the course of which the dope is finally delivered.

There is always a central plant known only to the dealer himself. There are usually lesser plants, in hallways, behind pictures, anywhere handy for immediate delivery.

I have known sellers who deliver dope only after the most exaggerated maneuvers. The addict meets them, proceeds under their direction to another street corner, waits there. A second man joins the addict and takes the money and directs him still further. Then a third appears and points out an adjacent stoop or mail box upon which someone has left a parcel. The addict can then fetch his dope for himself.

There was a tailor shop in Philadelphia where the tailor sold dope. The addict gave his money to the tailor. The tailor walked into the back room, telling the addict which suit to search among those hanging on the wall. The addict took his dope from the pocket of the suit.

There was a store in Chicago. The addict came in and asked for the city directory. The store-keeper fetched the directory. The pages had been cut out so that decks and even ounces could hide in a little paper nest. The addict took his dope and put his money in its place.

There was an undertaker in Brooklyn who carried a dope line on the side just to lighten the lugubrious monotony of his existence. He was so faithful to his real trade, however, that he actually kept his dope buried in a graveyard.



MAE MURRAY, star of "Broadway Rose," says:
"After a hard day's work nothing so refreshes the face and takes away the tired, strained look as Mineralava Beauty Clay."



MARION DAVIES, star of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," says:
"Mineralava is the perfect way to a perfect complexion. I have tried many clays for the complexion but Mineralava surpasses others so far that I use it and it only."

The Trinity Beautiful and its Debt to MINERALAVA

by Hector Fuller

THREE of the most beautiful women whose faces are familiar to thousands who have seen their reflections on the Silver Screen delight in telling their fellow-women the secret of their wonderful complexions.

This Trinity of Beauty, Marion Davies, Mae Murray and Priscilla Dean, are all agreed that the greatest corrector of skin evils: the most perfect creator of health and freshness for the complexion is Mineralava Beauty Clay.

Mineralava is not a novelty. It has been in use since its discovery, twenty-three years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the famous Beauty expert. When she found that this product of the laboratories of Nature had remarkable affinities for the human skin she had it tested and tried by the most notable chemists in Europe and America who added to it certain medical ingredients of great potency, thus making it the most perfect specific for Skin Malnutrition that women have ever used.

Just what Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted specialist of skin diseases, recommended in his famous work, "The Skin and Its Diseases," Mineralava accomplishes. It was Sir Erasmus who pointed out that there are two layers of human skin, the outer called the Epidermis, which bears the brunt of weather and the exposure to dirt and grime; and the under skin called the Dermis, waiting to take its place when the old skin flakes and falls away, and which must, therefore, be nourished, stimulated and invigorated.

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The Ford in Union Square, aforementioned, took no such precautions, however, and I have seen pedlers on Broadway in New York who delivered freely from stuffed overcoat pockets. Until recently the Forty-sixth Street portico of the Gaiety Theater was a notorious dope market. You could find the addicts in droves any night and when the pedler came to serve them, he made scarcely any pretense at disguising his business. The thing finally became so annoying that the theater had to assign a special officer to keep the portico clear.

ARRREST FOR selling drugs is a matter of catching the pedler dead to rights. Courts require evidence of sale and, to produce this, an agent in plainclothes deliberately makes purchases—buys—from the pedler he is after. Preliminaries over, he fixes time, place and the amount for a second buy. He pays for this with marked money, shows his badge and the pedler learns too late that he has sold his drugs to the law. The marked money is taken from his pockets to be used as evidence; the dope is analyzed and entered as a government exhibit. The pedler can only plead guilty to violation of the Harrison Narcotic Law, for he has been selling drugs which he had no license to possess and which did not bear the Internal Revenue stamp.

But the narcotic agent's end of the rainbow is the pedler's plant and he will take strenuous means to force the pedler to reveal its location. These means are not always pretty. Pedlers are yellow swine who deserve no mercy and I, for one, do not criticize the agents for emphasizing cross-examination with any available weapon.

I think of a session in Philadelphia in an office of the District Attorney. That was a famous night in narcotic history, the night on which Ralph Oyler brought his crew from New York to contribute eighteen arrests to Judge Monaghan's local campaign. I remember how one of Oyler's men slipped out of the office and came back exactly six minutes later, his prisoner in one hand and his narcotic evidence in the other.

Judge Monaghan's voice grew very tired as daybreak approached. "He won't tell where he gets his stuff. Take him back to the other room."

Some poetic spirit had left a canary in the other room to carol joyously above the sniveling screams. Stenographers dashed in and out to type confessions and new information and the Judge went serenely on with his examination.

The brothers Smith had promised to deliver seventy-five ounces to Oyler's men, changed their minds and tried delivering cold lead as substitute. "To stick them up," as one avowed, "and get their roll." The other brother got away that night but John, having reckoned without Oyler, went to the hospital, his head broken by the butt of his own gun.

A bloody towel lying on the floor and that ridiculous canary singing. . . .

In the earlier stages of this investigation, "Bonehead" Sam Sonnenberg sold drugs on the New York Bowery in conjunction with two assistants, White and Krieger. Sam Sonnenberg's criminal record is a formidable document and shows what manner of man a dope pedler may sometimes be. Krieger ran his master a

close second with nine arrests to his credit for offenses ranging from the carrying of concealed weapons to grand larceny and burglary and including one arrest for dope selling and one escape from Danemora penitentiary. He made a confession after his arrest that he had sold junk during the past six months for "Bonehead" Sonnenberg, a dollar and a half for the little vials and two dollars for the larger. Sonnenberg directed operations, identified customers and examined credentials of strangers. White took the money, Krieger delivered the stuff. Those were Sonnenberg's orders. "He paid me ten dollars a day," said Krieger.

We begin the Sonnenberg epic just after Sam has got himself clear of a previous federal arrest and he is sore and wary. The tenacious federals still hold him under observation. One night they explore the roofs of his neighborhood for bird's-eye views of his sidewalk transactions. Another night they hide in a church and watch him on his corner, through the peep-hole they have made by removing a fragment of the stained-glass window.

The federals put a fresh informer to open the second campaign and he finds Sam hot after his predecessor. "Do you know a man named Fisher?" Sam asks him. "If I could find out where he lives I would go to his room and bump him off. If you will locate him for me I will give you one hundred dollars and an ounce of heroin."

A wicked price for murder. Under instructions from Oyler the informer supplies an address from which Fisher has departed, and Sonnenberg makes the notebook entry reproduced on page 27.

The informer continues his purchases from Sonnenberg and fails consistently to make them direct. Sonnenberg places him in assistant pedler Krieger's charge; he walks ahead to a specified corner and waits there while the ounce of heroin is brought him from an unlocated house.

ON LAST St. Patrick's day, the informer, under the surveillance of Oyler and his agents, finally does business with Sam himself. Oyler arrests him, throws him, under guard, into a hallway and goes for the two assistants. Krieger makes his escape, to be arrested the day following. Oyler and White clinch in a physical argument over the possession of White's gun. The contest takes them together through the window of a drug store, over its counter and into its array of bottled pharmacopoeia. When White has been subdued, there is some difficulty in establishing whether narcotic agent, dope pedler or drug store have sustained the most damage. It is, however, a matter of record that more stitches were taken in White than in Oyler.

I submit before and after photographs of the prisoner on page 28. All three are now in Atlanta. At the time of the arrest. White had enjoyed just seven days of liberty since the termination of another sentence.

On occasion, a reporter's share in a narcotic investigation can be as exciting as the federal agent's. Such an occasion was the visit paid by two Hearst's International reporters, Blood and Whittaker, to Jim's Spaghetti House, an Italian resort in the New York theater district. Blood introduced himself to the proprietor as a gun-

man having in tow a rich sucker from Hawarden, South Dakota, alias his partner Whittaker. A federal informer went with them to play the melodrama character part of the dope fiend. The scheme was to establish connections for a considerable deal with a drug ring the meeting place of which the restaurant was known to be.

The first buy, forty dollars' worth of dope, half heroin and half cocaine, was easily consummated. Then Blood suddenly found himself confronted by the ring's opinion that he had innocently fetched a plain-clothes cop (Whittaker) into their midst. This argued down, the ring further suspected the informer dope fiend. "He'll take the stuff right out and sell it and get caught"; they said, "and he'll tell the coppers where it came from." It was finally proposed that both Whittaker and the informer be killed, the latter for the safety of the restaurant, the former for the size of his roll.

Which situation was further complicated by the presence of a New York policeman who volunteered to withdraw himself into the back room so that he might not be a witness to this double tragedy.

It was with such a state of affairs pending that Whittaker and Blood returned the following night to make the second buy. They consummated the deal without disaster. The ring is jailed and the incident goes on record as another achievement of the Thespian reporter.

JIM'S Spaghetti House is only a few doors off Broadway where, not so long ago, John and Patsey Farrara did a dope business frequently amounting to eighteen hundred dollars an evening. They sold dope out of a Packard touring car parked on the corner of Broadway and Forty-eighth Street. Lately we assisted in the arrest of one Gallagher, a pedler, whom we had watched for weeks on the corner of Broadway and Forty-sixth. He was known as the "Automat pedler" because he met most of his clients in the Automat restaurant. We waited outside the restaurant while he and his three henchmen ate their supper. When they had finished we arrested them.

A bird of prey, indeed, is John J. La Rose, an Italian habitué of various notable Greenwich Village resorts, a jail bird out on parole and a professional pimp, attractive, age twenty-two. A girl registered as Mrs. Francis Gascoigne at the Ford Hotel in Salisbury, North Carolina. Her stay terminated in a complaint, lodged against her by the management, her misbehavior due to suffering for lack of drugs. The federal investigators watched her mail for some days and found it to contain two small packages of heroin. They had been sent to her by this La Rose in New York, together with other matter even more sensational and much more tragic.

She was a prostitute working for La Rose, turning her earnings over to him, taking her pay in dope.

"I am hoping against hope—" so she wrote her master on November 20th, "that my stuff will come tomorrow. . . . I use five times as much down here as I did up north and there is not a chance in the world of getting any in these towns. . . . It just queers me in these towns to go to doctors. . . . I am

down to the coughing stage. I will pay you . . . a damn five dollar bill will neither make or break you. . . . If you don't send me the stuff, how can I be myself and if I am not myself how can I get the bell boys to get me to the men? . . . Please Johnny, don't let me suffer."

Johnny's reply is something less than sympathetic. "It will cost you a fortune if you depend on them M. D.'s. I couldn't stop laughing when I read your letter. . . . I am letting you off pretty easily."

Her last frantic scrawl, which she attempted to destroy at the moment of her arrest, is reproduced on page 27. She has been committed to the workhouse and the federal agents are looking for La Rose and tracking down other victims of his truly hellish game.

His are the kind who wait at prison gates for the desperate and beside general delivery windows for the discouraged and who medicate the candy of school children and send their salesmen into department stores and factories and among the sick in hospitals. Their greed is immeasurable and their hold relentless.

THE INTEREST of Judge Monaghan, of Philadelphia, was awakened by the reiterated statement that members of the Philadelphia police force actually watched the sales of drugs to the addicts.

"Did anyone see you buy this stuff?" he would ask them in court after they had been arrested and the answer always repeated itself. "Yes, there was a cop standing on the corner."

Early last fall he persuaded the county to appropriate fifteen thousand dollars toward the extinction of the drug traffic in the city and set to work. He made arrests in hundreds. Tips came to him plus the postscript, "You cannot trust the police force in this case."

Along with such tips came threatening letters, black hand in many cases. I quote from one of many: "If you think we are afraid of you, you are mistaken. We have strong protection—first-class, good policemen and good lawyers, so why should we worry?"

Presently he arrested one pedler by the name of Felice Cardullo, who had been operating in the Tenderloin on certain street corners. Cardullo turned state's evidence and made a statement in court.

"I was seventeen years in this country, fourteen years I was never arrested and never knew what was in this business. The last three years I met Sergeant L—. He put me wise to this thing. The Sergeant gave me the privilege of selling this stuff. I paid seventy-five dollars to Mr. L— for a couple of months. I paid one Italian cop for weeks."

The court asked how much it cost him a year for protection.

"Maybe five thousand," he answered.

"Whom did you get the money from?"

"I will not answer that question."

The black hand letter reproduced on page 25, may not answer the question but it explains the witness's silence.

This exposé of the dope conditions in the United States will be continued by Mr. Howard in the April issue of Hearst's International, ready March 20th.

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CL Leroy Scott's Novel of Society and Crooked Lawyers—From page 81

Cordelia, the Magnificent

"I'm sure it will not make any difference. And besides, it will be rather embarrassing in our business relations——"

With a smile of ironic courtesy he strolled away.

At length mid-September came, and with it the long rehearsed pageant at Mrs. Phipps-Morse's country place near Huntington.

Cordelia was destined to attain greater glories and more satisfying ambitions, and attain them soon. But in all her splendid career, in all her lofty and up-pointing course, which had latterly maintained the prosperous direction only by smile-hidden efforts of which the envious world had never a guess, the magnificent Cordelia had never yet been so magnificent as at the French pageant.

After the press people had released her, Cordelia's friends had swarmed about her, congratulating her, praising her. The atmosphere was like that in a star's dressing-room, after the final curtain has fallen upon a radiantly successful performance.

All this while, Jerry Plimpton had been standing on the outskirts of Cordelia's court, observing, smiling at her whenever he could get her eye. It had been arranged that he was to drive her back to Jackie Thorndike's.

At last his turn came. "I'll tell you how really wonderful you were a little later—when we're away from this crowd," he said, eyes bright with admiration. "Will you soon be ready to start back?"

WITHIN HALF an hour, in Jerry's roadster, they were humming toward Jackie Thorndike's, and Jerry was telling Cordelia just how wonderful she was. That afternoon had had its very positive effect upon him. He had long been very fond of Cordelia, though from necessity he had kept himself from being passionately in love. Taking unto himself a wife was a business requiring the functioning of a careful brain rather than rapturous and therefore perhaps careless emotion. It was the pageant which finally determined Jerry's mind to propose.

And Jerry, having decided to propose, proposed. And Cordelia, having decided to accept, accepted.

The announcement of the engagement was of course to be left to Cordelia and Mrs. Marlowe, and no one was to be told until after Mrs. Marlowe had received the news. At Jackie's that night, by ascribing all her high spirits to the pageant, Cordelia managed to conceal the exultant triumph that swirled and throbbed within her. She sent a wire asking her mother to meet her the following morning at the Park Avenue apartment; and then after she went to her room for the night she decided, upon warm impulse, to make just one exception to the agreement that no one should be told until after her mother knew.

She decided to send a letter. This is what she wrote Mr. Franklin:

"Dear Mr. Franklin:

"You have been so extremely kind to me that I owe it to you to let you have the

news of something which has just happened, directly from me. I am engaged to be married to Mr. Jerry Plimpton.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to repeat here that I shall always feel the honor of the question which you asked me, and I shall always regret any pain which my answer may have inflicted.

Of course I hardly need tell you that with my engagement our business relationship will necessarily come to an end. I am glad indeed to have been useful to you, as you have kindly told me I have been; and I am happy in thinking I really earned the sums you paid me, as you kept assuring me I did.

I hope that our friendship may be continued into my married life. Wishing you all happiness,

Sincerely your friend."

THE FOLLOWING morning the smart roadster which had formerly been a faded and freckled maroon, drew up again beside the Park Avenue apartment building and Cordelia, who had excitedly whizzed all the way here from Jackie's, excitedly whizzed upward to another scene of newsbreaking.

The telegram had been received and her mother and Lily were awaiting her. When Cordelia told of her engagement, feminine excitement could blaze no higher.

"I knew you'd make a match of this kind!" Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed proudly. "And to think of it—Jerry Plimpton! But he's not better than you deserve, my dear, and you'll make him a wife that will be an honor to his family!"

"Well, Cordie old thing," Lily drawled. "I've sure got to hand it to you for being one grand little money-hound. Just think of it—you've copped off a husband who's almost as rich as a bootlegger."

From the announcement of the engagement the telephone was always ringing, one of the liveried attendants of the building was always carrying up bundles of letters. Even Gladys wrote effusively; and even called on Cordelia and kissed her.

All these exhilarating days, Cordelia's sky was ever of deepest blue, and ever with a rainbow. Not a single cloud marred that unfailling blue.

Then a cloud did lift itself above the sky-line of her life. It appeared first in the form of Mitchell.

These last several weeks Cordelia had not given Mitchell a serious thought. She had been too busy to dwell upon him; and she had not seen him since her triumph at the pageant when he had added his congratulations to those of the throng of admirers.

When they did meet it was pure chance, though they were certain to have been thrown together sooner or later.

The afternoon of their meeting was one of the few afternoons Jerry had not been able to spend with her. She was coming out of a Fifth Avenue shop, alone, and was crossing toward her limousine (Jerry's limousine, at her disposal during these weeks) when she saw Mitchell almost upon her. She stopped, and held out her hand with a smile.

"Why, Mr. Mitchell!" she exclaimed.

She had once planned, when they should

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

meet, that she would cut him dead. It now happened just the other way. His face was white, tight, and blank with unrecognition; and he ignored her hand and strode on.

Stupefied, she gazed after him.

But instantly he had turned sharply about and was gripping her arm.

"After all I must say it!" he declared in a fierce whisper. "I must see you a few minutes—where we'll be alone!"

Her compliance was determined as much by her paralyzing stupefaction as by the fierce dominance of his manner.

"We—we can take a drive in my car," she suggested.

"And perhaps have your chauffeur overhear! I'd rather risk a taxi-driver."

He hailed a taxi, helped her in, called "Up the Avenue" to the driver, and stepped in beside her. The eyes in which heretofore she had seen only smiles, good-humored, cynical or teasing, now blazed on her with accusation and disdain.

"What's all this about?" she demanded.

"About several things, all of which are one thing," he said fiercely, slowly, his eyes stabbing her with their disdain. "In the first place, I have insulted myself most horribly. I want to regain my self-respect, if that is possible, by apologizing to myself in your presence."

"Go on!"

"I insulted my self-respect when I asked you to marry me."

"What!" she flamed at him.

"I then said to myself that I loved you. I did love you at that time. Perhaps my heart still loves you. But my sense of decency doesn't love you. My self-respect, which once let me ask you to marry me, now demands that I tell you that I despise you more than any woman I know!"

"You dare say that to me!" she cried furiously.

"I do." He drove at her with his slow, fierce relentlessness.

"I despise you because you are a liar! And a blackmailer!"

HER AMAZED fury was for a moment almost incoherent.

"You say—you say——" And then: "You can't make charges like those, and then think I'm going to rest quiet under them! You've got to come out in the open, if you're not a coward, and say just what you mean!"

"Answer me this question if you dare, and I dare you to answer it honestly," Mitchell demanded. "Isn't it a fact that you've been having money from Mr. Franklin?"

"Yes. But it has been for honest service, honestly performed."

He laughed harshly.

"If I thought you believed that yourself, I'd add another word to those I've called you. I'd say that you were a big fool! You are many things, but you certainly are no fool! You are far too wise to help in a game like this, and still be ignorant and innocent of what was really going on. Your whole purpose in coming out to Rolling Meadows was to carry out your and Mr. Franklin's plan of blackmailing Gladys!"

"It was not!" she cried hotly. "I came to Rolling Meadows to protect Gladys!"

"Don't lie to me!" he commanded in

savage contempt. "I've caught you in one lie, and your lies don't fool me a moment! And please don't insult my intelligence by telling such a feeble lie as that you came to protect Gladys. Protect Gladys from me—when every penny I was taking from Gladys was being saved to meet Gladys's own obligations in case she ever flunked them! You protect Gladys!—when right after you learned her story you told your Mr. Franklin, and a few days later your blackmail machine was going full speed!"

"That's all! Except to say that, even with you what you are I'm not going to tell on you. And except to say that Jerry Plimpton's a hundred times too good for you. And except to say that I'm ten thousand times too good for you. You made a fool of me, yes, but now you know that I'm one person who'll always be on to you! And I've apologized to my self-respect! Now I'm through with you. Drive on. Good-by."

CORDELIA stared after his erect figure with angry, horror-filled eyes until the driver brought her to with, "Where to, ma'am?" She gave the order to return to the waiting limousine; and in a swirling chaos she drove home and locked herself in her room. So dazed, so appalled, so wrought up was she, that she did not definitely know what she thought or felt; she could not possibly have separated and analyzed her emotional contents.

The question came, should she tell Jerry? If he knew, Jerry would probably be prompted to advance the money immediately, or pay off the obligation at once, and she would be free of the matter without a day's delay. But as she considered the idea of telling Jerry, objections developed; small, but not exactly pleasant.

She decided that it would be wiser and simpler not to tell Jerry.

They had settled upon the fifteenth of November for their quiet wedding, but on the thirteenth of October Jerry, provoked by a woman reporter from a newspaper which made a specialty of love romances in its colored Sunday supplement, came out flatly, unequivocally, upon the subject.

"I'm absolutely fed up on these news-hounds, with their smelling and baying, as they trail a fellow's every footstep to the altar!" he exclaimed. "What do you say, Cordie—let's put one over on the whole damnable and forever-be-damned bunch. Let's do what we've talked about: fade quietly out of the scene, and have a marriage that's nobody's business but our own! And let's do it tomorrow!"

"Let's!" she agreed.

"Then tomorrow, my dear! Tomorrow you and I'll stage one wedding that isn't just a benefit performance for the newspapers! We'll show 'em, my dear!"

Rapidly they discussed and settled the details of this escape. Presently he kissed her good night; never again, he whispered, would a good night kiss be a kiss of parting.

[To be continued]

Cordelia, brilliant and happy over her engagement to Jerry Plimpton, never dreams of the plots that are being hatched by Franklin to prevent her marriage. See Hearst's International for April.

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Blasco Ibañez's New Novel of Intrigue in South America—Continued from page 23

The Temptress

"But," protested the comisario in a tone of discouragement, "I sent Duras up to the capitol of the territory three separate times, under guard; in fact he went as a prisoner, and each time he got off scot-free. No one will testify against him."

Every evening now at the Marquise's tertulias, Pirovani betrayed the indecision and preoccupation of one who had something on his mind of which he must speak.

AFTER A week of hesitancy, however, he decided to postpone things no longer.

"I haven't dared say anything before, Marquise, but now I feel that I must. . . ."

"If you like, my house is at your disposal from tomorrow on. It is yours, Marquise. I can live in the house of one of my employees."

In spite of the submissiveness with which Torre Bianca usually accepted his wife's suggestions, this particular one scandalized him. Certainly he could not accept Pirovani's generosity!

"What will people think of his giving up his own house to us? Everyone knows that he takes such enjoyment in it!"

No. All his class feeling awoke at the thought of being under obligations to a man whose tastes he deemed rather vulgar.

Elena was irritated.

"Your friend Robledo is constantly doing us favors, and yet it doesn't seem to occur to you that people might think that strange! Why do you think it so extraordinary that a new friend should express his interest by letting us live in his house? It isn't as though the house were being given to us . . . it is simply rented. You will pay him when the irrigation project begins to bring us in some money."

The Marquis surrendered. He looked aged and sick, as though some secret malady were eating away his life.

The following day Elena called on Pirovani. It had been arranged that she was to see the house, and look it over thoroughly, before moving.

FINALLY they reached the bedroom that was to be hers henceforth. On the dressing-table and chairs, spread out in every available space, were innumerable packages carefully wrapped in tissue paper, tied with ribbon and sealed; and about each package hovered an aroma of flowers and spices. Pirovani was opening them eagerly, revealing dozens of flasks of perfumes, and boxes of delicate and extravagant soaps, as well as handsome toilet articles.

Elena passed from surprise to amazement:

"How generous of you! But there's enough here to start a perfume shop!"

Pirovani, quite white by this time, and growing bolder under the Marquise's smiles, tried to get possession of her hand. But Elena had a malicious glance in her dark eyes.

"I know that this is a gift," she said, "and that you are not like those vulgar men who sell their gifts."

Then, she extended her right hand

graciously and he raised it to his lips.

"That is for you," she said.

Ah, what good fortune to be able to offer a woman like that a house, and servants, and the luxurious articles so indispensable to her comfort! With a smile Pirovani contemplated his successes past, and to come. . . .

A week after the Torre Blancas had moved into their new quarters, it was announced that henceforth the Marquise was going to be at home once a week just like the great ladies in Buenos Aires.

This announcement was made in such fashion that the gossips of La Press took it into their heads that these weekly parties were going to be extraordinary occasions. Scarcely was dinner over on the appointed night, when groups began to gather before the illuminated windows.

Under pretext of attending to the serving of the refreshments, Elena came and went among those guests of hers, whose eyes avidly followed her about. Her three particular admirers tried to engage her in conversation, but, gently, evading them, she always brought it about that sooner or later, they found themselves carrying on a dialogue with her husband. . . . Meanwhile she was in pursuit of the only man who, so it seemed, cared nothing about talking to her, and who had been silent most of the evening. Finally, she brought it about that she was sitting at the far end of the room with Robledo beside her.

EVIDENTLY Watson didn't care to come," Elena was saying. "I am more firmly convinced every day that he doesn't like me, and I sometimes think that you don't like me very much either."

Robledo replied:

"Watson and I are your husband's friends, and on his account it alarms us to see how lightly you arouse certain equivocal hopes in all these men who come to see you."

Elena began to laugh.

"You needn't worry about that. A woman of experience, who knows the world as I know it, isn't likely to compromise herself with any of these people."

And she cast an ironic glance at her three admirers sitting beside her husband.

"Of course I do not allow myself to make any suppositions," Robledo continued. "I simply see the present, as in Paris I saw . . . and I am a little worried about the future."

Elena could not decide, as she looked at the engineer, whether to become angry.

"I do not think myself either better or worse than other women. It is simply that I was born to live in luxury, and I have never in my whole life met anyone able to give me all that I wanted."

During a long pause they looked at one another; then she added:

"The men who wanted to win me could never give me all that I need in life; and those who might have satisfied my desires never noticed me."

She lowered her head as though her

courage had suddenly abandoned her.

"You have no idea what my life has been. . . . I need wealth, I cannot live without money; and I spent the best part of my youth running after it . . . uselessly! Just as I thought I held it in my hand, it vanished, to reappear again farther on. . . . Again I had to give chase . . . And again. . . . Always the same story!"

SHE WAS SILENT for a few moments, assembling her thoughts; then she added, as though making a confession:

"Men cannot understand the anxieties and desires of the women of today. An automobile and a pearl necklace are the modern woman's uniform."

"Sometimes I had these indispensable articles, but I never felt sure of them. . . . I never could count on being able to keep them . . . there was always the prospect of losing them the next day. And we all need to hope, don't we, in order to live! So I am living on the hope now that my husband will make a fortune . . . even though I cannot foresee when that might happen. Yet even this is enough to help me stand this horrible exile into which I have been forced."

Then, in a tone of discouragement, she went on:

"And what is he likely to make? Cents perhaps, where you make thousands of pesos! No. . . . I ought never to have married Federigo!"

She raised her head and smiled sadly at Robledo.

"Perhaps it would have meant happiness for me to have met a man like you, spirited, energetic, able to master his destiny. And you, to become all that you had it in you to be ought to have had a woman to inspire you."

ELENA'S FACE was close to him, her eyes searching his. For a moment he was moved, but immediately he recovered himself.

"What you say, my dear friend, is very interesting. But men who are really energetic do not care to be revived to false springtimes. There are too many complications. I am your friend, and your husband's. I see you heading in a wrong direction. The game you are playing with these men is a dangerous one. Before you came, life here was monotonous. It is true, but it was at least peaceful and fraternal. Now your presence seems to have changed these men. We are living far removed from other human groups, and this isolation makes us by slow degrees revert to barbarism. Our passions, domesticated as they are in city life, lose their manners here, and run wild. Take care!"

[To be continued]

The Parisian Elena, discontented and bored, is becoming a disturbing element in the crude South American settlement. See Hearst's International for April. Ready March 20th.

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Love and Cloaks and Suits

Bruno Lessing's Version of the Way of a Girl—From page 88

fool!" nor witness the gesture with which he threw the note into his waste basket.

On the train Dora found herself sitting opposite a very pretty, well-dressed and refined-looking girl of about her own age. They studied each other across the aisle in furtive glances but, after the fashion of modern girls, refrained from attempts at conversation. When the waiter announced the service of dinner in the dining-car, the girl glanced at her watch and, after a few moments of impatience, walked out of the car. A few minutes later Dora followed her and felt pleased when the dining-car steward placed her beside her seat neighbor. It seemed to her that the girl was rather annoyed about something.

"**A**RE YOU traveling alone, too?" Dora finally asked. The girl smiled.

"No," she replied. "My father is with me. But when he gets into the smoking car, talking with men, he always forgets all about me. I told him I was hungry and he said he'd come in the moment dinner was announced."

And at that moment he appeared. And Dora experienced one of the greatest shocks of her life. It was Sam Feinbaum. For just the flash of an instant she was filled with confusion. Distrust, suspicion, embarrassment and dread succeeded each other, swiftly, in her gamut of emotions. But she did not know Sam Feinbaum.

"Well, can me for a sardine!" he exclaimed. "If it ain't little Bright Eyes from Protz's. Dora is the name, ain't it? Sadie, this is the little kid I was telling you about. She turned your father down. This is my daughter, Dora. She's a great kid. Is Protz sending you out to drum up trade? He ain't got any sense. Say, is there any waiter on this table or do I got to do all the waiting myself?"

His daughter gazed at Dora with sparkling eyes. And then, while Feinbaum was ordering everything on the menu, she leaned forward and whispered:

"Father is a scream," she said. "Don't pay any attention to him. He's all right if you know him but he'll drive you crazy if you don't understand him. He has pretty girls on the brain."

Whether it was the decency of the girl in trying to put her at her ease or some attractive quality in her face, Dora never could tell, but instantly she liked her. And, in that instant, Sam Feinbaum lost all his terror and repulsion for her. I told you it was queer how their minds work.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Feinbaum, tucking his eyeglasses into his pocket. "So here we are all together. A regular family party, ain't it? I was telling my girl here how you turned me down."

"Oh, please keep still, father," said Sadie. "You're always talking about the pretty girls you meet everywhere. They must think you're a terrible character."

"I am," said Feinbaum, with a grin. "But you didn't tell me what you're doing on the train. Going West? You see, I'm

one of those busybodies what's got to know everything."

"Please behave yourself, father," said his daughter.

"I've given up my position," said Dora. "I've taken a new one in Detroit."

"That's the stuff!" cried Feinbaum, delightedly. "I knew right away you was the right kind of material. Don't get tied down to one place or one town. Make the whole world your home. That's the kind of guy I am. Maybe some day you'll have a business of your own, if you don't get married and tied down too early. What's the firm? Solomons & Cohen? The Reilly Co.? I know them all."

"It's Oliver Wilson & Co.," replied Dora. With swift intuition Sadie turned to observe her father's face. He was staring at Dora, with his mouth open, his whole countenance stiffened. When he spoke, it seemed as if all the animation had died out of him. His voice and his whole manner were curiously altered—subdued.

"Wilson & Co.," he repeated, in a low voice. "That's very queer. I guess they're all right. Not much capital but old Oliver is an honest man. But I don't see why they need anybody from New York. They're too small a concern. You didn't by any chance—say, excuse me, young lady, but I'm old enough to be your father and I got a strong feeling of liking for you. D'ye mind telling me how you got in touch with them?"

Dora felt somewhat uneasy.

"Mr. Elmer Wilson bought some goods at Protz's," she began. And then she stopped. Feinbaum's face had turned furiously red.

And then, in a new voice, that seemed to Dora, strangely composed and dignified—

"Excuse me for bothering you, young lady," he said. "Let's forget all about business and eat our dinner. Say, waiter, bring on more of them olives and celery."

DURING THE REMAINDER of the evening Dora talked with Feinbaum's daughter and by the time that her berth was made up she had learned many curious things about the father's personality. And her liking for the daughter steadily increased. And the picture that Sadie Feinbaum painted of her brother, piqued Dora's curiosity. But of Feinbaum she saw no more that night. He sat in the smoking car, consuming one cigar after another, with great rapidity, in intense and serious meditation. Father and daughter joined her at breakfast the next morning.

"We'll soon be in Detroit," said Feinbaum. "My daughter, as she probably told you, is visiting relatives there. I'd like you to get off the train with us because, if I ain't mistaken, somebody'll be there to meet you and maybe I'd like a word with him—or her—or it."

"It's awfully kind of you, Mr. Feinbaum," said Dora, contritely. She felt somewhat touched by his interest in her.

"Ain't it, though!" said Feinbaum. Dora thought he was sarcastic. Which reminded her of Protz. And Feinbaum

fell thirty degrees in her estimation. Yes. Their minds work that way.

To Dora's delight, young Wilson met her at the station. He seized her hand in both of his and she feared that he was going to kiss her in the presence of the stream of alighting passengers. But if that had been his intention it was promptly checked by the loud greeting of Feinbaum.

"If my old eyes ain't on the blink, it's young Wilson!" cried Feinbaum. The young man, evidently not overpleased, stared at him.

"Hello, Feinbaum," he exclaimed. "What brings you to Detroit?"

"Oh, different things. Only, if you ain't in a tearing hurry, I think I'd like just one minute of your valuable time. D'ye mind stepping into the restaurant in the depot?"

Wilson frowned.

"I'm in a hurry," he said, "but——"

"Sadie," said Feinbaum, "you and our little friend run into the waiting-room for a minute. I'll be right back. Come on, Wilson. It's healthy in the restaurant."

Without another word he strode off. Wilson gazed after him, looked undecidedly at Dora for an instant and then, with a snort of annoyance followed him. The girls found their way to the waiting-room. And there they waited. Which, after all, is what a waiting-room is for. But what annoyed Feinbaum's daughter and worried Dora was that they waited nearly an hour. When Feinbaum returned he was pale.

"Look here, young lady," he said, quietly. "I could tell you things delicately if I had plenty of time. But I ain't got the time. So I got to give you the whole dose at once. Because I got an engagement

at Solomons & Cohen in half an hour. So if you want to faint or have a fit, Sadie got to look after you.

"The Wilson job is off. They don't need you and don't want you. And young Mr. Wilson is taking his wife back tomorrow morning and support her proper or I tell the district attorney what I know. Now read this note."

It was all that Dora could do to refrain from crying aloud, "his wife?" With trembling hands she unfolded the note.

"Dear Evening Star," it ran, in a familiar handwriting. "I'm afraid our little romance is busted. But you haven't lost by it because the only way Feinbaum got me to give you up was by promising that he would look after you."

Feinbaum lit a cigar and watched Dora furtively as she read. He was prepared for her to scream or faint. She did neither. Her hands fell helplessly into her lap and she looked up into his face.

"That's right, baby," he said, kindly. "Don't take on about it. You'll forget all about him in a week. He's just no good. But I know how it is to be young. And my boy is just like me. Just wait till you meet him. Now you run along with Sadie. And when I get ready to go back to St. Louis you come along with us and I'll see that you get a job. But you got to promise me one thing."

Dora gazed at him speechlessly.

"Oh, father?" exclaimed Sadie. "Let her alone. I'll take care of her." But Feinbaum grinned.

"She's got to promise that she'll never ask me to take her out to dinner," he said.

Which was all that Dora needed to become hysterical. You know how it is.

Q. *Allan L. Benson Ends His Story—From page 92—of*

The Intimate Life of Henry Ford

be and the way it yet will be. But even as things are, worrying does no good. It does only harm. It decreases the power of the one who worries.

"I DO NOT know of anything that would help the world more than to get rid of fear. It is the curse of mankind. We fear a million things that never happen to us to one that does. I have found that it pays to have faith—to believe that if one works hard and does his best things will come out favorably for him. We may not always get all we want and I believe it is a good thing for us that we don't. We often want a lot of things that would not be good for us if we had them. If we get what we need, that's enough."

Mr. Ford's face is always an interesting study. In it two personalities are plainly reflected. One is diffident, almost to the point of bashfulness, yet very friendly. I can see him now walking into the office where he usually found me when I was preparing this book. He had a way of entering that seemed almost noiseless and instantaneous. I looked up and there he was. He was always smiling as he approached and his eyes were looking to the side and toward the floor.

When the boyish, laughing Ford is

present, one is conscious of nothing else. But back of the boyish Ford—ready to emerge with the speed and noiselessness of light—is the Ford who seems to have lived for ages, to have suffered much and to have survived through sheer exercise of the will to live. "Mr. Ford," said one of his friends to me, "is an old, old soul, and the present is but one of the many lives he has lived." On two different occasions, Mr. Ford told me that he believed in reincarnation. "I belong with the Buddhist crowd," he said.

FORD ONCE said to me: "I don't like to read books; they muss up my mind." Herbert Spencer said much the same thing. Joaquin Miller, who wrote volumes of poems, plays and novels, kept not a book in his house and said that "Books are made for people who cannot think." Miller was wrong, of course. Good books are made for people who want to think better. We think best when our minds are made active by contact with other minds. That is to say, most of us do. Herbert Spencer said he didn't. Ford says he doesn't. Ordinary rules do not apply to original thinkers. It is quite conceivable to me that much reading might have spoiled Ford. It would have spoiled him if he



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had believed what he read. Ford is a success only because he has done so many things that the best authorities said could not be done.

One of the few men who are really close to Mr. Ford made this statement to me:

"Mr. Ford is a constant reader of only two works, so far as I have observed: Emerson's Essays and the Bible. He knows the Essays, in his own way, down to the core. He has Bibles all over his place. He does not regard the Bible as a book to be put up on a shelf and never read. He dips into it a great deal."

ON THE surface, Ford is a bundle of contradictions in his business relationships. He shut down his Highland Park Plant, in 1921, for instance, to "jam" dealers in raw materials and compel them to reduce prices—and he did "jam" them until it hurt. Yet when he wanted to buy the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad he voluntarily paid the stockholders more than their stock was worth in the market. These apparent contradictions are dissolved, however, when one realizes that while Ford likes, whenever he can, to do the handsome thing, he has a long eye to the future and a keen desire to bring about the "greatest good to the greatest number." In the case of the dealers in raw materials he felt that the public interest required that he should batter

down their prices, but on the other hand, he was glad to pay more than the market price of a railroad, merely to make the stockholders feel that they had been well treated by him. He paid \$3,000,000 more for the Lincoln Motor plant than the court first asked him to pay—paid it because he asked the court to increase by \$3,000,000 the minimum price at which it was to be offered at receiver's sale. Ford told me afterward that he paid \$4,000,000 more for it than it was worth. For some reason Ford wanted to buy the property. According to one story, he bought the Lincoln because Mrs. Ford wanted him to rescue the Lelands. I think this is the true story. Another account has it that he bought it to please his son, Edsel. It is often difficult to tell why Ford does a thing. If Edsel Ford wanted the Lincoln, however, that would be a sufficient reason for his father to buy it. Edsel is the apple of his father's eye.

Ford is a distinct product of this age. He is here because we need him. He fits into our necessities as a hand fits into a glove. Our water-power needs saving, our industries need organizing, and our wasteful methods of distribution need reformation. Ford is showing us how to do these things. The country has unconsciously paid him a billion dollars for teaching it how to produce without so much waste and to sell without profiteering.

THE END

Arnold Bennett Lays Bare a Woman's Heart—From page 75

Last Love

with Alexis. She was clearly obsessed by Alexis.

"I can tell you this," said Miss Osyth, in response to Minnie's persistency. "He came here last night and asked me to let him have some fresh water."

"And did you?"

"Naturally."

"And don't you think he's too good-looking for words?"

"It was nearly dark." Such extreme and calculated duplicity was very unlike Miss Osyth. It ought to have disturbed her conscience, but it did not. She was delighted when Minnie reluctantly left. She desired above everything to think her thoughts in solitude, to think the same thoughts over and over again. She had her wish. No one called at the cottage, not even a tradesman; and she did not go into Flittering. She scarcely even went into her garden—lest, if he came by, Alexis might suspect that she had been lying in wait; for he could not reach the yacht without being seen from the garden. A queer, a touching modesty on her part!

The day was glorious, perfect, endless. The memories of the sun would not leave the evening sky until at last they were annihilated by the enormous moon rising out of the sea. It would be high tide, and a very high tide, just before midnight.

Miss Osyth sat late in her bedroom. But she did not undress.

"I must go to bed. I cannot go to bed. I must go to bed," her thoughts circled round and round. . . .

She heard sounds on the gravel. She heard an ominous, delicious, soft, authoritative knocking at the door below. . . . He had come. It was impossible that he should come; but he had come. Young again, strong, eager, and fresh as though she had just risen from a long night's rest, she pushed up the window.

"I suppose you don't happen to have any aspirin?" said the calm, firm voice of Alexis. "I know it's rotten of me to trouble you; but this hand of mine's throbbing like the deuce."

"No." Miss Osyth said, holding the wounded hand in her two hands, and examining it by the light of the candle in the cabin. "It's going on perfectly all right. Of course it's still a bit inflamed, but that's because you've been doing too much today—carrying parcels and things, I expect, and walking a lot."

"Oh, well, that's fine," he murmured as they started for the yacht.

She was proud. On board the yacht she dressed the hand with a new bandage which she brought from the cottage. And all the time she kept exclaiming upon the cabin's quality of cosiness.

"It's a regular little home," said Miss Osyth. "It's delicious."

The place was warm, in spite of the open skylight; but she loved the warmth of it.

"You'd better take the aspirin in hot water."

"But I haven't got any hot water."

"But I've brought my thermos," she

said, superiorly. She had laid it in a corner of the empty couch. It was wrapped in white linen.

"What's that?" he said, as she undid the wrapping.

"A clean pillow-slip. I don't mind you sleeping in blankets but you oughtn't to have a bare pillow. Tick is horrid against the cheek."

"You're a wonderful girl," he observed.

Miss Osyth said nothing. She was busy with the pillow-slip, and the blankets, and turning over the mattress.

"There! Now the aspirin at last."

Miss Osyth held the tablet of aspirin in her hand. Alexis suddenly and startlingly opened his mouth, advancing the tongue, just like a clever, spoilt child. Miss Osyth trembled at the irresistible gesture, hesitated an instant, and then shakily placed the tablet on the tongue.

"I'll go now," she said, with forced but apparently successful quietude.

FOUR nights later—to Miss Osyth the intervening period seemed more like a month than four days, a month in which her nights had become days and her days nights, and her whole existence turned rapturously upside down—Alexis without warning began, in the secrecy of the yacht's cabin, to tell his companion about the cause of his estrangement from the home in Dorset.

He had resolved to join some youthful friends in an expedition, for commercial purposes, to an uninhabited island some hundreds of miles off the west coast of South America. Five hundred pounds was to be his contribution to the general funds of the enterprise, and his rich father had absolutely refused to provide the sum. But he was sure from experience that his mother would wheedle his father into a surrender. To Miss Osyth Alexis painted his own martyrdom in affecting colors. Tears came into her eyes as she sat by his side on the couch. He was moved by her quick generous sympathy, and never guessed that she wept at the prospect of his departure to the other end of the world. He turned his face to hers, and, looking into her wet eyes, gently kissed her unresisting lips. The kiss was a sacrament for her.

The next morning—but it was the same morning—after receiving from the postman a letter which agitated her from the moment she saw the Brussels postmark on the envelope, Miss Osyth went forth toward the yacht with a penciled note in her hand.

Her unsigned note to Alexis ran thus: "One of my uncles is very ill in Brussels. I have to go. Shall be back as soon as possible. Please do take care of yourself."

Then began the awful fever of the expedition of a woman who had never traveled. She had to go all the way to London to obtain a passport, and then return all the way to Harwich (whose highest chimney rose on the other side of Mozewater in sight of her cottage) to catch the evening boat for Antwerp. . . .

The uncle died. She was hustled in a tram in Brussels and all her money stolen.

Miss Osyth reached Harwich one morning in black, poorer, but with the prospect of an inheritance. She drove by the curling road round the edge of Mozewater back to her cottage, which smelt fusty

and was, to her eyes, intolerably dirty. Some letters awaited, but nothing from Alexis. She was in an agony. She could not conceivably ask for news of him.

The yacht, with an air enigmatic and secretive, lay as usual in the hollow of the creek. The weather was still magnificent. In the afternoon she went out for a walk in her salt-marshes; they were hers because she knew them better than any other living person. The tide was at lowest ebb. On the caked margin of the creek she saw an envelope all brown and green. It was unopened and contained her note to Alexis. No doubt in closing the porthole he had without noticing it pushed it into the water. It looked inexpressibly forlorn.

Clutching it in her hand, she moved onward into the lone maze of the marshes.

The landscape was as primeval as the sun and the wind. Scarcely any foot but hers ever ventured into that tremendous waste, which indeed was dangerous enough for the unwary and ignorant. On those walks she always ultimately made for the same objective, a bowl of grass-green land protected equally from the wind and from the water.

In the hollow she saw Alexis and Minnie sitting side by side, and their lips were joined in a long kiss. They were so young, so graceful, so natural, so ingenuous, so innocent in loving gesture, so fitted to the wild and lovely landscape, that Miss Osyth stood entranced, as much by admiration as by a shocked astonishment.

They were pure creatures of the golden age which never was and never will be, but which flickers now and then for a moment into a half-existence and vanishes. They had probably been there all day, and nothing but dusk would arouse them to the reality of time.

Miss Osyth turned and ran. She ran, lest she should be seen. She ran because she was ashamed before these two of her age and her disillusion.

"BUT DOES your father and mother know?" Miss Osyth asked when Minnie feverishly gave her the news.

"Well, it only happened yesterday. Alexis is going to see them today. They'll be all right."

"And his people?"

"Well, they've got to be all right," said Minnie confidently.

"But isn't there a quarrel?"

"It'll be fixed up. He isn't going on that Pacific island business."

"Oh! he's given it up?"

"You don't suppose I'd agree to such madness, do you? Oh! Miss Osyth, I love you more than ever because he says you were so frightfully kind to him." She clung round Miss Osyth's neck. "I'm so happy I might die of it any minute. I might, really. You can't imagine how happy I am!"

"Oh, yes I can!" said Miss Osyth firmly.

Minnie, wondering, surveyed her.

"Can you?"

When the beautiful girl had gone, Miss Osyth sat down to the piano and played all alone in the cottage a little prelude of Bach's. And as she played she resolved passionately to be the tireless guardian angel of the two youths. She forgot herself. She was poignantly happy, with a vicarious happiness.



Sold—

"She is yours, Master"—muttered the trembling slave-dealer.

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Arthur Gleason Gives the Case for Limitation—Continued from page 17—of

Jews in American Colleges

melancholy, which is a stimulus to the possessor to rush into activity. But it drives to distraction the brightly optimistic Yankee.

Such are a few of the items in the case for limitation. There are original differences in human beings. There are group differences, due to diverse social heredity. The pioneer group has differences in manners and customs from the ghetto group. Colleges have been trying to state all this in newly organized intellectual tests. But there is not a great deal of intelligent leadership in the colleges.

THE SCIENTIST in chemistry may be a bigot in race relationship. The professors are not always evolutionists in dealing with students. The American Anglo-Saxon often fails to consider his fellow Anglo-Americans as a group, though in fact they are as sharply defined as any. He is feeling and acting under the old conception of nationalism—one blood, one tradition, one dominant majority group. The newcomers are welcome who strictly obey the summons of Judge Gary:

"The restrictions upon immigration should be directed to the question of quality rather than numbers of foreigners coming to this country. Measures for limiting the numbers of immigrants to those who are clearly shown to be healthy morally, politically, and physically, ought to be clear, strict and enforceable; but the number allowed to come here should be equal to the necessities of our industries."

Immigrant laborers who keep their place have communicated no sense of strain to the mind of big business or of college administration. But the Jewish group has seeped through all barriers. The Jew has a persistence under bad conditions like that of the English sparrow. The race keeps welling up from unquenchable sources of vitality.

It is absurd to suppose that, after having trampled the centuries, this "piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage," is going to commit race suicide in the next few generations. This sense of Jewish pervasiveness and persistence has troubled the masters of American life. The Anglo-Americans have felt the challenge. In summarizing their general case, I omit business rivalry, and any consideration of the effect of the economic struggle on race prejudice. This series of articles is dealing with the cultural expression of group rivalry.

The older leadership is endangered by the numbers and the ability of the new group.

Now this is the honest line of cleavage. The challenge to and from the Jewish group does not so greatly concern such groups as the Irish or Italian Roman Catholic, or the Lutheran German.

The centers of Jewish population in America are the centers of power and opinion making. In ten large cities are most of the Jews. In and near these ten cities are most of the great financial houses, many of the great industries (or their

fiscal agents) and most of the influential newspapers, periodicals, privately-endowed universities, theaters. This gives an opportunity for influencing the activities and the opinion of the nation.

The Jews have a monopoly in a few industries. They are powerful in more. They are eminent though not dominant in finance. They have influenced policy in the public schools. From the inner circle of control, they have affected the theater, the motion picture. By sheer mentality they occupy a few strategic positions in the newspaper and periodical fields. The department of economics has been vitally influenced by their distinguished representatives. As writers and artists they have brought new currents of ideas into a stodgy and complacent civilization. As Everett Dean Martin puts it:

"Such little genuine intellectual interest as there is in this country is chiefly confined to immigrant Jews, our American youth being, on the whole, innocent of it. Due to the conformist spirit of the dominant crowd, native-born Americans are losing their intellectual leadership."

Or, as the charming Jewish writer, Ludwig Lewisohn, states it:

"The notion of liberty on which the Republic was founded, the spirit of America that animated Emerson and Whitman, is vividly alive today only in the unassimilated foreigner, in that pathetic pilgrim to a forgotten shrine."

The Anglo-Saxon in America in the last two generations has not been the leader in independence of mind, in freedom of discussion, liberty of opinion, ingenuity of working hypotheses. He has failed to show elasticity in adjustment and compromise, or skill in developing institutions. He has failed in the new climate to preserve that touch in the blood which has kept England alive and changing.

BY THEIR intellectual keenness and their fertility the Jews are shifting the cultural values. American civilization is being carried over to another basis. Is this transfer desirable? Is changing the ground-plan wise? Is the disintegration of the Anglo-American tradition helpful? This is the challenge felt by the Anglo-American group. The more keenly felt because their own intellectual leadership has slumped. With ever-increasing numbers of the Jewish group at the centers of power and with a prowess on the fields of action and thought, how can one hope to escape rivalry and conflict? To deny the sharpening of that rivalry is no service.

The job for leaders of thought, such as college professors, rabbis and Protestant clergy, is to keep the issue free from envy and hate. This question of a minority group hammering at the Harvard Gate is a good old-time biological struggle dramatized just now in a cultural form.

The primary instinct of self-preservation is awakened in both sides. This naked instinct rushes to clothe itself in the decent

garments of lyric poetry, rights of man, general principles, statistics, anecdotes, and nicknames. But these coverings are 100 percent rationalization, which is merely a device of self-deception by which we hide our real thought with layers of pretext. This struggle for self-preservation underlies and transcends all systems of ideas and ideals. The Jewish appeal to general principles and their rhapsodies on liberty are irrelevant. So are the accusations of anti-Semites. Honestly admitting this rivalry will alter the terms of the discussion. The rivalry is inevitable but it can be kept clean.

THE INSTINCTS of the college boy are as deadly on non-conformity as the instincts of the Boosters Club. Rules on appearance, type, dress, talk, manner and ideas are as stringent as in the best circles of Iowa. American opinion permits religious liberty, except in war time and in Oregon, Texas, Louisiana and other places.

The German, Italian and Yiddish theater and newspaper are accepted. But American opinion exercises discrimination against a group which preserves its identity by failure to intermarry and blend with the common stock. Nor does the presence of culture and high character mitigate the offense of difference. Rival groups are not searching for excellence in each other.

The Jews ask that time and freedom be given them while they make up their mind on the degree of difference they will affirm. In politics, economic life and education, they play the American game of merging into the common life.

If merging means intermarriage they remain a separate group for the overwhelming majority. It was religion that kept their blood distinct. The zeal that cooped them up has lessened, but the habit of racial separation in part remains. Already, a minority intermarry. Perhaps they will intermarry increasingly.

But as long as they fail to intermarry, they wear the badge of difference. That difference challenges the Anglo-American group in possession of power and privilege. This Anglo-American group senses in the Jews a dangerous rivalry and a menace to its tradition.

It will continue to use exclusion and tests of limitations as long as the rival Jewish group wears the badge of difference. In an ideal world everyone would play fair, and the Anglo-American group would train the newcomers and then allow itself to be beaten and superseded. In the present world, the Jewish group will decide whether its identity and persistence are worth preserving at the price of recurrent suffering. Meanwhile, the other minority groups may increasingly insist on tolerance. It is even possible that the Anglo-Americans will learn to accept the Jews as they have accepted others.

The case against Limitation will be presented by Mr. Gleason in Hearst's International, for April, ready March 20th.

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The Son of the Handmaid

John Russell's Story of the South Seas—From page 48



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know? First he walk about and make trouble asking ever'body all kind oldtime questions. And soon he gets Nelli to come keep 'ouse for him. Ah-ha: damn-rascal! . . . They been stay there together all day. I can't get her out."

"Why not?"

"He won't let her. . . . Almost I forget myself!" His hand clutched at his sash, came away empty. "But you know me," he added, fawning. "I don't want to start bloody row while you are Gov'nor at Matautu. Oh, no! . . . Will you be going 'ome to Matautu again tonight?"

"Later," snapped Williams.

"That's good. Then I see you again—later. But first you get my girl. Eh? I tell you, by Godd that girl belong to me!"

Williams considered with narrow lids.

"You mean you're willing to marry her?"

"W'y not? I marry her. Tonight, if you like. I wait here, and you go h-send Nelli out for me—w'at?"

"I'll send her out!" said Williams, grimly, as he turned away.

IT OCCURRED to him he had arrived just about in time. . . . It occurred with force when he climbed to a twinkling light and a dilapidated hut near the site of the old excavation: when he entered quite rudely on that jungle housekeeping to discover, sure enough, the figure of Nelli the orphan girl sitting quiet and attentive at the feet of the "strange little fellow from California."

She rose at once in respect for the Deputy, and stood: a splendid creature, docile, poised, limpid-eyed: a perfect island beauty, slim and rounded as a young palm. She had the charm of Polyresia, where many a white man has met some glorious contemporary ancestress of ours left over from the Stone Age—and has succumbed. . . .

Willi-Ah-Mu was well aware of it. He loved it. But if he never accomplished another thing in his reign he meant to draw the line at Abimelech's succumbing. There is a limit somewhere to romance!

"You can go, my dear," he said softly, and as she slipped out, obedient, he laid hold on the argonaut.

The absurdity of Jones: the incalculable impudence of him! He still looked like a missionary. "Have you got your gold yet?" began Willi-Ah-Mu, with savage sarcasm.

"I believe I have," returned Abimelech. "Yes. . . . Leggo my collar, Mister. What's all the matter with you? Why'd you send my Nellie-girl away for?"

"See here," Williams said, "y've made love to one of my island lassies—a game I let nobody play!"

"Suppose I did?"

"And ye've been running rum to my people. The island's full of it. . . . I'll have your hide for that!"

"Drink?" The nutcracker face of Abimelech came as near a disgusted grin as it was capable of showing. "Drink! . . . And you're the Deputy hereabout. And

you ain't spotted the man who's been up to them tricks!"

"Hey! . . . Which man?" roared Williams.

By way of answer Abimelech darted an accusing finger out over the anchorage. As if it had been a cue, at the same instant came a single cry through the night, faint, inarticulate: a bird's call—or a woman's voice.

The cry was not repeated: but as they strained to listen—a clatter of oars. And suddenly, with a tumult that shook their hearts, the rumbling exhaust of a powerful marine engine. . . .

"That half-caste friend of yourn—where's he off to, such an hour as this?"

NOWHERE. He's waiting—said he would wait, by the beach." But Willi-Ah-Mu's reply rang very hollow in his own ears.

"Waiting? . . . Hell!" quoth Jones: and fled.

No permission for that departure was asked or given. If one of them went flitting like an agile small insect, the other made a close second as a tumble-bug. Both men knew all too surely. Peter Louis had simply snatched Nellie from the beach in buccaneer fashion.

Plain enough—appallingly plain was the villainy of that perfumed pirate!

Coolly and effectively, without effort or gesture, the little man now took charge—of the emotional Williams, of Tomaso and the whole boat-crew. Already he was herding them down the beach. "But you see," he added, "he ain't making his break just yet. Yonder he goes—see his lights? . . . He ain't cut into the channel a-tall! He's keeping inside the reef."

"Toward Matautu!" said Williams.

"Toward Matautu. Has he any reason to stop there, do you think? Anything he'd want to stop and pick up? . . . Must have," decided Jones.

All the way they kept Peter in sight.

TOWARD THE END a sudden black squall of wind and rain almost quenched their hope, for while it obscured them, it hid Peter's guiding light. And it was more luck and pluck and a straight, hard pull than any fancy steering that brought them at last, on the broad roll of the Pacific, blundering squarely aboard of him. . . .

They saw his prow loom up through the smother, saw his masthead glimmer, threw down their sweeps and stood to bear off as Jones sprang with the big umbrella. Willi-Ah-Mu's scepter! Never mind, it made a most useful boat-hook. It held them while they scrambled on the narrow deck beside the low house and presented themselves like dripping wraiths of the sea to the attention of Peter Louis.

To do him justice, Peter was ready enough. Once he knew them, he loosed a throaty bellow.

"Ah-ha! . . . Gov'nor Weeliams and party! Come to see me off—w'at? 'ands up, the lot of you!"

Straddling wide on the flush deck aft.

with his shirt whipped open on his thick chest and his bare arms corded, he covered them all from a long barrel glinting in his fist. Before him, in the shallow cock-pit, they made out the huddled form of Nellie, bound and helpless. He threatened them across her body.

Suddenly something buzzed past his head like a thrown spear.

A harmless enough missile, if he had only known—the umbrella again: that invaluable royal umbrella which Jones had been holding obediently elevated. Nothing else: but it served to jerk his nerves off balance a merest fraction of time. And in the very same fraction Abimelech's right hand moved through a magic flash of speed—leapt from the hip, armed and glittering. . . . Wop! Wop-wop!

PETER LOUIS let out a falsetto scream and crouched away in agony over his shattered wrist.

Then Willi-Ah-Mu had first to secure his prisoner, which he did, and none too indulgently. But after a while he turned to witness—through flying spume and spray, by the dim lamp overhead—a very singular tableau. Abimelech on his knees beside Nellie.

"Mr. Jones," he interrupted, clearing his throat as politely as possible. "Mr. Jones! I—I don't think we can allow much o' this. Hey? It's not—er—not quite suitable, is it? Unless, o' course—"

Abimelech looked up at the speaker. "Unless you mean to marry the girl!" finished Willi-Ah-Mu, desperately.

Abimelech drew bleakly erect. "Marry her! Are you crazy, Mister? . . . This here young lady," he stated, "this Nellie-girl is my niece!"

"Hey?" "It's like I say. . . . This girl's mother was my father's only legal child: born in wedlock while he lived on this very island. I've got it all set down here. And their marriage lines, signed by the missionary, name of Gipper. My father, you see, he wasn't altogether lost in sin.

"I come to find his rightful heirs, if any! I come to take up where Isaac Jones left off. . . . For 'what saith the Scripture? Cast out the hand-maid and her son: for the son of the hand-maid shall not inherit with the son of the free woman.' And Nellie, you see—Nellie—" Very gently he touched the girl's wonderful hair. "She inherits from the free woman."

"And you?" whispered Williams.

"Me? . . . Oh, I don't count. I'm—I'm only the son of the hand-maid!" said Abimelech J. Jones.


Meanwhile, Willi-Ah-Mu? That kindly ruler had almost reached the limits of amazement. But when they had turned the cutter about and were heading back toward Matautu he challenged the visitor again. "And where will you be going now? What will you do with y'rself now?"

"I don't know," said Abimelech.

"D' you mean you'd like to stay here?" Williams almost bawled.

"Yes," said Jones, "and I've an idee a man could grow a right good crop of pertaters down here."

Willi-Ah-Mu was too near to tears to say anything much. He could only grab the little man's hand. . . . The Pacific: the romance and the ironies and the un-failing queerness of the Pacific!



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H. 3-23

Kathleen Norris Writes the Book of the Month—From page 107

Certain People of Importance

might have supposed herself to be, meeting David. Instead she felt only a fundamental joy and peace.

"I told you last year I didn't want to practice in Napa; I want to specialize," Davy reminded her, with the new stern, firm movement of his mouth, on the words. "I went in to see Dr. Dunham yesterday. I thought that if I could work with one of those big fellows— However, he's just asked Jack Chatterton. Gosh," Davy interrupted himself, shaking his head grimly, "that kid Chatterton is lucky! Well, I went to Newman and Newman wants me. But he's going abroad, moving his offices to get more space, and says he's got to have a vacation. He and his wife and boy are going around the world."

"I see," Vicky commented thoughtfully. "Now, old Boone in Napa wants me," Davy said, dubiously. "It's good general practice, do you see? And of course my mother would be wild with joy to have me home. Everything's going better with them. Elizabeth's husband is making money, Mary has a job, and this would be the best thing—for her. But that means that I'm a Napa family doctor for the rest of my life. Otherwise—"

"Yes, I was going to ask, what otherwise?" Vicky interrupted, as he paused.

"Well, that means—" He tightened his arm about hers, and smiled down at her. "That means that I hang out a shingle in San Francisco, and wait," he said. And as Vicky sat thoughtfully staring down at the moving sheen of the bright water, and the riding and swooping gulls, he added, "It's for you to decide."

Vicky reflected; fear was gone from her, shame was gone from her, doubt was gone. For the first time in her twenty-eight years she was talking to a man honestly and simply.

"Davy," she said suddenly, all the womanly sweetness and tenderness she had always been afraid to show shining in her face, "I can't tell you what it means to me—meeting you this way, having you to help me—to stand back of me. I'm in trouble at home—I'm running away—"

She told him the whole story: David listening with an attentive frown that gradually relaxed into a smile.

"You poor girl, you! Do you call *that* trouble?" he asked, when she was done.

"Well, it doesn't seem so, now," Vicky admitted, with a laugh.

"Ah—h!" David breathed, on a long, relieved sigh. "The main thing—the important thing, is that—here we are."

"Yes, I know," Victoria assented, in satisfaction.

"We've got to settle it all tonight, right on this trip," Davy asserted further. "We may not have another chance. We've got to make our plans!"

Davy sat staring straight ahead of him, for perhaps a full silent minute. Then he turned to her a smile that was a little surprised, under its quiet triumph.

"We're engaged, you know," he told her.

Victoria made a brief sound between "ha!" and "oh!" her bright eyes smiling into his.

They did not speak, but every time David glanced down beside him he saw her eyes looking up, and into his own look, and into his own heart, there crept the first ecstasy of protection and companionship. Her beauty, her animation, her flowered hat, her soft glove, thrilled him alike; he watched her when she spoke in so confident and friendly a tone to the porter, when she settled herself in a red velvet seat in the hot train.

"Here's what we'll do," Davy finally decided. "You come home with me to Mother tonight. You'll love her and she'll love you. We'll tell her we're engaged, we won't say anything more tonight, except that you had some trouble and left home. And tomorrow we'll be married!"

SO VICTORIA was married and began her own life. In time she was reconciled with her father and mother and was happy at last. But things at the old home were going badly. Stephen came out one afternoon when Fanny was there, looking pale and worn. Quite unemotionally he told the sisters that the firm was bankrupt—Crabtree and Company had passed. May rose rather well to the occasion; partly perhaps because her limited intelligence failed to grasp the meaning of her husband's words. Fanny was momentarily alarmed but when assured that her income would not be materially reduced she resumed her calm indifference. Then old Reuben Crabtree reached the end of his long pilgrimage. He had lived from the beginning to the close of the century and was very tired. So he lay down and quietly went to sleep. When the will was read, it was found that there was little left of the Crabtree fortune over which the heirs could quarrel. After the funeral Fanny and May sat alone in the garden of the old home and mused on the past:

BRIGHT day still lingered in the garden, but the sunlight was gone. Bobo, Robert's son, was on the windmill ladder, dangling a tied paper that blew idly in the fitful breeze. The day had been warm, but there was peace and quiet and coolness now.

"Do you remember leaving Saint Joe, Fanny?" May asked her sister. "The oxen we used to call Pete and Lady? Remember the time Pa said he'd tan us if we didn't quit scraping the sugar—the night the Indians were near?"

"Lawks!" Fanny murmured thoughtfully, with a remembering face. "Can you remember Ma greasing Pa's and Uncle Lem's boots with mutton tallow, back in Polo?"

"For the land's sake!" said May, softly, shaking her head.

They sat on in silence. The garden grew gradually dark, and little Reuben Crabtree the second came up to the porch and roused Uncle Steve, who was dozing there, with a whispered suggestion of French toast for supper. Fanny and May presently saw the yellow streak of gaslight flash out from the kitchen, and mingle under the willows and peppers with the soft brilliance of the early summer moon.

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H. G. Wells's New Novel of Utopia—From page 42

Men Like Gods

gorge. He might still get over that, if he went for it at once. If he was quick—quicker than they were. He was too intelligent to dash off for it; that would certainly have set the others running. He walked along the wall in a leisurely fashion past Mr. Burleigh, himself too civilized to intervene. In a quickening stroll he gained the steps that led to the citadel. Then he stood still for a moment to survey the situation. Catskill was busy setting sentinels at the gate. Perhaps he had not thought yet of the little bridge and imagined that his victim was at his disposal at any time that suited him. Up the slope the Utopians were carrying off the dead and wounded men.

Mr. Barnstaple ascended the steps as if buried in thought and stood on the citadel for some seconds, his hands in his trouser pockets, as if he surveyed the view. Then he turned to the winding staircase that went down to a sort of guard-room below. As soon as he was surely out of sight he began to think and move very quickly.

The guard-room was perplexing. It had five doors, any one of which, except the one by which he had just entered the room, might lead down to the staircase. Against one, however, stood a pile of neat packing cases. That left three to choose from. He ran from one to the other, leaving each door open. In each case stone steps ran down to the landing and a turning place. He stood hesitating at the third and noted that a cold draught came blowing up it. Surely that meant that this went down to the cliff face or whence came the air? Surely this was it!

Should he shut the doors he had opened? No! Leave them all open.

He heard a clatter coming down the staircase from the citadel. Softly and swiftly he ran down the steps and halted for a second at the corner landing. He was compelled to stop and listen to the movements of his pursuers. "This is the door to the bridge, sir!" he heard Ridley cry, and then he heard Catskill say, "The Tarpeian Rock," and Barralunga, "Exactly! Why should we waste a cartridge? Are you sure this goes to the bridge, Ridley?"

THE FOOTSTEPS pattered across the guard-room and passed—down one of the other staircases.

"A reprieve!" whispered Mr. Barnstaple and then stopped aghast.

He was trapped! The staircase they were on was the staircase to the bridge!

They would go down as far as the bridge and as soon as they got to it they would see that he was neither on it nor on the steps on the opposite side of the gorge and that therefore he could not possibly have escaped. They would certainly bar that way either by closing and fastening any door there might be or failing such a barrier by setting a sentinel, and then they would come back and hunt for him at their leisure.

What was it Catskill had been saying? The Tarpeian Rock?

What a rich mine of nasty ideas a classi-

cal education, with a Roman bias, can be! . . .

Mr. Barnstaple resolved he would fight like a rat in a corner and oblige them to shoot him. . . .

He went on down the staircase to explore the defensive possibilities of his position. The staircase became very dark and then grew light again. It ended in an ordinary big cellar, which may once have been a gun pit or magazine. It was fairly well lighted by two unglazed windows out in the rock. It now contained a store of provisions.

Along one side stood an array of the flask-like bottles that were used for wine in Utopia; along the other was a miscellany of cubes wrapped in gold-leaf and packing cases. He lifted one of the glass flasks by its neck. It would make an effective club. Suppose he made a sort of barrier of the packing cases across the entrance and stood beside it and clubbed the pursuers as they came in! Glass and wine would smash over their skulls. . . . It would take time to make the barrier. . . . He chose and carried three of the larger flasks to the doorway, where they would be handy for him. Then he had an inspiration and looked at the window.

HE LISTENED at the door of the staircase for a time. Not a sound came from above. He went to the window and lay down in the deep embrasure and wriggled forward until he could see out and up and down. The cliff below fell sheer; he could have spat on to the brawling torrent a couple of thousand feet perhaps below.

The craig here was made up of almost vertical strata which projected and receded; a big buttress hid almost all of the bridge except the far end which appeared to be about twenty or thirty yards lower than the opening for which Mr. Barnstaple was looking. He withdrew his head hastily as Mr. Catskill appeared, very small and distant, scrutinizing the rocky stairway beyond the bridge. Then very discreetly Mr. Barnstaple peeped again. Mr. Catskill had gone.

In his earlier days before the Great War had made travel dear and uncomfortable Mr. Barnstaple had done some rock climbing in Switzerland and he had also had some experience in Cumberland and Wales. He surveyed now the rocks close at hand with an intelligent expertness. They were cut by almost horizontal joint planes into which there had been a considerable infiltration chiefly of white crystalline material. With luck it might be possible to work along the cliff face, turn the buttress and scramble to the bridge.

And then came an even more hopeful idea. He could easily get along the cliff to the first recess, flatten himself there and remain until the Earthlings had searched his cellar. Even if they looked out of the window they would not see him and even if he left finger-marks and so forth in the embrasure, they would be likely to conclude that he had either jumped or fallen down the craig into the gorge below. But

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at first it might be slow work negotiating the cliff face. . . . Of course this would cut him off from his weapons, the flasks. . . .

The idea of hiding in the recess attracted him and very cautiously he got out of the window, found a handhold, got his feet on to the ledge and began to work his way along. But there were unexpected difficulties, a gap of nearly five yards in the handhold—nothing. He had to flatten himself and trust to his feet and for a time he remained quite still in that position.

He was at the very corner of the recess when some faint noise drew his eyes to the window from which he had emerged. Then Ridley's face was poked out slowly and cautiously, his eye red and fierce among his white bandages.

MR. RIDLEY did not at first see Mr. Barnstaple. "Gawd!" he said when he did so and withdrew his head hastily.

Came a sound of voices saying indistinguishable things.

Some inappropriate instinct kept Mr. Barnstaple quite still, though he could have got into cover in the recess before Mr. Catskill looked out, revolver in hand.

"Come back or I shoot," said Mr. Catskill.

"Shoot!" said Mr. Barnstaple after a moment's reflection.

Mr. Catskill craned his head out and stared down into the shadowy blue depths of the canyon. "It isn't necessary," he answered. "We have to save cartridges."

Mr. Barnstaple began to feel for his ledge around the corner with one foot.

"Don't go for a minute," said Mr. Catskill. "I'm not going to shoot."

A voice from within, probably Lord Barralonga's, said something about heaving a rock at Mr. Barnstaple. Someone else, probably Ridley, approved ferociously.

"Not without due form of trial," said Mr. Catskill over his shoulder. His face was inscrutable, but a fantastic idea began to run about in Mr. Barnstaple's mind that Mr. Catskill did not want to have him killed. He had thought about things and he wanted him now to escape—to the Utopians and perhaps rig up some sort of settlement with them.

"We intend to try you, sir," said Mr. Catskill. "We intend to try you. We cite you to appear."

MR. CATSKILL moistened his lips and considered. "The court will sit almost at once." His little bright brown eyes estimated the chances of Mr. Barnstaple's position very rapidly. He craned toward the bridge. "We shall not waste time over our procedure," he said. "And I have little doubt of our verdict. We shall condemn you to death. So—there you are, sir. I doubt if we shall be more than a quarter of an hour before your fate is legally settled."

He glanced up trying to see the crest of the craig. "We shall probably throw rocks," he said.

"*Moriturus te saluo*," said Mr. Barnstaple, with an air of making a witty remark. "If you will forgive me I will go on now to find a more comfortable position."

Mr. Catskill remained looking hard at

him. "I've never borne you any ill-will," said Mr. Barnstaple. "Had I been your schoolmaster everything might have been different. Thanks for the quarter of an hour. And if by any chance—"

"Exactly," said Mr. Catskill.

They understood one another.

When Mr. Barnstaple stepped round the bend into the recess Mr. Catskill was still looking out and Lord Barralonga was faintly audible advocating the immediate heaving of rocks.

THE WAYS of the human mind are past finding out. From desperation Mr. Barnstaple's mood had passed to exhilaration. His first sick horror of climbing above this immense height had given place now to an almost boyish assurance. His sense of immediate death had gone. He was appreciating this adventure, indeed he was enjoying it, with an entire disregard now of how it was to end.

He made fairly good time until he got to the angle of the buttress, though his arms began to ache rather badly, and then he had a shock. He had now a full view of the bridge and up the narrow gorge. The ledge he was working along did not run to the bridge at all. It ran a good thirty feet below it. And what was worse, between himself and the bridge were two gullies and chimneys of uncertain depth.

The gully, when he reached it, was better than he expected, a chimney difficult he thought to ascend but quite practicable downward. And perhaps a hundred feet below there was a sort of step in it that gave a quite broad recess, sheltered from above and with room enough for a man to sprawl on it if he wanted to do so. There would be rest for Mr. Barnstaple's arms, and without any needless delay he clambered down to it and abandoned himself to the delightful sensation of not holding on to anything.

He looked at his wrist-watch. It was still not nine o'clock in the morning—it was about ten minutes to nine.

HE WAS climbing again before half-past nine. For perhaps a hundred feet it was easy. Then by imperceptible degrees the gully broadened. He only realized it when he found himself slipping. He slipped, struggling furiously, for perhaps twenty feet and then fell outright another ten and struck a rock and was held by a second shelf much broader than the one above. He came down on it with a jarring concussion and rolled—happily he rolled inward. He was bruised but not seriously hurt. "My luck," he said. "My luck holds good."

He rested for a time and then, confident that things would be all right, set himself to inspect the next stage of his descent. It was with a sort of incredulity that he discovered the chimney below his shelf was absolutely unclimbable. It was just straight smooth rock on either side for twenty yards at least and six feet wide. He might as well fling himself over at once as try to get down that. Then he saw that it was equally impossible to retrace his steps.

At midday by his wrist-watch Mr. Barnstaple was sitting in his recess as a weary invalid suffering from some incurable disease might sit up in an armchair during a temporary respite from pain, with nothing

to do and no hope before him. There was not one chance in ten thousand that anything could happen to release him from this trap into which he had clambered. There was a trickle of water at the back but no food, not even a grass blade to nibble. Unless he saw fit to pitch himself over into the gorge, he must starve to death. It would perhaps be cold at nights but not cold enough to kill him.

To this end he had come then out of the worried journalism of London and the domesticities of Sydenham.

Presently he caught himself looking at his wrist-watch. It was twenty minutes past twelve. He was looking at his watch more and more frequently—or time was going more slowly. . . . He was already feeling very hungry. That could not be real hunger yet; it must be his imagination getting rather out of control.

MR. BARNSTAPLE awoke slowly and reluctantly from a dream about cookery. He was Soyer, the celebrated chef of the Reform Club, and he was inventing and tasting new dishes. But in the pleasant way of dreamland he was not only Soyer but at the same time he was a very clever Utopian biologist and also God Almighty.

He could not only make new dishes but also make new vegetables and meats to go into them. He was particularly interested in a new sort of fowl, the Chateaubriand breed of fowls, which was to combine the rich quality of very good beef-steak with the size and delicacy of a fowl's breast. And he wanted to stuff it with a blend of pimento, onion and mushroom—except that the mushroom wasn't quite the thing. The mushrooms—he tasted them—needed just the least modification.

And into the dream came an assistant cook, several assistant cooks, all naked as Utopians, bearing fowls from the pantry and saying that they had not kept, they had gone "high" and they were going higher. In order to illustrate this idea of their going higher these assistant cooks lifted the fowls above their heads and then began to climb the walls of the kitchen, which were rocky and for a kitchen remarkably close together. Their figures became dark. They were thrown up in black outline against the luminous steam arising from the cauldron of boiling soup. . . .

Mr. Barnstaple was awake.

In the place of luminous steam there was mist, brightly moonlit mist, filling the gorge. It threw up the figures of the two Utopians in black silhouette. . . .

He did not know what to do. He was afraid to call to these Utopians and make his presence known to them. After the murder of Serpentine he was very doubtful how a Utopian would behave to an Earthling found hiding in a dark corner.

He examined a rope ladder that had brought these Utopians to his level. It was held by a long spike the end of which was buried in the rock at the side of the gully. Possibly this spike had been fired at the rock from below while he was asleep.

The ladder was made of straight lengths and rings at intervals of perhaps two feet. It was of such light material that he would have doubted its capacity to bear a man if he had not seen the Utopians upon it. It occurred to him that he might descend by this now and take his chances with any Utopians who might be below. He could

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not very well bring himself to the attention of these three Utopians above except by some sudden and startling action which might provoke sudden and unpleasant responses, but if he appeared first clambering slowly from above, any Utopians beneath would have time to realize and consider the fact of his proximity before they dealt with him. And also he was excessively eager to get down from this dreary ledge.

He gripped a ring, thrust a leg backward over the edge of the shelf, listened for some moments to the little noises of the three workers above him, and then began his descent.

It was an enormous descent. Presently he found himself regretting that he had not begun counting the rings of the ladder. He must already have handed himself down hundreds. And still when he craned his neck to look down, the dark gulf yawned below. It had become very dark now. The moonlight did not cut down very deeply into the canyon and the faint reflection from the thin mists above was all there was to break the blackness. And even overhead the moonlight seemed to be passing.

Now he was near the rock, now it fell away and the rope ladder seemed to fall plumb into lightless bottomless space. He had to feel for each ring and his bare feet and hands were already chafed and painful. And a new and disagreeable idea had come into his head—that some Utopian might presently come rushing up the ladder. But he would get notice of that because the rope would tighten and quiver and he would be able to cry out, "I am an Earthling coming down. I am a harmless Earthling."

He began to cry out these words experimentally. The gorge re-echoed them and there was no answering sound.

He became silent again, descending grimly and as steadily as possible, because now an intense desire to get off this infernal rope ladder and rest his hot hands and feet was overmastering every other motive.

Clank, clang and a flash of green light.

HE BECAME rigid peering into the depths of the canyon. Came the green flash again. It revealed the depths of the gorge still, as it seemed, an immense distance below him. And up the gorge—something; he could not grasp what it was during that momentary revelation. At first he thought it was a huge serpent writhing its way down the gorge and then he concluded it must be a big cable that was being brought along the gorge by a handful of Utopians. But how the three or four figures he had indistinctly seen could move this colossal rope he could not imagine. The head of this cable serpent seemed to be lifting itself obliquely up the cliff. Perhaps it was being dragged up by ropes he had not observed. He waited for a third flash but none came. He listened. He could hear nothing but a throbbing sound he had already noted before, like the throbbing of an engine running very smoothly.

He resumed his descent.

When at last he reached a standing place it took him by surprise. The rope ladder fell past it for some yards and ended. He was swaying more and more and beginning to realize that the rope ladder came to an end, when he perceived the dim indication of a nearly horizontal gallery cut along the

rock face. He put out a foot and felt an edge and swung away out from it. He was now so weary and exhausted that for a time he could not relinquish his grip on the rope ladder and get a footing on the shelf. At last he perceived how this could be done. He released his feet and gave himself a push away from the rock with them. He swung back into a convenient position for getting a foothold. He repeated this twice and then had enough confidence to abandon his ladder and drop on to the shelf.

THE GALLERY he found himself in seemed to follow a great vein of crystalline material, along the cliff face. Borings as high as a man ran into the rock. He peered and felt his way along the gallery for a time. Manifestly if this was a mine there would be some way of ascending to it and descending from it into the gorge. The sound of the torrent was much louder now and he judged he had perhaps come down two-thirds of the height of the craig. He was inclined to wait for daylight. The illuminated dial of his wrist-watch told him it was now four o'clock. It would not be long before dawn. He found a comfortable face of rock for his back and squatted down.

Dawn seemed to come very quickly but in reality he dozed away the interval. When he glanced at his watch again it was half-past five.

He went to the edge of the gallery and peered up the gorge to where he had seen the cable. Things were pale and dim and very black and white, but perfectly clear. The walls of the canyon seemed to go up forever and vanished at last in cloud. He had a glimpse of one Utopian walking away from him, who was presently hidden by the curve of the gorge. He guessed that the great cable must have been brought so close up to the Quarantine Craig as to be invisible to him.

He could find no down-going steps from the gallery but some thirty or forty yards off were five or six cable ways running at a steep angle from the gallery to the opposite side of the gorge. They looked very black and distinct. He went along to them. Each was a carrier cable on which ran a small carrier trolley with a big hook below. Three of the carrier cables were empty but on two the trolley was hauled up. Mr. Barnstaple examined the trolleys and found a catch retained them. He turned over one of these catches and the trolley ran away promptly, nearly dropping him into the gulf. He saved himself by clutching the carrier cable. He watched the trolley swoop down like a bird to a broad stretch of sandy beach on the other side of the torrent and come to rest there. It seemed all right. Trembling he turned to the remaining trolley.

His nerves and will were so exhausted now that it was a long time before he could bring himself to trust himself to the hook of the remaining trolley and to release its catch. Then smoothly and swiftly he swept across the gorge to the beach below. There were big heaps of crystalline mineral on this beach and a cable—evidently for raising it—came down out of the mists above from some invisible crane but not a Utopian was in sight. The beach broadened downstream and he walked along it, close to the edge of the torrent.

The light grew bright as he went. The world ceased to be a world of grays and

blacks; color came back to things. Everything was heavily bedewed. And he was hungry and almost intolerably weary. The sand changed in its nature and became heavy for his feet. He felt he could walk no farther. He must wait for help. He sat down on a rock and looked up toward Quarantine Craig towering overhead.

Sheer and high the great headland rose like the prow of some gigantic ship behind the deep blue canyons; a few wisps and layers of mist still hid from Mr. Barnstaple its crest and the little bridge across the narrower gorge. The sky above between the streaks of mist was now an intense blue. And even as he gazed the mists swirled and dissolved, the rays of the rising sun smote the old castle to blinding gold and the fastness of the Earthlings stood out clear and bright.

THE BRIDGE and the castle were very remote and all that part of the craig was like a little cap on the figure of a tall upstanding soldier. Round beneath the level of the bridge at about the height at which the three Utopians had worked or were still working ran something dark, a rope-like band. He jumped to the conclusion that this must be the cable he had seen lighted up by those green flashes in the night. Then he noted a peculiar body upon the crest of the more open of the two gorges. It was an enormous vertical coil, a coil flattened into a disc, which had appeared on the edge of the cliff opposite to Coronation Craig. Less plainly seen because of a projecting mass of rock, was a similar coil in the narrower canyon close to the steps that led up from the little ridge. Two or three Utopians looking very small because they were so high and very squat because they were foreshortened, were moving along the cliff edge and handling something that apparently had to do with these coils.

Mr. Barnstaple stared at these arrangements with much the same uncomprehending stare as that with which some savage who had never heard a shot fired in anger might watch the loading of a gun.

Came a familiar sound, faint and little. It was the hooter of Quarantine Castle sounding the reveille. And almost simultaneously the little Napoleonic figure of Mr. Rupert Catskill emerged against the blue. The head and shoulders of Penk rose and halted and stood at attention behind him. The captain of the Earthlings produced his field-glasses and surveyed the coils through them.

"I wonder what he makes of them," said Mr. Barnstaple.

Mr. Catskill turned and gave some direction to Penk, who saluted and vanished.

A click from the nearer gorge jerked his attention back to the little bridge. It had gone! His eye dropped and caught it up within a few yards of the water. He saw the water splash and the metal framework crumple up and dance two steps and lie still, and then a moment later the crash and clatter of the fall reached him.

"Now who did that?" asked Mr. Barnstaple, and Mr. Catskill answered his question by going hastily to that corner of

the castle and staring down. Manifestly he was surprised. Manifestly therefore it was the Utopians who had cut the bridge.

Mr. Catskill was joined almost immediately by Mr. Hunker and Lord Barralonga. Their gestures suggested an animated discussion.

The sunlight was creeping by imperceptible degrees down the front of Quarantine Craig. It had now got down to the cable that encircled the crest; in the light this shone with a coppery sheen. The three Utopians who had awakened Mr. Barnstaple in the night became visible, descending the rope ladder very rapidly. And once more Mr. Barnstaple was aware of that humming sound he had heard ever and again during the night, but now it was much louder and it sounded everywhere about him, in the air, in the water, in the rocks and in his bones.

Abruptly something black and spear-shaped appeared beside the little group of Earthlings above. It seemed to jump up beside them, it paused and jumped again half the height of a man and jumped again. It was a flag being hauled up a flag staff, that Mr. Barnstaple had not hitherto observed. It reached the top of the staff and hung limp.

Then some eddy in the air caught it. It flapped out for a moment, displayed a white star on a blue ground.

This was the flag of Earth—this was the flag of the Crusade to restore the blessings of competition, conflict and warfare to Utopia. Beneath it appeared the head of Mr. Burleigh, examining the Utopian coils through his glasses.

THE THROBBING and humming in Mr. Barnstaple's ears grew rapidly louder and rose acutely to an extreme intensity. Suddenly great flashes of violet light leapt from coil to coil, passing through Quarantine Castle as though it was not there.

For a moment longer it was there.

The flag flared out madly and was torn from its staff; Mr. Burleigh lost his hat; Mr. Catskill was visible struggling with his coattails which had blown up and enveloped his head. At the same time Mr. Barnstaple saw the Castle rotating upon the lower part of the craig, exactly as though some invisible giant had seized the upper tenth of the headland and was twisting it around.

And then it vanished.

As it did so, a great column of dust poured up into its place, the waters in the gorge sprung into the air in tall fountains and were splashed to spray, and a deafening thud smote Mr. Barnstaple's ears. Aerial powers picked him up and tossed him a dozen yards, and he fell amidst a rain of dust and stones and water. He was bruised and stunned.

"My God!" he cried, "my God!" and struggled to his knees, feeling sick.

He had a glimpse of the crest of Quarantine Craig, truncated as neatly as though it had been cheese cut with a sharp knife. And then fatigue and exhaustion had their way with him and he sprawled forward and lay insensible.

[To be continued]

Mr. Barnstaple, having made his escape after warning the Utopians against his own warring band, discovers that the Utopians are destroying the Earthling fort. See Hearst's International for April for Mr. Wells's account of the Earthlings further adventures.

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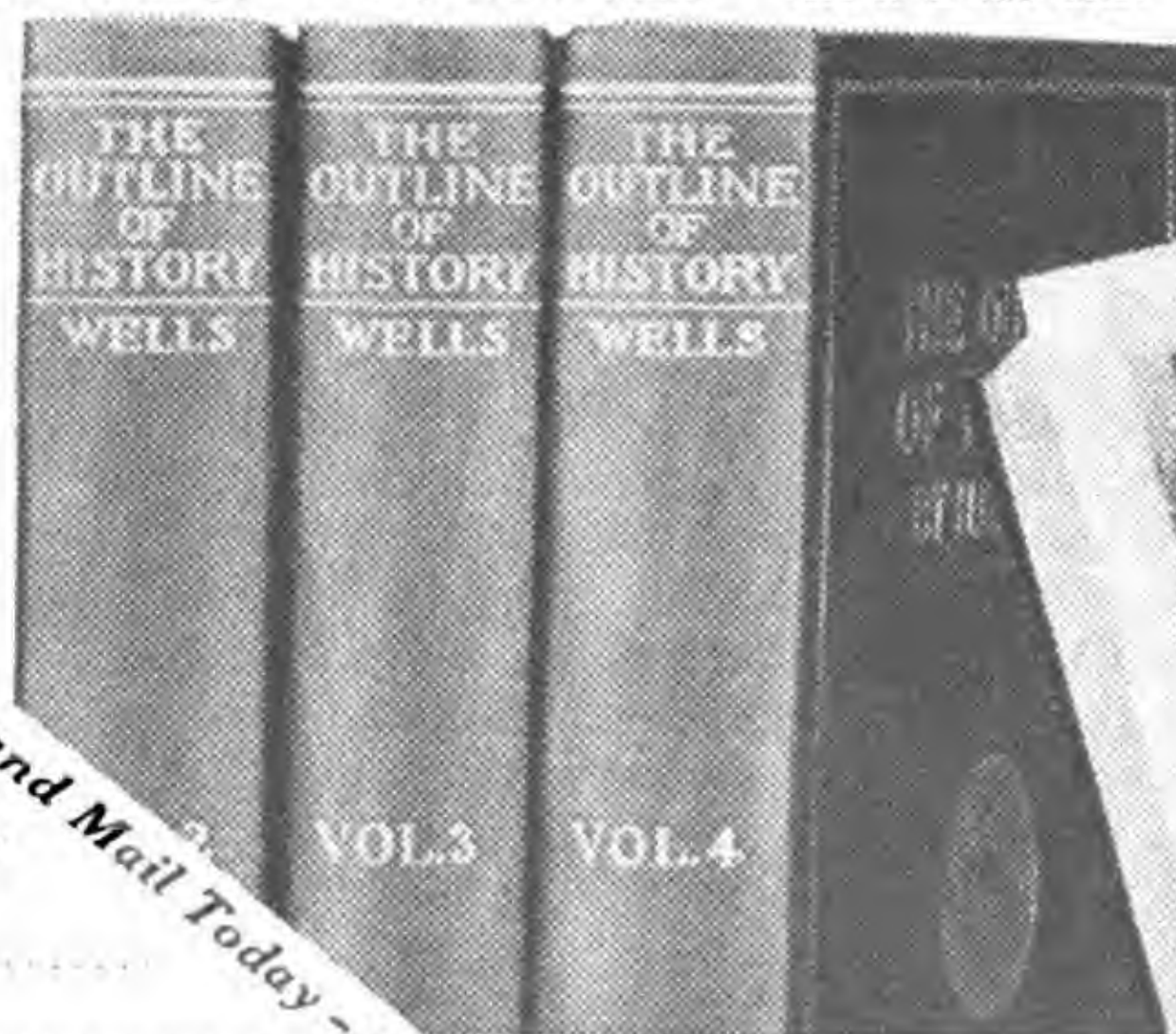
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